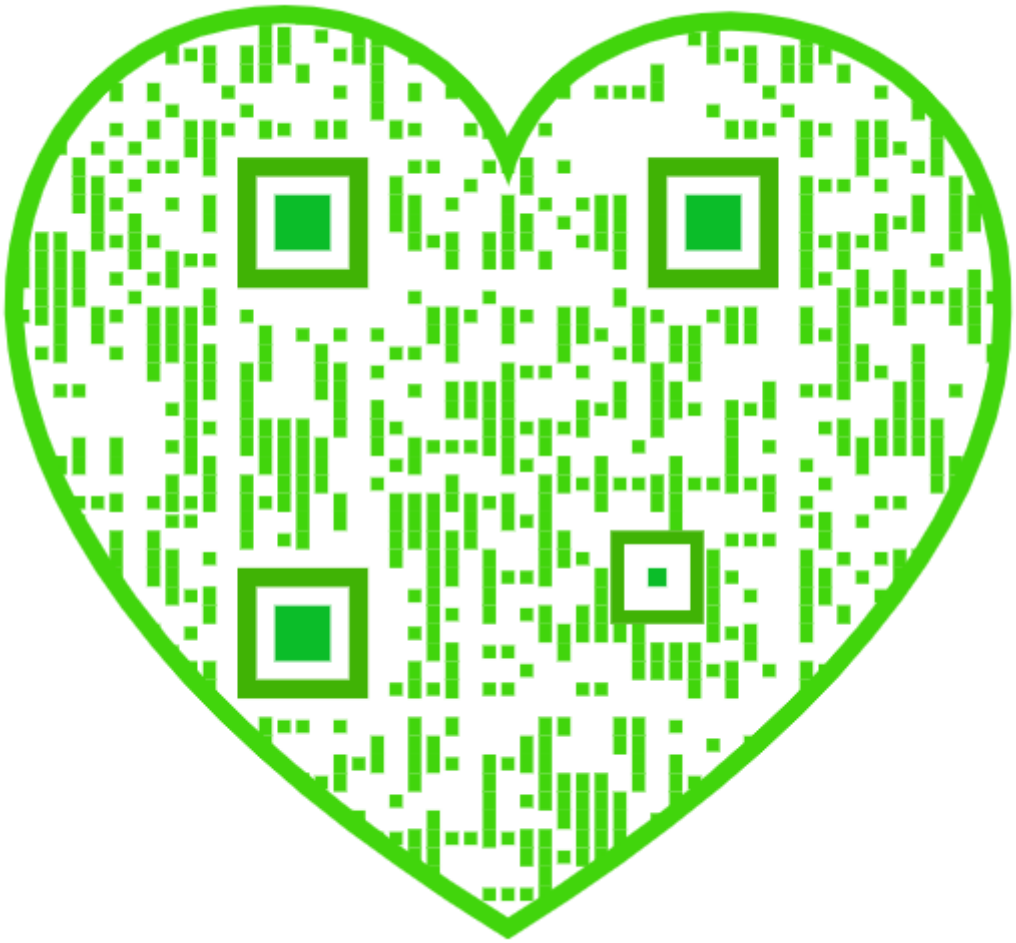

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE

GENTLE LIFE.

"His LIFE WAS GENTLE ; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"

SHAKSPEARE.

THE

GENTLE LIFE.

ESSAYS

In aid of the Formation of Character.

"Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem
Jucundissime Martialis hæc sunt."
MART. EPIG., lib. 10, xlvii.

26.3
5483

FIFTH EDITION.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON,
14, LUDGATE HILL.
1865.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

26,2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
U S A
of WASHINGTON.

BJ1571
F8

CONTENTS.

	Page
On the Difference between Leading the Gentle Life and being Genteel	1
Upon the Alleged Equality of Men	14
On the "Manner of the Man"	25
On what is called Etiquette	34
Touching Teaching and Teachers	45
On what is commonly called Luck in Life	57
On Successful People and Others who are not Successful	77
On Male and Female Flirts	87
On "Going a-Courting"	96
Relating chiefly to the Wives of Men	105
Principally concerning Women's Husbands	114
The Disappointments of Life	124
On Religion in the Gentle Life	133
Getting On in the World and Growing Rich	144
The Question of "Slang" in Writing and Conversation	153
The Servants within our Gates	164
On being Soberly Sad	175
On being Merry and Wise	186
Regarding the Company we keep	196

	Page
Friendship in Gentle Life	205
On the Good Opinion of Ourselves which the World calls "Conceit"	214
On Speaking within Bounds	224
Good Humour and Bad Temper	233
High Life	243
Indolence or Laziness	252
On Wanting to be Somebody	261
Concerning certain Illusions	272
On Decision of Character	280
On the Lottery of Marriage	288
Is Knowledge worth having?	297
Upon Growing Old	305

PREFACE TO THE SECOND AND THIRD EDITIONS.

—o—

AN Edition of this book having been exhausted in less than three months, it is incumbent on the Author to thank the Public, which has so well appreciated his intentions and his efforts. In the Preface to the First Edition he was rash enough to state that his plan was the same as that of the master essayists—of Lord Bacon, Montaigne, Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith—namely, "that of speaking to the heart certain home truths which concern us all, in homely language, which we all understand." A critic has reminded him that it is dangerous to cite great writers, because by so doing one invites comparison; a second has insisted that the present writer is an imitator of Mr. Thackeray; and others find out that he is extremely like Mr. Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and Mr. Helps, in his style and treatment. The Author might, perhaps, remark

that there is little similarity between these various writers, save in directness of purpose; or he might claim a merit in being "not one," but "the epitome" of many men. This he has no intention of doing; but he may explain that, having been a student of English literature—especially of the dramatists and essayists—for some little time, it is just possible that he has formed whatever style he possesses, whether excellent or homely, on the same models as the modern writers he is accused of having imitated.

He will only add, that it is with an increased confidence and diminished timidity, arising, not from success, but from kindly treatment, that the Author leaves his work to his best and only Patron—the Public.

March, 1864.

To the Third Edition of *The Gentle Life* the Author can only add that the Essays have undergone a careful revision, and has but to reiterate his thanks to his many readers, and the friends which this book has made him.

August, 1864.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEADING

THE GENTLE LIFE

AND

BEING GENTEEL.

EVERY clever young author—who, if he had not succeeded in a petty and provincial manner, and had not thereby been hurried up to town, to strive and to die, would have done great things—once wrote a very violent song against the word "gentleman." In his opinion, any one who used that word was little better than a pretentious fellow, who despised his equals and sought the company of his superiors. He grew morbidly angry at the use of it, and rabidly cried out :—

> "'Tis a curse to the land, deny it who can,
> That self-same boast, I'm a gentleman.'"

But very many better and more reflective men than he accept the term as one which conveys much in a small compass, and which is in itself legitimate.

Mr. Thackeray very well sums up the duties of a gentleman in a few queries which can only have one answer. "What is it to be a gentleman?" says he; "is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and,

possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life to be noble?"

Yes, he should be all these, and somewhat more—and these all men can be, and women too.

Good and quaint Thomas Fuller, indeed, puts it to us that a gentleman should be extracted from an "ancient and worshipfull parentage. When a pepin (pippin) is planted on a pepin stock, the fruit growing thence is called a renate, a most delicious apple, as both by sire and damme well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gentilely born on both sides." But we have long outlived the folly of heraldic gentility, nor do we ask for sixteen quarterings on each side before we admit a man to be a gentleman. As any one who knows heraldry can testify, there are certain marks of degradation which most men might wear on their shields, but these are never seen; whereas the honourable ensigns remain from year to year. But few of us, from generation to generation, can bear the escutcheon of the spotless knight, and the motto *sans tache*; therefore, we may, if the reader so please, put out in this book that "folie," as Chaucer calls it, of gentry by birth only. "Also," he writes, "to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie; for ofte-time the gentrie of the bodie benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and we ben also al of o fader and of o moder; and we ben al of o nature rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure." This is from the sermon of the "Personne" in his *Canterbury Tales*, and is, doubtless, what he himself thought.

In the *Romaunt of the Rose* he again tells us how to estimate one who leads the gentle life :—

> "But who so is vertuous,
> And in his port not outrageous,
> When such one thou seest thee beforne,
> Though he be not gentil borne,
> Thou maiest well seine (this is in soth)
> That he is gentil, because he dothe
> As longeth to a gentil man."

Now, when we understand what it really is to be a gentleman, it is hard to see how any one can get irritated at the word, or how the mere external manner and pompous way of George IV. could have caused his courtiers to apply to him so universally the title of the "first gentleman in Europe." Certainly he did not lead the gentle life ; and surely any one can forgive Mr. Thackeray putting a few queries about him, and about his title to the phrase, and also Robert Brough for being very wildly angry at the word. For it is the abuse of things, not the things themselves, that makes us hate them. Weeds, thorns, and lawyers are very well in their way, but they are very ill in ours. "Dirt," said Lord Palmerston, quoting an unacknowledged authority, "is only matter in the wrong place ;" and, if a man who strives all his lifetime to overreach others, and to hurt or insult those who are weaker or less well-placed than he, calls himself a gentleman, no wonder the word suffers. "There be some in France," sneers old "Scholemaster" Ascham, "that will needes be jentlemen whether men will or no, and have more jentleship in their *hat* than their heade, and be at deadlie feud with bothe learning and honestie." And our Laureate bursts out indignantly

against such upstarts, even in the midst of the most deep and poignant grief that verse ever bore witness to :—"The churl in spirit," he says, "will let his coltish nature break through all assumption, whether he be a king or noble, if he be at heart a clown. For who can always act?" And, in testimony to his friend, he concludes :—

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

But happily a jewel is a jewel, whether soiled or not; and happily this title of "gentleman" is, like a jewel, easily washed clean, and, in spite of the ignoble use it has had, it will ever be loved and used. No man, be he behind a counter or in a palace, need be ashamed of trying to be a gentleman.

Now there is a great difference in leading the gentle life and in being merely "genteel," to which so many of the middle class of people seem to us to limit their aims. "Perhaps, after all, FEAR is at the root of the English veneration for gentility." So writes George Borrow, author of *The Bible in Spain*, an extraordinary book, written by an extraordinary man, and, moreover, one who has thought out every sentence. That which we quote is rather a stirring one, full of strange accusation, against some at least.

What is gentility? Everybody prides himself upon the quality. The schoolmaster or mistress, the little village shopkeeper, the doctor, the lawyer, the tooth-drawer, the publican, the parson himself, and the lord in the great house: each and all are genteel. One, no doubt, looks down upon the other, and each makes exceptions to the other's character; but they

are all, in their own opinion, highly genteel persons. That is, they are "the" people; those whose opinions are worth something, who ought to be consulted, whose behaviour should lead the *ton*, and without whom the village would not go on.

This anti-Christian good opinion of themselves characterizes the genteel. The schoolmaster receives only "young gentlemen to be educated for the Universities," &c.; the schoolmistress advertises that "no tradesman's" daughter is permitted to associate and to be educated with the "young ladies" who are "domiciled" at her "establishment;" and the girls whose fathers are in trade either sink the fact, or else declare that papa is a "merchant." In common life, too, every one is an "esquire," a shield-bearer—that is to say, a man of military rank, one who had nothing to do but to fight —a term woefully misapplied. Every female is a lady, and, in fact, every man might just as well be called a lord. Lord, in Saxon, was one who saw that justice was administered; lady, in Saxon (laaf-dien), loaf-giver, bread distributor—in fact, one who presided in assemblies over the distribution of the meal. But Horne Tooke, who rejects this derivation, gives the following :—"Liaf or laaf is risen or raised, being the participle of *hlifian*, to raise; and laaf, *loaf*, is so called because the dough is raised or risen. Hence lord and lady are raised, exalted personages." Now, we cannot well be all exalted people, so that the name, as usually applied, is absurd. Better far go back to the old Adamite title of man and woman; better by far than the subterfuge of "person," which is sad, bad, and insulting enough, as used by some lips.

But all this passion for titles and distinction, which is as false and wicked a passion as need be, arises from, and is

fostered by, the ignorant and wicked way of treating those people only with respect whose clothes and outward appearance demand it. In construing the maxim "Give those respect to whom respect is due," the ordinary mind sees only respect due to the outward man, whereas that is very seldom any guide to the inward man at all. There is a story told of Cogia Effendi, the Persian sage, which quite illustrates our position. Cogia, dressed as a poor man, entered a house where a feast was going forward. His welcome was as might have been expected—he was pushed by this one, hustled by that, could not get near the table, and was so thrust about that he withdrew. Cogia went home, dressed himself in a most splendid style, placed jewelled slippers on his feet, a robe of cloth of gold on his back, and a turban glittering with a diamond aigrette on his head; he moreover bound a sabre to his side, in the hilt of which were some very valuable jewels, and then strode into the room. The face of matters was at once altered. Not only did the guests give way, but the host himself, rushing up to Cogia, cried out, "Welcome, my lord Effendi, thrice welcome! What would your lordship please to eat?" Cogia's answer was quaint, but expressive. Stretching out his right toe, so that his slipper sparkled and glittered, he took his golden robe in his hand, and said with bitter irony, "Welcome, my Lord Coat, welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please to eat? For," said he, turning to his surprised host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome was solely to it."

The "genteel" people in this world do not, for we must be just to them, seek only the coat. There must be more. There

must be manner, place, position, influence. The genteel know only the genteel. Out of their charmed circle a man is nothing. The religious world, or rather we should say, that so-called religious, is not more bitter in its sectarianism than gentility is in its peculiar creed. "*Allah bismallah!*" cries the frantic Turk, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet." So, too, whispers the genteel "party." There is but one way of doing a thing, but one way of living, but one way of thinking, and that is, the genteel.

What gentility is, it would be hard to say. The word itself is a very base diminutive: for what "gent" is to gentleman, so "genteel" is to gentilitas, an abbreviation as well as a diminutive. The word itself is modern. The gentle man is something, though hard to prove what; the genteel man is nothing, not even the shadow of a gentleman. It would be more easy to say what is not genteel than what is, to prove it from the negative than from the positive side of the question. Many people live as if they thought that it is not genteel to earn your bread, or to work at any useful kind of employment—to give Providence, in fact, some little excuse for having made you; but it is highly genteel to be idle, and worse than idle, all day—to be vain, proud, luxurious, or to work at some utterly worthless and silly piece of finery, and to sell the same in the name of charity at a fancy fair. It is never genteel to speak your mind; but it is so to use a false periphrasis, and with a complimentary turn to insinuate a falsehood. It is not genteel to walk quickly in a busy street, or, in fact, to walk naturally and boldly anywhere; but it is genteel to saunter in the busy thoroughfares of a street—a drone hindering the entrance and exit of the working bees. It is not genteel to have an opinion,

and to think for yourself: but it is so to follow the dictates of a ridiculous fashion, even if these should be injurious to the health, or positively immoral and noxious to the soul. It is not genteel to blush, to appear simple or innocent, to laugh when all are laughing, to cry when all are crying; but a dull, stupid unenjoying stolidity, as dense as that of the Russian *moujik* or English *blasé* noble is highly genteel. It is highly ungenteel, on the other hand, to be clever, to be original, forcible, or quaint. To be an artist such as Raphael or Michael Angelo, a musician as Haydn or Mozart, a poet like Milton or Shakspere, a warrior like Gustavus or Cromwell: to be any of these would at once bar any claim to gentility. Those ethereal and polite souls who would "die of a rose in aromatic pain" could not admit the thoughtful, painful, absent, dreaming, earnest, and concentrative worker to be one of them. Belgravia, the Tenth Avenue, the Champs Elysées, and the Prado, not to mention Baker Street and Bloomsbury, would thunder—No! Etiquette would expire and Privilege would die. Does any one suppose that Cromwell, Archimedes, Savonarola, Luther, John Knox, Watt, Stephenson, Brunel, or the Indian Napier were genteel men? The word would not fit their names by a long way.

Gentility is, moreover, "content to dwell in decencies for ever." The idol to which it bows down is Propriety. Of this, let us hear what a writer of keen observation and of very great force says in regard to us English—"The keeping of proprieties is as indispensable as clean linen. No merit quite counteracts the want of this, whilst this sometimes stands in lieu of all. 'Tis in bad taste' is the most formidable word an Englishman can pronounce. But this Japan

costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen which exceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. In this Gibraltar of propriety mediocrity gets intrenched, and consolidated, and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like one of those 'keepsakes' bound in vellum and gold, enriched with thick, hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering."

This is very true; this it is which makes society so dull, so miserable, so sadly-brilliant, and so melancholy-gay. We amuse ourselves, said the old French chronicler, "sadly, *moult tristement*, after the manner of our country." This it is that makes the lives of people, who should have everything to make them happy, so weary—so very, very weary. This it is that clothes certain West End streets in funereal gloom, makes the very babies serious, the children given to genteel tracts, the butler dress and look like a Methodist parson, the footman like one with a "call," and a maid-servant a thousand times more gloomy than Charlotte Corday on her mission. This it is that represses every kindly feeling, every jollity and merriment; and the reaction from this fills the world with "fast men," or, worse than fast men, with the gloomy, secret, half-wild sinner, with the frenzied head and broken heart in the other sex, and makes London abound with desolated homes and marked outcasts.

One of the vices of gentility is that it is very prone to teach all manner of falsehoods. Lying is diplomatic and is naturally eminently genteel, since that quality is full of deception. The poor beau Tibbs, who hungers to be asked to eat, who could digest his kid glove after it had been twice cleaned, will

declare that he could not "touch a morsel," or will refuse that which he longs to pocket and to eat in secret, because society compels him to do so. In the struggle to be one of the upper ten thousand one must eat dirty pudding, and take a thousand insults, and, after all, perhaps, not succeed. The motto of the brave man is, "To be, rather than seem to be"—that of the genteel person, to seem, rather than to be. Surely, a tradesman must be ignorant or false when he calls his house an emporium, a magazine, or a dépôt—that is, if he knows the meaning of words. As his shop is merely a shop, he can, from his position, have choice of being either an ignoramus or a deceiver; but the schoolmaster and mistress who dub their schools "colleges" cannot have this excuse. They know that their places are not colleges; that they have not the internal economy of a college; that they are simply schools, and nothing more. Why not stick boldly to the good old name of "school," and spurn the genteel misnomer? Imagine Eton or Harrow being called Harrow or Eton College, and the head-master, the bearer of a title five hundred years old, being degraded by the false name of the principal. Dr. Hawtrey would die of apolplexy at the notion. So also to call a gig, or a phaeton, or a common hack cab a carriage, which is genteel usage, is just as petty and "snobbish" as it is untrue. Carriages such are in one sense, but not in the accepted sense, which is, as every one must know, that of a four-wheel chariot. When a lady talks of her "carriage" the mind is led to expect at least a brougham. This species of exaggeration is by far too common. Now, to call anything out of its name must be ignorance or deception; upon one horn of the dilemma gentility must fall.

This absurd passion of being well thought of in the world, of sitting in the highest chamber, and of being greeted in the market-place, is, perhaps, most noxious in two states of life into which it is imported. It is very bad in trade, for it looks down upon it, and makes a man ashamed of gaining his livelihood honestly. It is bad enough in a profession, in law, and in physic. It is worse in the army; but it is worse than all in marriage and in the Church. When religion, as old John Bunyan said, begins to walk about in its "silver slippers," there is not much religion at all. Of all pride in the world, spiritual pride is the worst; it is this that arms each fanatic against the other; if you despise a man's creed, you are not far from hating him. The cobbler who fulminates against the rector as a man of pride and sin, is not so bad as the rector who despises the vulgar cobbler. The noble patrician and philosopher at the time of Pliny looked down at the poor Christian shrivelling in the flames of martyrdom, and wondered what the vulgar fellow was so stubborn for—more than one elegant epigram attests this; so, in after times, the haughty Roman bishop sneered at the Puritan martyr.

In marriage, the passion for gentility has been the source of much misery. It is at the bottom of half the romances. The rich old citizen in Hogarth's pictures sells his daughter for a rich match. "Old city snobs," writes the satirist of snobbery, "have a mania for aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature. I like to see these two humbugs, dividing as they do the social empire of this kingdom between them, making truce and uniting for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat, swelling with pride of race—the descendant of illustrious

Norman robbers—who looks down upon common Englishmen as a free-born American does upon a nigger. I like to see old Stiff-neck bow down his head, and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler." But this unpleasant cup is poured out and drank every day. Addison "wedded misery in a noble wife;" and he was not the last commoner who did so. Many do so every day now. The daughter of a hundred earls marries the son of a city clothier, or *vice versâ;* and a great punishment it is to both of them, after the flourish of trumpets, and the "ceremony" at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Gentility has its punishments—and, to be wholly fair, it has even some virtues and merits. The pride and desire to be seen of men rather than of God, is base and vulgar at the core, but it leads to some good external results. The genteel family is, at any rate, not a loud, bawling, and brawling family. The genteel man will frequently overawe the pushing, muscular, selfish man, who cares for nobody, and will be well served; he stares him down, and keeps him in his place. Gentility insists upon broad phylacteries, no doubt; but yet upon undeniably clean linen, and decidedly clean behaviour. It gives many wounds, but it carries its compensation; it is a sharp sword when turned against any one, but like that magic blade in the legend, it can be turned into a buckler.

Much good cannot, however, be said of it. The best is, that there are but few steps from that quality, which all those of us who are good desire to possess, to that gentle bearing, both of mind and heart, which when once seen is always loved. We cannot all be lords and ladies; we cannot all, in our

manners even, succeed in being genteel; but all, from the highest to the lowest, can be gentle men and women, and we none of us can be more. To be humble-minded, meek in spirit, but bold in thought and action; to be truthful, sincere, generous; to be pitiful to the poor and needy, respectful to all men; to guide the young, defer to old age; to enjoy and be thankful for our own lot, and to envy none—this is, indeed, to be gentle, after the best model the world has ever seen, and is far better than being genteel.

UPON THE ALLEGED EQUALITY OF MEN.

THERE are a great many men who think that they are as good as anybody else in the world; or, perhaps, as good as everybody else put together. "A man, after all," poor little Snobley will say, after he has been dwelling with unction on his companionship with lords, "can be no more than a gentleman;" and, if he had read the elder dramatists, he would have quoted Heywood :—

> "I am a gentleman; and, by my birth,
> Companion with a king: a king's no more.

Nor is a king more; but, as the mayor of a provincial town said to Alexander Dumas, when he boastingly exclaimed, "If I were not the countryman of Corneille, I should call myself a dramatist"—"*Mais Monsieur, il y a des dégrés;*" so there are differences which the student of the gentle life will accept very readily. Launce's dog—more immortal than that of Aristides—was a vulgar dog, and "thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs," with

a sad result to himself and to his master. The votary of equality will, perhaps, do as the dog did : for it is a dangerous "rabble charming" word, as South says, and turns the heads of most of us.

The American Revolution of 1861-2, and the political failure of the so-called Republicanism of the great Western Continent will have taught us something, if we are thereby induced to think over the doctrine of "equality," which has been since 1793 a great favourite with the poorer classes. The usual assertion, quoted from the Declaration of American Independence, that "all men are born equal," has formed the basis of a great mistake. We certainly cannot swallow that assertion whole. All men are not born equal. In a Christian sense we all may and do have equal rights : the right to liberty, the right of life, air and motion, to wise and limited enjoyment ; but with these our equality ends. All men are not equally wise, gifted, clever, strong, handsome, or tall. The brains of one nation and the brain of one man are superior in weight, form, and activity to the brains of another nation or another man. We all differ—

> "No being on this earthy ball
> Is like another, all in all."

Therefore every individual should live not for himself, but to be valuable to others ; for it would be sheer midsummer madness to preach up that all are equally valuable. The nation of Scotchmen and the nation of Londoners are about equal in numbers, the former somewhat the more numerous ; but just compare them with, let us say, the nation of Kroomen, and the Affghan or Egyptian nations, taking them

as numerically the same. Who would not say that the preservation of the Scotch or the Londoners to the world would not outweigh in value that of the half-savage nations a hundred-fold? Now, every schoolboy who is learning Euclid knows that things which are unequal in the whole must be unequal in part; hence an individual of a civilized nation, which has proceeded through centuries of teaching, must be more valuable and, in almost every way, superior to the individual of an untaught nation. Nature continually asserts this; the savage dies out as the civilized man advances; the more noble growth supplants the lower and indigenous growth. A grand doctrine this: to the timid and unreflecting, apparently cruel; but, to the thinking, full of the deep and hidden wisdom of God. It is due reflection on this that has made one most philosophical poet cry out—

> "Yet I doubt not through ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns;"

but such an admission is fatal to equality.

Plain-speaking like this will, without doubt, offend some. But, nevertheless, it is no more plain than true. The framers of the celebrated American Declaration knew just as well as we do that they were preaching a doctrine of romantic falsehood. It suited them at the time; but they no more meant that the Negro and the Red man within their gates were equal to themselves than they meant to assert that they could fly. What they meant to say was this: "We are no longer colonists. We are a sovereign people; we are quite equal to King George and his whole crew. We will be free, and

independent ; the English cannot hold us any longer ; and—all men are equal." They proved that they meant something very different by surrounding their constitution with checks and guards upon private citizens, by forming two houses exactly answering to our Lords and Commons—circumstances being considered—and by electing a sovereign President, who, they declared, and still declare, was superior to any man then living upon earth. As time went on and the sovereign Republic increased, when want of labourers was felt, they introduced (for the guilt is not and was not ours) the Slave Trade ; and, under the protection of that precious sophism that "all men are born equal," went and quietly stole poor Quashee from Africa, put him in chains and durance vile, and made him cultivate a foreign land for their own benefit, they growing rich on the fruits of his labours, and still talking about equality. To England, misfortune and a long war had taught something. The doctrine of equality had reached us ; but, luckily for us, wise and good men gave the poetical legend a Christian significance, and Brougham and Wilberforce thundered in our ears for the poor Black. Chained and kneeling, his portrait was brought before us in print-shops, on crockery, in pictures and in statues, and the figure was made plaintively to ask, "Am I not a man and a brother ?"

That question carried the day. We all owned that the Black was a brother, although the free and equal Americans have some doubt about it still ; and we quietly laid out twenty millions of money to purchase his freedom. Wonderfully have we gained by the whole bargain. We gained moral force—belief in ourselves ; we felt that we had done what

was good and true, a certain something which would last. It will last. The anniversary of the great day of freedom has just passed by, and the free blacks of America celebrated it by going to church, and by prayer. Years hence, when the negro race enjoys a larger freedom and a brighter prospect, it will celebrate it still. Yet we must not forget that the white and black races are totally unequal, so much so, that there are those who argue for a perfectly separate creation of the two races. A lower organization, a less beautiful form, a lower facial angle, less ingenuity and activity, and more endurance, patience, and content—all these prove the inferior organization of the negro to the Caucasian race.

We might show also how very unequal nations are. Preachers tacitly admit this when they talk of a people being "highly favoured," or "highly gifted" by Providence; and this favour, which establishes the inequality of man, is shown very constantly and very remarkably. It extends not only to nations, but to families and to individuals. As there are races who fancy they are doomed, so there are others who may readily be said to carry fortune with them, and others whom Providence sees fit to supply with constant intellect and brain power. As these are the elements of success, and as from the latter riches and honour spring, it does not seem illogical that a universal system of inequality should reign all over the world, and that the dream of the enthusiasts should die out. "Alas!" cries a French hero in a novel, "equality exists only in the grave!" He is quite right. A hundred years after death we may weigh the dust of the greatest hero, and it is no more than that of the poorest beggar; and the name that remains is as light and useless as the dust. The proxi-

mity of the tombs of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth, in St. George's Chapel, teaches a lesson :

> "Here, o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
> And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps :
> The grave unites, where e'en the grave finds rest,
> And mingled lie the oppressor and the opprest."

The equality which many preach up means in their mouths little more than the universal scramble system—the share-and-share-alike and all-begin-over-again suggestion, of which, in times of revolution, King Mob has not been slow to avail himself. But people have soon seen that a dead level is far from being equality. If we were to share all the worldly goods to-day, the distinction between rich and poor would have arisen on the morrow. One would work, another would not ; some would abstain, others would feast ; some would chaffer and barter, others would be far above dealing in "vile merchandise." Thus money would pass from hand to hand, and the inequality would begin again. It is not perhaps very satisfactory to repeat these old truths ; but old truths are like old diamonds, and are brought into fashion by being reset. And not alone in worldly goods would the inequality be apparent. One man would learn and acquire where the other would forget or despise. The inequality at once would commence ; and it is as impossible to hope for a dead level in mankind as it is to wish to plough down all the mountains and to fill up all the valleys. But, acknowledging all this, we must also be awake to the fact that there is an equality of responsibility towards God, and a true religious equality, as it were, in man. We have all parts to play, and these must be well played, or

we are blameworthy. Whether we be kings or scavengers, whatever we are about should be well done. Herein lies our duty to work earnestly in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us ; and this thorough equality of duty, if well performed, will lead to the equality of final reward ; which mystery is, indeed, the subject of one of the most puzzling of the parables : the hiring of Labourers, and the One Payment to all. There our true equality commences and ends. It is not of this world : thus much is certain.

It may therefore be at once said that equality is not the law of Nature, and is consequently utterly false. As it is false, so it is dangerous. The most tyrannical of times have been those in which the government of the Democracy has insisted on a forced equality, a man being guillotined for wearing finer linen and having a whiter hand than another. The most despotic of modern people are precisely those two, the teacher and the pupil, which have abolished titular distinctions, and endeavoured to run down all men to the same political and social standard. *La Belle* France, who relied upon her mission of holy bayonets, who destroyed the law of entail and primogeniture, and banished her old nobility, is the most warlike and restless of nations, and keeps us in a constant state of military and naval preparation to keep abreast of her. She has her hands quite full in China, Rome, Mexico, and Algeria, teaching the blessed doctrine of equality with armed men and rifled cannon ! America, the disciple of Lafayette and French doctrines, determined to propagate liberty by enslaving six millions of brothers, and does not find the equality doctrine to quite coincide with her supreme wishes. So far from believing in that equality, her free and

enlightened citizens every day proclaim themselves and their country to be superior to any other country in the world; and they have publicly preached the mischievous doctrine that no one power, save America, had any right to exist upon that hemisphere. Their fine assertions. therefore, have been well said to have ended by proving "that, after a very short trial, equality creates discontents as fatal as inequality; that, for want of regulation, freedom may degenerate into mere lawlessness; and that people who have been accustomed to bully all other people, end by fighting amongst themselves."

The fox in the fable was a very wise fellow, when, finding the grapes were above his reach, he contented himself with the remark that they were sour. Having shown that equality is perfectly unattainable, save in the grave and the church—

> "One place there is beneath the burial sod,
> Where all mankind are equalized by death;
> Another place there is—the Fane of God,
> Where all are equal who draw living breath"—

let us endeavour to show that it is very wisely so ordained; and that, after all, equality, could it be obtained, would not be worth a pinch of snuff, and would not add to the happiness of mankind. As variety adds beauty to the landscape, so distinction adds happiness to life. A man would sink down to the merest trifler or sensualist had he not an object before him. That object is, colour it how he may, Social Distinction. He does not want to be *equal* to his fellow-men; he wants to be *above* them. The natural desire of all of us is to excel; and with this aim we go through the world, pleased and active, with a constant unattainable hope before us. It is quite true that we may find that this dangling hope has

been delusive, like the bundle of carrots which the sweep holds on the end of a pole just before the donkey's head. The farther we progress, we still find the social horizon before us; but we must be very poor fellows indeed, if, during our progress, we have not done an immense deal of good. The very inequality of talents has enabled us to put ourselves to market, and to sell that which we possess, and that others desire to share. We find that here the highest revelation and the greatest common sense, the acme of Rationalism, go together. The Apostle speaks of our "having gifts differing one from another;" but not a word does he utter of equality; and these gifts to the individual are intended for the common good. Indeed, not only do our gifts differ, but also, in a natural progression, our very wishes and our tastes.

A great artist once told the author a story of a boy who was placed with him by a fond father, for the purpose of being made an historical painter. The wishes of the father were stronger than the talent of the son, and the poor lad was found crying bitterly in the studio, over his smeared and clumsy drawings. "What is the matter, my dear fellow?" said the artist. The kindly question touched the boy, and he no longer concealed his tastes, "Boo—boo—boo," sobbed he, with a burst of tears and ingenuousness; "Pa thinks I can draw; but I wants to be a butcher." There was his affection set, not in portraying the human face divine, but in chining beef and cutting up mutton chops. But great artists think differently, as witness wondrous Giotto, the shepherd boy, and our own clever but mediocre Opie, the "Cornish boy, in tin mines bred."

No, our thoughts and tastes are unequal; equally useful,

perhaps, in the eye of One far, far above us, but not equally honourable in the world's eye. How we wonder at each other's varying tastes ! The man who collects coins cannot hold patience with one who dabbles in wet, chalky rocks, is enthusiastic about sea anemones, paddles in Hampstead Ponds to fill his fresh-water aquarium, and is learned upon infusoria and diatorus. We have, too, as our minds have expanded, reversed the story which Horace tells ; and, instead of the merchant envying the lawyer, and the lawyer the farmer, we are all delighted with our own hobbies. The naturalist and the foxhunter, delighted each with his sphere, equally look down upon the man who heaps up Roman coins—family, consular, or imperial—and regard the little rounds of metal which so delight him with no more pleasure than they would a heap of curried or leather money, or American circulating postage-stamps.

Such is the beneficent rule which makes men unequal but equally happy. When Pope asked, in very polished and excellent verses, where happiness was, he might have been answered by a cross-question, where was it not ? One places it in fine horses, another in little dogs, a third in the fine robes and pictures of the classic. Before Lord Dundreary existed, a nobleman of his school placed all his excitement—*he* called it happiness—in the possession of an abundant collection of street-door knockers : and a second outdid him by treasuring up a bag full of marble noses from various antique statues which he had seen in his travels. This may be going over very old ground ; but we may be permitted sometimes to take and furbish up an old jewel. Nothing is too frivolous, nothing too great, to constitute or feed happi-

ness, because the mind of man can contract or expand almost infinitely; and he who lives the gentle life will not trouble himself about being equal to this man or superior to that, but will be delighted in the contemplation of the fact that, perhaps, all the happiness in the world arises from the universal inequality of power, virtue, riches, possession, intellect, and acquirement—nay, of every mental or physical quality with which man is endowed.

ON THE "MANNER OF THE MAN."

THERE is a general complaint now-a-days prevalent, that we have "no gentlemen:" that is, no young ones; this may or may not be true; but people are inclined to think that we, at present, do not breed the article. They are becoming as rare as Chillingham bulls, or pug dogs of the Hogarth breed. The gentlemen we have are "old"—as Falstaff said of himself, with a sigh—dying out; and we shall soon inquire for the true beau, and find him no more. Like the Megatherium and the Plesiosaurus, he will require a Waterhouse Hawkins to describe, classify, ticket, docket him, and show him at the Crystal Palace: "Here is the veritable effigy of a true gentleman in the days of George III. and IV., once very prevalent in Britain; also in France before the great revolution: became gradually extinct during the Victorian and Napoleonic eras."

Speaking seriously, the assertion is very true; so true, that we hardly need a very general acquaintance with society to assure us that manners are now unstudied, and that manner is bad. The change may be natural enough: it may not be regretted; it may even carry with it certain

rough virtues which we want; but the change has taken place. The men of one age are not those of another. "I really do not know what to make of the young men of the day," said a lady long known as a leader of society: "they cannot talk, they lounge about, and are not fond of company. If they are with us for a short time, they wish to go out and smoke a cigar." Young ladies all cry out to the same tune. Woman is scarcely regarded as she used to be. "Female society," writes a prominent Review, "is secretly owned by all sensible men to be a bore. People may say they like it; but in the end the men will run out to their clubs." On her part, woman has done a good deal to deserve this: she has ceased to be wholly domestic and feminine, and therefore interesting and real. She has abandoned her own exclusive province, and has not established herself in another. But why should lovely woman ever condescend to dabble in political economy? Can a gentleman be a gentleman when logic requires the truth? Will dry dissertation fill up the place of compliment and flowery talk? Will agricultural measures—Mill on Liberty—Buckle on Civilization—High, Low, or Middle Church—Pleiocene periods—Hind's new comet, and the division of labour, suffer us to enjoy life as we used, and to amuse ourselves with the innocent prattle of ladies' tongues?

The development of the nation has also tended to destroy true quietude and repose in manners. Formerly there was a courtesy and gentleness in the behaviour of the gentleman which distinguished him entirely from inferior grades. To behave well in society was the study of a life. A gentleman was known by the manner in which he entered a room, or

handed a lady to her carriage. Charles Lamb had seen a gentleman who always took off his hat to a woman when he spoke to her, even to a fish-fag. Woman was held to be of a finer kind of clay than man ; just as Dresden is somewhat finer and more fragile than Berlin ware. To her, outwardly, more generous attention was paid. The very words "court, courteous, courting, and courtly," spring from a verb chiefly and most tenderly applied to woman.

It would seem, then, that our present male society fails very much in attention to ladies, and exhibits a coarseness and selfishness which are as unpleasant as they are notorious. The equipoise of the sexes is thereby destroyed ; and women, ever ready to worship the strong, have not hesitated to copy the manners and dress of the male sex. We have women who mainly, if not entirely, interest themselves in sports and occupations which appertain to men alone, and who love to imitate and ape the coarse expressions and boyish slang of their brothers. All this is in bad taste. Woman should be true to herself. Although to speak of one's father as a "guv'nor," and to term a merry party "no end jolly," may entrap some inexperienced freshman, yet it cannot but make the judicious grieve. A charmed circle surrounds women. They can always acquire the love, respect, and due observance of man, if they choose to demand it. To do so they must be true to themselves. It is their fault if they step out of bounds. Vulgarity, hoydenishness, coarseness, and the contempt which accompanies these qualities, are the effects of bad manner and manners. It may pervade a whole nation, as it has done the Americans. When it does so, it renders them contemptible, however we may disguise it.

Demosthenes, in giving his celebrated advice to an orator —that eloquence consisted in three things, the first "action," the second "action," and the third "action"—is supposed to have intended manner only. To those who have studied men in public schools of oratory, in the pulpit and the House of Commons, the observation will not appear so puzzling as some have found it. Many excellent speakers are marred by a bad manner. Many capital preachers throw away their sermons by a false delivery. We have heard clergymen read the Ten Commandments in a whining voice, as if they were asking a favour. Now, in many matters in life, the manner of doing a thing is of the greatest importance. "You had better," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favour gracefully than grant it clumsily. Manner is all in everything; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." This is very true. It has become the fashion to sneer at Chesterfield, who was a perfect master of his art; but it is useless to find fault with what a perfect knowledge of mankind has dictated. When people are in distress, and half savage, they do not care about the manner or manners; but when they are in the least degree rich or civilized they do so. "Civility," said another observer, "gains everything, and costs nothing."— "I am the ugliest man in the three kingdoms," said Wilkes; "but, if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest."

Lord Chatham was a wonderfully eloquent man, but his manner added to his eloquence. So was Lord Mansfield, the silver-tongued Murray, all ease, grace, suavity: his bare narrative of a circumstance was said to be worth any other man's argument. So again we may say of Lord Derby, of Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Gladstone. The manner of each of these statesmen was and is perfectly indicative of his mind. The way in which Peel hesitated and stammered till he warmed into eloquence, and gained confidence as he saw his arguments gain force, was a perfect lesson in manner. But now-a-days, our oratory is fallen very low. We have little grace, and hardly any action; nor have we been celebrated for it for many a long year. Burke, a notable orator, was stiff, awkward, and confused. Napoleon thought so much of manner that he studied it from Talma, the actor; and thought, with the Romans, that youth should be early brought into contact with the posture-master and the orator. Chesterfield has given an anecdote which will illustrate what we mean. He had, it is well known, to introduce the bill for the alteration of the calendar; for although we were twelve days wrong, yet Protestant England shunned the right because a Pope had introduced it; nor was it decorous for us to be set right without an Act of Parliament. "I was," says Chesterfield, "to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical observations, about which I knew nothing; but it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords fancy I knew something; and so I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, the harmony and soundness of my periods, and to my action. I succeeded: many said I had made the whole very clear to them, when I

had not even attempted to do so. Lord Macclesfield, who is one of the greatest astronomers and mathematicians in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and with all the clearness which the matter will admit of; but, as his manner, his periods, and his action were not so good as mine, the preference was unanimously, but most unjustly given to me."

This injustice, if it be so, is the same everywhere. A good actor will take a small part, and by his manner elevate it and make it stand out beyond the others. A bad one will degrade a good part. At a public assembly a poor speaker will spoil a good cause; a good one, without half the weight or the sense of the other, will make any one believe that he has all the right on his side: it is the old art of Belial, "to make the worse appear the better reason." But neither men nor women should neglect this art. "Be ye wise as serpents;" "Do not put your light under a bushel," and a dozen other texts, may be quoted to aid us.

Mr. Bright, in his speech some time ago, made a catchpenny effect by falling foul of grammar. Of course all the people, the great majority of the assembly, who did not understand grammar, applauded Mr. Bright; but his grand alternative was arithmetic. "Teach a boy the value of figures, and he is a made man;" that was the gist of his discourse. He may be so; but, in our opinion, too much calculation, too many "figures," is much more likely to spoil a boy, to mar him than to make him: he becomes selfish, calculating, cold; as careless of true nobility of purpose and of soul, and as worshipful of material success as Mr. Bright himself. But teach him true manners, and you will really benefit him and all

mankind. "Manners makyth man," quoth William of Wykeham; and the bishop's motto is a precious truth. Good manner is compounded of two things—self-respect and a due observance of the feelings of others. Good manners consist in the polish put upon these, and are neither frivolous nor useless, as some religionists think. There is evidence enough and to spare, not only that the Saviour was "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," but that His immediate disciples had studied manner as well as rhetoric. St. Paul, in his speeches and letters, is the very model of a gentleman; so are also St. James, St. John, and others. In fact, gentleness, forbearance, kindness to one another, conciliation, quietude, and affection in manner and discourse, all of which are of the very nature and essence of politeness, were strictly enjoined by the first teachers of Christianity, and have no right to be scorned by their followers now.

In teaching manners and politeness, Chesterfield himself merges into a Christian teacher. His son. he writes, was not to hurt anybody by a malicious speech, not to exalt himself above others, not to indulge in any sneer. The temptation of saying a witty thing is never to lead him away to do it at any one else's expense. "This passion in people who fancy they can say smart things, has made them more enemies, and implacable ones too, than anything I know of," he adds. Wordsworth puts, however, the true gentleman-feeling on it when he vows—

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels."

Other hints are very good, and show us that in good truth

manners are minor morals, that an habitually rude man is most likely a bad one. We are to talk, says Chesterfield, often, but never long, so that others may have their chance of speaking. We are to take rather than give the tone of the company we are in. What is this but being "all things to all men?" We are not to bore people. "Never hold anybody by the button, or the hands, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them." Always look people in the face when you speak to them. Never brag nor exaggerate. "A man affirms," writes my lord, "and not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles at a sitting. Out of charity I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast. Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly: in the case of scandal as well as of robbery, the receiver is always as bad as the thief."

Any man can be polite, if he merely wills it. The true gentleness and politeness of a good-humoured English mob has often attracted and charmed foreigners. Politeness arises from the heart. The man who is only "a gentleman when he chooses," as more than one boasts he can be, is merely a polished hypocrite. A gentleman is always one; and a polite nation is always polite. Sitting with their legs over the chair back of another, carrying bowie knives, cutting the furniture, and spitting in a circle around them, are not only national faults, but absolutely sins amongst Americans. They prove that they are careless of the comfort of others; and a long course of self-indulgence in rudeness must have been gone through to bring them to the present point.

Of external manner and the look of a gentleman, of which

Hazlitt has written in a charming essay, we must say but little. They arise more from harmony in the figure and face than from anything else, and may therefore be considered as natural gifts. Some truly excellent and noble men never look like gentlemen. Such, for instance, were George the Third, Charles Fox, Wilberforce, William Cobbett, and Robert Burns. Yet all these, with all their faults and vices, were Nature's noblemen.

On the other hand, no rags nor disguise can hide a certain nobility and presence in other men. We may instance Gentleman Jones, Munden, Farren, and Wallack, the actors; William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, George Canning, Lord Wellesley, Sir Joseph Banks (who, when bent nearly double, always looked like a Privy Councillor), Sir Charles Bunbury, and the vicious old Duke of Queensbury;—all these men looked like noblemen, and would have done so under any circumstances. We may add that the photographs of the celebrities of the day, which are to be seen in every shop-window, afford capital practice for the study of manner, as well as a disappointing one for the study of expression, few men or women being truly noble in their looks; and that, as a rule, the higher people are in social position and in mind, the more attentive they are to their manners.

ON WHAT IS CALLED ETIQUETTE.

THE excellent David Garrick—*Davie*, as Dr. Johnson called him—published a very excellent book in its way, upon reading the Liturgy. It would seem, from the pictures of his friend Hogarth, and from Garrick's own book, that the majority of parsons read as badly or worse than they do now. We admit that perhaps it would be difficult, but let us concede that, as a whole, they read worse. Well, Davie's bookseller—for he was an author as well as a player, and he is painted by Reynolds as rolling his eyes in a "fine frenzy," with his MSS. on a little rococco occasional table, and pen in hand, charged with poetry and ink, whilst behind him up skips Mrs. Garrick for the purpose of pulling the inky pen through his fingers—Davie's bookseller, or Davie himself, suggested this book upon reading the prayers; and a rich book it is. Here, says Davie, when he comes to "miserable sinners," you are to "lower your voice and roll your eyes; here you are to whisper, here to groan; there to look miserable." Davie wrote all this with *bona fides*. He merely gave a man his stage directions how to pray; very dreadful, perhaps, and certainly very absurd. But are not our books of eti-

quette much the same? Can manners be learnt by rote, and the gentle life assumed? We think not; first make a man good and good-wishing, and you will then make his manners good; all else is mere ceremony, although that is a great thing.

From an old anecdote we learn that, when a certain King of England expressed his contempt for court etiquette, by saying that it was "all nonsense, only a ceremony," the ambassador to whom he used the words retorted with, "And what is your Majesty but a ceremony?" We could carry this question still further: What are the aristocracy, the government, the church, nay, the whole of society, but ceremonies? Were we to loosen these, what would become of the whole edifice? It would, like the globe of that philosopher who had destroyed the principle of cohesion, fall at once to pieces. Brute force and selfishness, and all their attendant evils, would again be in the ascendant. Those aspiring souls who look back to the good old times "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," would find their wishes realized, and would know exactly how very noble the untaught savage can be. The despised tradesman, the detested hierarch, and the hated nobleman, would all disappear under the same dead level of savagery. Intellect would be on a par with stupidity, or rather its inferior, since the latter often boasts superior bodily strength. There would be "no this, no that, no nothing;" for everything in our modern society is built upon this universal ceremony. The common observance of the law, the obedience to rule, the love of parents, the honesty towards all men, the sanctity of marriage, the very feeling which keeps one man's fingers from another's

throat, grow out of this ceremony, which some regenerators affect to despise. Lower, however, than this universal code, generally understood by all mankind, is another congeries of widely spread laws, the rules of society in fact, the commandments of the minor morals, the decalogue of good behaviour —in short, etiquette.

What is etiquette? The word is Anglo-Norman, and primarily had—nay, has now—a far different signification. It means simply the ticket which was tied to the necks of bags, or affixed to bundles, to note their contents. Each bag, being ticketed thus, was accepted unchallenged. From this it would appear that the word passed at last, not to the cards of invitation which one man sent to another, but to certain cards upon which were printed the chief rules to be observed by the guests. Certain forms of behaviour were necessary to be observed; these were laid down and written upon the cards; and thus behaviour was, or was not, "the ticket," or etiquette, for there can be no doubt but the slang term which we have just quoted has the same derivation.

So to be "the ticket" came to be the very general desire of civilized people; and, as others grew in civilization, etiquette became a necessary code, which has been digested and written upon and reviewed perhaps as much, or more, than any other code of laws in the world.

It is, however, necessary to instil and enforce this code, and particularly so amongst uncultivated nations. Perhaps the most polite, observant, head-uncovering, bowing, and bending nation of the world—we only speak of the upper classes—is Russia. It is, to one who has a liking for these matters, quite a lesson to see a Russian nobleman of the

high school in conversation with anybody; he is the beau ideal of good manners and gentlemanly bearing; he takes off his hat to every woman, he bares his head to a tradesman, he salutes him when he enters his shop, he bows when he goes. Princes of the blood imperial do this, and very properly too. But it is only within a very few years that the Russian has learnt all this. There was a time when he was as unlicked as the fable says a bear's cub is. When the great Catherine gave receptions to her nobility, she was obliged to publish certain rules of etiquette which would be quite unnecessary now with the most untaught English peasant. Gentlemen were not to get drunk before the feast was ended; ladies of the court were not to wash out their mouths in the drinking-glasses, wipe their faces on the damask, and were enjoined to eat, not pick their teeth, with their forks; noblemen were forbidden to strike their wives in company, and so on. The curiosity is still to be met with in books of table-talk; and the edict was, without a doubt, needed. But time has changed all this; and, as we have said, the Russian nobleman is the very best-mannered man in the world—free from the stupidly stiff hauteur of our English, from the over-polish and cringe of the French, the stolidity of the Germans, and the innate but very apparent pride of the Spanish.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada, and all the good colonists were flocking to see him, the newspapers, which awhile ago could only talk upon fierce politics, became the masters of the ceremonies, and taught etiquette. Thus it would seem to be incumbent that every one who paid his respects to "Victoria's big son," as the Yankees called him,

should do so in a clean shirt and black coat, and should be presented in due form. These little observances are quite necessary, although there may be, as the chronicler of these matters hints, rather a short supply of black dress-coats in the colony. Those who desired to pay their respects to the prince gave their tailor a job; and so ceremony, as it often does, helped trade; and in a new country the charming ease and good manners of the prince made everything smooth and pleasant. In fact, from what we heard, never had there been much less etiquette and never better manners throughout a royal progress. The reason is this—education is generally diffused. The progress of the prince was one of triumph over official nonsense; and every one did his best, and, having seen that best admired and extolled, was delighted with the prince, and the share he himself bore in the matter. This, too, is in delightful contrast with the celebrated journey of George the Fourth in Ireland, where every one of our fathers or grandfathers was ready to creep in the mud before him, where they fought for the glasses he had drunk out of, and where the slavishness of the subject was only equalled by the vanity of the king.

But we have not only a contrast in the manners of the people, but also in their thoughts. Our court, from which all etiquette is and should be derived, is wonderfully purer than it formerly was, and therefore has much less nonsense about it. Certainly, both in drawing-rooms and levées, and other court ceremonies, a great deal of positively superfluous folly is indulged in, just as there is a great deal of stupid finery and gold lace about the hangers-on of the court; but plain common sense is gradually winning the day. The

weakest and most worthless sovereigns have always stuck most exclusively to etiquette, just as the weakest and most foolish men in common life are often those who assume the greatest airs, and keep themselves most distant from their fellows. George the Fourth would object to a man if his collar were only half an inch too broad, and was himself all his life studying the etiquette of manner and of dress. He learned how to hold himself from Alvanley, and used to dress after Beau Brummel, a great pattern and patron of his, from whom he parted for a breach of etiquette committed in a moment of conviviality: the Beau absolutely asked the prince, whose hand rested on the bell-rope, to touch the bell! The offence was rank indeed, and never forgiven.

Charles the First, whom Vandyke's romantic portraits and Walter Scott's novels have prevented from being regarded in the true light, was a great stickler for etiquette; he once caned a young nobleman for appearing before him not dressed according to its rules; with evident delight he went through all the tedious observances of a Spanish introduction to the court; he delighted to surround himself with ceremony and with ceremonious people. His great archbishop, Laud, whom he afterwards basely deserted, tried to revive as much as he could, in the Church of England, the ceremonies of that of Rome. Strafford, a great man and a great statesman, was obliged to cramp his intellect within the ceremonial bounds prescribed by the court, and so lost the day! Nay, from what one may gather, it really does admit of a doubt, whether the pain of losing his crown and kingdom was not to King Charles less than that of being treated without ceremony, and being beaten by the vulgar rabble of the

lower classes, as he contemptuously and falsely termed his opponents.

Formerly there used to be an etiquette of war. As boxers now-o'-days always politely shake hands before they fight, so great generals sent messages to inform their opponents when they were about to begin. Turenne and Conde opened their trenches with much ceremony and a band of music—"a noise of flutes, drums, and bassoons," as they called it. The Frenchmen at Fontenoy, face to face with their English opponents, politely bade them "to fire first." Sir Walter Manny, in the front ranks before his men-at-arms, saluted his opponents: "God you good den, messieurs," said he. "I pray you accept this blow." And, swinging his two-handed sword round his head, the battle began in earnest. There are many who regret these good old times; but they forget that these well-mannered men oppressed their peasants, drove them to open revolt, and made them the wretched Jacquerie they were, and then slaughtered them by thousands. Polite, sometimes, were the knights, but their rule was brutal; and the stroke of satire of a popular author is as deserved as it is neat and trenchant, when he tells of a knight, "who clad in armour of proof, bravely led his leather-jerkined or bare-breasted followers to the death, and then politely returned to breakfast with his friends."

The etiquette of war continued down to the end of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth in France, when the Revolution rather astonished the masters of the ceremonies, the court gold sticks, silver sticks, and head basin and towel bearers. The revolutionary rabble and generals were very untaught people, who went their way without much ceremony; and,

when the Austrian and Prussian armies, who were not devoid of good breeding, had to contend with a young general named Bonaparte, before they could well make up their minds how to fight him in the most polite way, he had broken through their ranks and scattered them all to the wind. The old generals made very bitter complaints that he did not fight according to the rules of war; at the game of bowls he always managed to out-bowl them simply by mere force of arm; he hit the jack and carried it along with him. He was the spoilt child of fortune, and was almost as great a contemner of etiquette as Cromwell, whose life he always studied. When the great Protector's wife and courtiers and masters of the ceremonies had prepared a fine feast, he used to delight in calling in a company of his old Ironsides and seeing them devour it; which, says one sage historian, was a proof of his low origin. Nay, not so; Cromwell came of knightly blood; and kingly blood even has been brutal and rude. The circumstance, which perhaps after all, occurred only once, proved that he despised etiquette, and had some humour: so he feasted those who had fought for him.

When Bonaparte was up in the saddle, none were so fond of etiquette as he. His black Imperial Majesty Faustin the First did not create more barons and dukes and marshals than he did, nor was he more particular as to their behaviour. The etiquette of the Imperial court was as strict, and even more so, than that of the old-world ceremonious thrones, which looked down upon it with immense contempt. Talleyrand was bitter upon this aping of manners, and sneered at the little Corsican, who had his marshals taught how to enter the royal presence, and who himself learnt how to wear his

royal robes from the great tragedian, Talma. But, after all, there was nothing ridiculous in this. If an actor can (and he can, and does) strut and walk better than a nobleman or king, then let the king learn of the actor. It is from the ignorance of grace and graceful bearing that our public processions are such ridiculous things. The theatrical coronation which Garrick rehearsed was better by far than the one it imitated, and the wax figure of King George's court at Madame Tussaud's outdoes the reality. Court etiquette has, through its infraction, been the cause of more than one war; the ambassador of the Greeks to the Persian court, nearly three thousand years ago, having to bow very low to the monarch, dropped his ring, and, pretending to pick that up, made the bend serve for the obeisance. Sir Henry Pottinger, and, before him, the great Anson, flatly refused to comply with the follies of Chinese court manners, which comprised licking the dust before the great monarch; and no doubt the English were considered very ill-bred fellows.

Etiquette is mysterious; good manners simple and easily understood. Etiquette differs in various courts. Good manners are the same all over the world. Good manners are always the same. Etiquette plays some extraordinary tricks. When Mr. Oliphant was in Japan, it amused him almost as much as it horrified him to find that the strangest duello in the world was there fought. When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insulter, and, quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, is bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese,

who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder.

These extraordinary and out-of-the-way samples of manners may go to prove that many silly, weak, and foolish customs have been put down as the quintessence of etiquette. After all, when one looks at the matter quietly, one begins to doubt whether it be worth while to learn the modern stare and "haw, haw!" the Grecian stoop, or English strut, or to polish one's manners up to the very latest fashion. It is not the chief end in life to act "according to the card," as Hamlet says; but it is to be honest, gentle, good, brave, cheerful, and manly (or womanly, as the case may be). Lady Slylove, or the Honourable Mrs. Fauxpas, may laugh at awkwardness, and may sneer if a man does not handle his hat well, or omits a morning call at the proper time; but it may be that in the end they, foolish people, will get laughed at for *their* nonsense. As a man may be wise without learning, so one may be polite without etiquette; true politeness arises from the heart, not the head.

A man who, in the popular phrase, is said to be a gentleman when he likes, seldom is a gentleman at all; but simply a fellow with some artificial polish on him, which he rubs up, as one does furniture, when one's friends call. To show no vulgar surprise, to laugh or to smile within reason and in the right place, to use one's knife and fork at dinner gracefully, to speak gently and kindly, and to act with ease and natural-

ness, is the sum and substance of etiquette. It is by striving to be more than we are, by giving ourselves airs, by assuming more knowledge than we have, and by a vast deal of nonsensical pretence, that we render ourselves contemptible and ridiculous; for such people, perhaps, the rules of etiquette may be useful.

TOUCHING TEACHING AND TEACHERS.

WHEN Talleyrand, who may be taken as an impersonation of worldly shrewdness, came to England to inspect the nature of our education, he observed of our public school system, "It is the best which I have seen, and yet it is abominable." Matters are not much better now. Every now and then a schoolmaster is condemned to hard labour for beating a boy nearly to death because he cannot learn his lesson; and, in one of these cases, the only defence of the master really was this: that he, the teacher, was so dull himself that he could not distinguish between "could not" and "would not"—between stupidity and laziness in a child. Now it will strike all of us that that schoolmaster was wanting in the most essential part of a schoolmaster's requisite knowledge of human nature.

But what is education? The simple meaning of the word, a leading forth from innate barbarism and ignorance, is not quite all the answer that we want; but it is the best that we generally get. It is the training of the tender mind, the teaching of "the young idea how to shoot," to pun on a hackneyed quotation; and very badly some of the marksmen understand their business, and very much the world grumbles

at them; but there is this to be said, that they can grumble at the world. Thus much at least we can say for the schoolmaster, that he does, to the best of his ability, instruct his boys in obedience, in behaviour, in grammar, and in what learning he has; that he does for the most part keep up to the old catechism, and teach his lads to avoid the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, but to very little purpose, since the lad gets all that is taught him at school subverted at home; and foppery, dandyism, folly, idleness, pride, meanness, love of position, of gold, and hatred and contempt of honest labour, are taught him after he has left school. Not that any of the good, excellent fathers and mothers ever intend to do so, but that almost every action in society does so, and will do so—ay, and has done so for many years. "What," said a rich Athenian, who had heard wonderful accounts of the new philosophers, "what will you charge to educate my son?" The particular sage to whom the question was put named a good round sum. "By Hercules!" returned the father, swearing the popular oath of the time, "I could buy a slave for the money!" The philosopher turned round on the heel of his sandal: "Do so," said he, "and you will have two."

It is quite possible that this truth, that his untaught son and a slave were about on a par, was rather unpleasing to our rich Athenian; and it is one peculiarity of modern nations, and especially our own, that governments have been lavish of their money in support of education. People have seen long enough ago that knowledge is power. They penetrated the darkness of ages to bring forth the riches of the past. They resuscitated the old poets and philosophers, and made them, by their works, rule us from their graves; and, although

a certain Church very strongly now-a-days objects to secular education, its servants, the monks, set the ball rolling which will never be stopped. When once a passion for knowledge is excited, it never entirely dies out; and, if the soil be a generous one, the tree of knowledge continually shoots out fresh roots and new branches. The moderns have accepted the dictum of the old philosopher, and do not wish to have two slaves. Ignorance, they are quite ready to own, is slavery; so much so, that, in slave-holding and breeding States in our enlightened ally, America, they found it, it is said, necessary to condemn their slaves to ignorance. It is there a sin against the law to teach the black man; but, as to the white man, educate him by all means. The poorest white fellow, not only in the States, but here, unless he be an exception to the general rule, endeavours to get his son better taught than he himself has been.

Knowledge is power. Grasp at it, snatch it, catch it in driblets; but have it by all means. Here is Burns reading at the plough-tail, Fergusson drawing a map of the heavens on a hill side, Gifford working his problems with his shoemaker's awl on a bit of leather, Clare learning to read by scraps of ballads, and a dozen others, whom any one can name, mounting up the hill of learning by all sorts of difficult and out-of-the-way paths.

As all acknowledge the use of learning, the only thing now-a-days to consider is, how to attain it; and here comes the question, What is a boy? And a very important one it is; so much so, that a dignitary in the Church has written an essay with the title. A boy in England, to wit, is a very different thing from one in China. Here he is not tied down

to follow his father's trade. He may do anything, and attain almost any position, so that he has a long life, a good constitution, untiring industry, and "good luck." If a lad of sixteen, fresh from school, and well taught, were to make up his mind that he would be Chancellor of the Exchequer or Prime Minister before he died, there is little doubt but that he could acquire that position, so that his purpose and intention were steadily carried out. At any rate, whatever prize he aims at is within his reach ; and that is why Shelley said that the Almighty had given men arms long enough to reach the stars, if they would only put them out. The great faults with youth are want of purpose, and frivolity. They spend all their best years in playing at cross purposes, and their age in regretting that they have done nothing. Education should therefore fit a boy for after-life, expand his knowledge, brace up his mind, root out laziness, and give aim and direction to his intellect, as well as a general fitness for employment, and a wide knowledge of the rudiments of sciences, and the causes of things.

The choice of a school or a preceptor is the first difficulty which meets us. Where shall the tradesman, the man of business, or the working-man, all of whose hours are occupied, find the right man who will thus instruct his son? "Upon the choice of a governor who shall direct your son," writes Montaigne to Diana de Foix, "depends entirely the scheme; and, if you desire your boy to turn out a man of abilities, rather than a mere scholar, I would advise his friends to be careful of choosing him a tutor who is a man of head-piece rather than a perfect bookworm, though both judgment and learning are requisite." In the present day, how is a man

to distinguish between the mere advertising quacks and the real teachers?

It is certain that the present age thinks in the main as Montaigne did; for training-schools both for masters and mistresses have been and are now being established, it being an important matter that the teacher should be taught how to teach. And here we are simply going back to the days of Elizabeth, wherein the masters were not only mere pedagogues, or boy-drivers, but men of approved knowledge. Unfortunately many of our old grammar-schools have decayed, and private seminaries, colleges, and academies, or whatever may be the fashionable name, have usurped their place. And this is certain to any one who knows life, that of all scholastic evils perhaps the private schools of the very rich are the very worst. The boys learn worse than nothing there. They are pampered and petted, their pride is nourished and fostered, and carefully cultivated, whilst their manliness is destroyed, and their freedom curtailed, lest their gentility should suffer. Take, for instance, the schools of the rich at a fashionable watering-place, where the boys dress for dinner, never dirt their faces, have spotless linen and white kid gloves, and are attracted by the advertisement that "sons of noblemen and baronets" are to be their companions.* At the six o'clock dinner the lads sit at the same table with their instructors, and the poor little "fool of quality" is pestered by such questions as "How is Sir Samuel?" and "How is my lady, your

* More than one instance could be adduced of the son of a poor baronet being educated for nothing, simply that the lad should act as a decoy-duck.

mother?" from the master or mistress, simply for the sake of pronouncing the title.

This snobbism fosters every kind of mean and dirty pride, and, so far from doing good, does infinite harm in after-life. Peers and baronets are very well in their places; but all boys should be equal; and they are so in a public school, where the cleverest, bravest, and hardiest boy wins. Sir Bulwer Lytton, indeed, tells a story of a proud little monkey walking into Eton or Harrow schoolyard, and replying to the question, "Who are you?" with "Lord Dash, son of the Marquis of Dontknowwho."—"Then," said the cock of the school, a plain Bob Smith, "there are three kicks: one for my lord and two for the marquis," and the little recipient never forgot this lesson, the best he had in his life. *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and other manly books, have done something towards exposing the foolish pride of position amongst boys.

A school is nothing more than a place of introduction to the greater world. It is the landing-place just before we begin to climb the stairs of life. What the boy has to learn is not to be vainer and weaker, but to be better and stronger. The custom of cramming with mere book-learning is folly. Why should a sensible man be employed all day in pouring into his pupil's ears, as through a funnel, that which he is sure to forget? Let the teacher every now and then take stock of what the boy has learnt. The lad is not a better nor a wiser lad for having blown early, and surmounted a quantity of surface-learning or bare accomplishments. The mind should be widened, the attention arrested, and by all manner of means, a "receptivity" or capacity for receiving knowledge

should be engendered; and this may be done, presuming beforehand that the lad is not mentally disqualified, without cruelty, and certainly with little corporal correction. It is dreadful to think of the unfitness of some masters; of the amount of cruelty said to occur in schools, principally in private ones, and which is now and then revealed in the police-courts. The reason why public schools are more exempt than others is, that therein punishment is open and regulated. We hear of no private floggings; nor does the master who is offended by the boy's carelessness or laziness punish him, but the principal, or some one deputed. It is difficult also to do without corporal punishment; in some way or other chastisement must be given: the great question with each individual boy is, Which kind is the most proper?

But we may here observe that, if punishment exists, rewards should exist also; and that the former should never be so administered as to make learning a terror. We often hear Lady Jane Grey cited as a learned lady, more often than the reason of her easy acquisition of that learning. She tells us that Roger Ascham, her schoolmaster, made knowledge so enticing and pleasant to her, that she was always eager to escape from her parents and her companions to the society of the old teacher; and that thus she learnt Latin and Greek purely for the sake of the pleasure she derived. Thus it was that she was found—

> "Musing with Plato when the horn was blown,
> And every ear and every heart was won,
> And all in green array were chasing down the sun!"

It were to be wished that that sweet method of teaching, which made Ascham the prince of tutors, were discovered

and fully developed throughout this all-noble realm of England.

There are two things which, although taught, are taught by far too scantily in modern days. One is submission and reverence towards age ; the other follows closely upon it, an humble opinion of oneself. In manufacturing and in new countries, where man as a working machine is valuable, and where the boy, amongst the working classes, earns his bread long before his bones are fully grown, an appreciation of his own value gives him conceit and self-pride—the two great hindrances to knowledge. In America and our own colonies the position of the boy to the man is yet more objectionable, and the feeling spreads upwards from one class to another. Nothing can be more sad than this. The boy misses teaching and guiding at this most important period of his life ; the man loses that respect and reverence which is his due, and which will uphold him in his age. Thus, at two periods of life, from due attention being omitted, much wretchedness is occasioned to all. In Athens, in Sparta, and in early Rome, a boy dared not sit down in his father's presence unless commanded, and at all times showed great reverence and respect. Our own commandments are not less stringent, and wisely so too. A boy who is a little man, and who assumes the airs, pleasures, and ways of a grown person before he has reached maturity, is like a spendthrift who raises money by post-obits. Just at the time when he should be enjoying his youth, with its expanding knowledge, enlarged powers, and greater action, he is wearied, nauseated, and disgusted with life. A modest opinion of his own powers will also accompany the deference to age.

There are many other points which might also be insisted on. A politeness towards, and correct estimation of the opposite sex, personal cleanliness, chastity, proper pride —a lofty feeling which will keep the boy from committing any dishonesty and meanness—and not only a love of, but a thorough knowledge of Truth, of its weight, use, and power ; of the weakness, danger, and shiftiness of Falsehood —these points are to be insisted on in modern education. For it is to be observed that not only effeminacy and want of manliness are (or rather were, till lately) on the increase, but that the worship of gold is spreading far and wide ; and that a man's worth and power with his fellows are not so much looked at as the amount of money which he has amassed through his position, or through the works of others. Now, if England degenerates and goes to pieces, it will be through a want of vigorous boys : for the decay of the tree is always shown in the young fruit. Thirty years hence the destinies of this nation and all her dependencies, if she then has any, will be in the hands of those who are boys now ; and, when all the talking and writing, and teaching of this day are over, and we are quietly in our graves, those who are now little schoolboys will be thundering in the senate, or teaching from the pulpit, the volume, or the journal.

Now-a-days there is a great fuss made about Latin and Greek being dead and useless tongues, which they are not, and some of our schoolmasters are for cramming the young mind, not with Greek Alcaics and the philosophy of Plato, but with the "fairy tales of science and the long results of time," made as dry and unnutritious as a bone out of a French stew. Science is all very well when properly taken ;

but the dilettante and semi-scientific boy is generally so great a bore, so very conceited, and so apt to turn out an infidel of sixteen, that scientific instruction needs great care, especially as the first alphabet of a science is easily learnt, and it is so easy for a boy to gabble in confusing semi-scientific talk. On this subject I may be excused if I reprint a few lines, which some years ago I wrote for a scientific magazine.*

THE PROVINCE OF THE TEACHER.

Instil the love and reverence which you feel,
The sweet delight in earth or blue arched sky,
In picture, book; in landscape, fair and wide,
And high-raised palaces, or ancient shrine,
With painted window, storied with delight:
In the high mountains and the boundless sea.
Teach him to reverence these; moreover, name
The petals of each flowret, class each shell,
Mark well the wondrous fashion of God's work,—
Bird, animal, or insect.
His young heart
Will pulse and throb with a most holy awe
When he shall mark the infinite Wisdom shown
In each and all, an atom or a globe,
Proceeding from God's hand; when he shall know
That not a feather stirs beyond its place,

* I may add as a further excuse, that of them I may very well quote Gray, when writing of his own Elegy:—"They have been so applauded, it is quite a shame to repeat it: *I mean not to be modest;* but it is a shame for those who have said such superlative things about them, *that I cannot repeat them.*"—*Letter to Dr. Wharton*, 1750. Even in modest Gray we have here exhibited the author's love of praise.

That not a beauty but still has a use—
That even in the roughest, hardest things,
Strange glories lie; that in the wing of gnat,
The skin of snake, or eye of crawling toad,
Such clouds of glorious colour are contained,
That the skilled pencil and the cunning brain
Of man can scarcely picture: the rough shell,
Touched with Art's polish, brightly glows, and glads
Each eye that sees it; and a shred of wood
Holds in its little space most wondrous forms.

* * * * When this glimpse
Thou'st shown him of this world we have and hold,
Bring forth those instruments by Science made
To show the upper and the lower worlds,
And mark the two infinites of each.
Peer through the TELESCOPE, world-systems show,
And tell what various knowledge testifies;
Of star-globes floating in th' abyss of blue;
Reason of worlds in worlds; of suns that gem
The sky like gold-dust sprinkled on a robe,
But yet *are* SUNS. Each step you farther go
Unveil new wonders, till he shall fall down,
Knowing his infinite smallness, and gasp out
His humble prayer to Him who made them all!
And now the MICROSCOPE produce, and show
Design and glory in a filmy wing,
That plumes more gorgeous than the ostrich bears
Deck the poor moth; the house-fly has a foot
Fitted with instrument so wisely made,
That man, till in the grey age of the world,
Found not full comprehension of the thing.
Show him how prodigal of work God is,
How every small ephemeris sets forth
Purpose and science, if born but to die,
As we in our weak knowledge still must deem.

Show him the myriads which live within
A drop of water ; that Intelligence
Creates and orders, and still cares for each ;
And then his heart will throb and bound again,
Knowing his greatness, and thus led to GOD
By steps hewn in the Infinite Unknown,
And dim Uncertain, he will wisely pray—
Reverence himself, and love his neighbour too.

ON WHAT IS COMMONLY CALLED LUCK IN LIFE.

WHY is it that sailors cling to port on a Friday, and loose their ships and weigh anchor on Sunday? Why did the ancients build a temple to Fortune, consult oracles, and venerate white stones rather than black stones? Why did our grandmothers dislike the assemblage of nine rooks, turn back when they met a dog crossing their path, and show an antipathy to black cats? Why does a Fijian, to propitiate his ugly wooden god, offer him a *bakolo*, the dead body of his brother? Why was it improper to eat beans and the seeds of the lupin? What magic makes the third time never like the rest? At the wicked little German towns where small Grand-dukes improve their revenues by licensing gaming-tables, you will find old gamblers begging the youngest in the company, often an English boy who has come to look about him, to take for them the first throw of the dice. Why so? Why is a fresh hand more likely to throw the three sixes than an old one?

Giacomo, in Venice or the Romagna, a man of many murders, but pious, will cross himself nine times before taking to

the road and inserting his stiletto in the first traveller he meets. A young English lady, or an old one, will examine her coffee-cup, throw spilt salt over her left shoulder, and shriek when knives are placed crossways on the dinner-table. Paddy, in Connemara, will load his old gun with a blessed bullet before taking aim, from behind a hedge, at a bailiff. An old nurse in the midland counties will throw a shoe after her daughter when she goes to service or to market. Why do all these do all such funny things? Why did Cæsar, tumbling on his nose as he landed nineteen hundred years ago on these shores, tell a lie to persuade his soldiers that it was no bad omen but an intentional worshipping of the gods? Why do certain pious Christians travel to Loretto or Rome, Mussulmans to Mecca, Hindoos to the Ganges? Why do Pierre and Wilhelm give a larger price for the odd numbers, the 7, 13, 21, and others, in a lottery, than for the even? Why did good old Doctor Johnson touch the tops of the posts as he went along Fleet Street, and preserve his orange pips with a sacred devotion? There is but one answer to all these questions, and to as many more as would fill this page. Because one and all believed in Fortune, Chance, Luck, call it what you will—blind goddess, capricious jade, or discerning deity: Fate, if you wish it, superior to Jupiter, Queen of the Gods themselves, stronger far than wisdom, skill, or strength.

What is luck, or fortune, or chance? A great portion of every man's life is spent in solving this question. It is not solved yet. It is a question whether the great preacher did not believe in it. The race, he said, was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but time and chance hap-

pened to all men. Cæsar believed in it, and told the pilot in the storm, "*Cæsarem portas et fortunam ejus*"—you carry Cæsar and his luck. You might be wrecked with one but not with the other. The Athenian Timotheus so credited it that he especially exempted it from any share in his deeds; "and in this," said he, when he gave an account of his victories, "and in this Fortune had no share." He was never fortunate afterwards. Napoleon would rather have had a fortunate man than a clever general. Cromwell had his lucky days, of which his birthday was one. Sylla would rather have been called "lucky" than "great"—*felix non magnus.* "It cannot be denied," said our wisest Englishman, "but outward accidents conduce much to fortune." He instances as outward accidents, "favour, opportunity, the death of others, and occasion fitting virtue," which is, after all, only another way of saying, "the right man in the right place;" and we should be far from denying it. There is such a luck as this, but not a blind, foolish, ignorant luck.

Historians seem, however, to have determined to treat some heroes as lucky—perhaps from a wish to detract from their merit. Cromwell, we may remember, had his lucky day, September third, upon which he won the battle of Dunbar, and cried out that the Lord had given the Scots into his hands, upon which he won another great battle, and upon which he died. Quintus Curtius seems determined to make out that Alexander the Great was very lucky; he asserts that his constant good luck never forsook him, "*Nec deficit illi perpetua in rebus dubiis felicitas*," that he himself depended very much on his constant run of luck, and referred to it after he had marched into Cilicia and had looked at the passes he

went through, acknowledging how easy it would have been for his enemies to have overwhelmed all his army with big stones.* Even Parmenio, his general, depended upon his master's luck, *felicitati tamen Regis sui confisus*, and in that dependence did much more than he would otherwise have done. Plutarch relates how lucky Sylla was, so much so, that the surname of Fortunate was attached to him; and Cicero speaks of the luck of Fabius Maximus, Marcellus, Scipio, and Marius as a settled thing. "It was not only their courage, but their FORTUNE which induced the people to intrust them with the command of their armies. For there can be little doubt but that, besides their great abilities, there was a certain *Fortune* appointed to attend upon them, and to conduct them to honour and renown, and to uncommon success in the management of important affairs."†

It may be at least conceded that the fortunes of men depend very much on their position. Had Napoleon been an Englishman or an Hottentot, or born in the reign of Louis XIV., he would not have overturned the world, nor have left an imperishable name. But occasion fitted virtue, that is, the virtue of valour—the old Roman virtue. He was born in troublous times—educated for the army—sent for when wanted—seized the reins of empire, and drove furiously. He bided his time; he had patience and faith, saw what was

* Contemplatus locorum situs, non aliàs magis dicitur admiratus esse felicitatem suam: obrui potuisse saxis confitebatur, si fuissent, qui in subeuntes propellerent.—*Quint. Curt.* L. III. C. 4.

† Fuit enim profecto quibusdam summis viris quædam ad amplitudinem, et gloriam, et ad res magnas bene gerendas ADJUNCTA FORTUNA (Cic. pro Lege Manilia C. XVI.)

to be done, and did it. He was two-sided, for and against, and when he fought, had always won the battle before he began it. He said that luck and fortune consisted in a "little quarter of an hour," being just up in time and waiting: others were musing, he was working, and that, he said, was all the luck he had. So Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and took his enemies by surprise, and so Louis Napoleon crossed the Ticino. There was no luck in all this; to see an advantage with an eagle eye, to mark it and follow it up is not luck. In the Russian war we were not "lucky," because we hesitated; a gun-boat with a will behind it, we were told by no mean authority, would at one time have settled the matter; we had, on the contrary, a fleet, but without a will. Certainly divided counsels do no good to fortune. When, however, in the Indian mutinies we were attacked, undermined, and betrayed, when the very worst had come about us, then each man amongst us did wonders. We all worked with a will; a handful of men, poorly accoutred and provisioned, but well led, won eight victories in succession, and the revolted Sepoys again said that the Feringhees had the "devil's luck." Luck there meant desperation, courage, skill in arms, anything you will, or all things combined, and God's blessing chief of all, which enabled us to preserve a mighty empire. The French traders have a proverb about English "luck," and believe that in commerce we are especially fortunate; nay, some of the pious amongst them go so far as to say that since we renounced the pope, the devil has made us peculiarly "lucky" —he being the prince of this world. But our hard-working, long-sighted merchants know much better; their theory of chance is that the best ship takes merchandise the most

safely and most quickly, and that the best seamanship saves the ship from being wrecked much more than "luck" does. In short, they sum up success and give a reason for it; they demand success by deserving it; they do not believe in a "fortuitous concurrence of atoms" any more than Lord Palmerston did in the concurrence of opinion which turned him out of office. The man of action seldom does. It is only your lazy, dreaming fellow who lets go by the opportunities presented to him, who moans and grumbles, and talks of ill luck and good luck. We may note for a certainty that if any one does so, and we all do at times, talk of "luck," that he thinks himself the unlucky, and somebody else the fortunate fellow.

But the most serious thing in this matter is this—people have formed this dependence upon a blind chance into an article of belief; and they will go so far as to call those irreligious who refuse to believe in it. They perhaps may not use the terms, but they intend what we say. All kinds of thinkers and inquirers have been called bad names. Even Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote against "Vulgar Errors," and Chief Justice Hale, who afterwards saw his error, once said that those who did not believe in witches could not believe in God. So the Ægean mariner, who gets the priest to bless his boat and to wish him luck, would be scandalized at the Protestant infidel, who would tell him that the right way to bless his boat was to build her properly, rig her scientifically, study navigation, and keep a sharp look-out. "It is no use," said the Puritan captain, "to put your trust in Providence unless you also keep your powder dry."

"It is this vast question," says Buckle, in his *History of*

Civilization, "which lies at the root of the whole subject; it is simply this: Are the actions of men, and therefore of societies, governed by fixed laws, or are they the result either of chance or of a supernatural interference?" The doctrine of chance is, he says, the opinion most natural to a perfectly ignorant people. When a wandering tribe, without the least tincture of civilization, lives entirely by hunting and fishing, it may well suppose that the appearance of its necessary food was the result of some accident which admitted of no explanation. The irregularity of the supply, and the caprice, or supposed caprice, which made this sometimes abundant and sometimes scanty, would confirm either this opinion, or the idea that the food was sent by some powerful but capricious Being whom the tribe would try by prayers to pacify, and by incantations and mysteries to cajole. This Being would be Chance. But something else intervenes, and this gives a second idea to the savages. They learn a little of agriculture. They use a food, the very existence of which seems to be the result of their own act. "What they sow, that likewise do they reap." They perceive a distinct plan and a regular sequence in the relation which the corn they put into the ground bears to the corn when arrived at maturity. They look to the future not with uncertainty, but with confidence. Hence for the first time in their minds begins to dawn a faint conception of what are called, at a later period, the "laws of Nature." Thus in the march of society the rude doctrine of Chance is destroyed by the regularity of Nature, and replaced by that of "necessary connection."

Thus far one of the boldest and most acute thinkers of the day. But oh! ye disciples of the rigid Calvinist, and ye fol-

lowers of other easier and silkier preachers, what will you say when, from these rude notions of savages, Mr. Buckle deduced those two ideas which have torn the religious world in pieces. "And it is, I think," he says, "highly probable that out of these two doctrines of Chance and Necessity there have arisen the subequent dogmas of Free Will and Predestination." He will not leave you long to quarrel with each other. All may combine against Buckle; for as all are also *in*cluded in the articles of the Anglican Church, both are *ex*cluded from our author's philosophy. Predestination founded on a theological hypothesis, Free Will on a metaphysical hypothesis, are both wrong. "Among the more advanced European thinkers there is," he asserts, "a growing opinion that both doctrines are wrong; at any rate, we have not sufficient evidence of their truth." Here we are at issue. Both are not wrong; but neither is wholly right. There is a middle course, and that religious men who may yet be fine thinkers may safely take. We do not agree with Calvin, nor even with Ambrose, *Deus quos dignat vocat, quos vult religiosos facit.* If a man be predestined, ages before he was born, to eternal damnation, "since," says Calvin, "God predestines one part of mankind to everlasting happiness, and another to endless misery," none of us can know whether we be of one part or the other; the future is a simple blind chance, a toss up of a halfpenny—luck, that is all. But we do not believe in this "luck." Our Saviour did not preach it. He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. He taught that "God willeth not the death of a sinner." Hence he destroyed fatality, or that disposition of events which we neither can control nor understand. A man's

salvation depends upon himself. Honest John Bunyan has even shown us a man forcing his way to heaven. "Set down my name," saith the valiant man; and although angels barred the door, yet he laid about him with his good sword, and entered in, and the same angels sang hosannas over him, for "the kingdom of heaven suffered violence." He for one did not lie down in the ditch and trust in his "luck."

To sum all up, we may well believe that the old proverbs are true enough—"fortune favours the bold," "he who takes it makes it," "the early riser catches the fish." Napoleon was right also in his little quarter of an hour. "Ready, aye ready," was the motto of the old Napiers. Chance has done little or nothing; it did not make Newton an astronomer, nor Hugh Miller a geologist, nor did it make a Watt or a Smeaton; nor a Stephenson, a Humphrey Davy, nor a Faraday. These men made themselves. Not that we would deny that there is an unseen agency in all things. We may call it by different names; but the Founder of our faith told us pretty well what it was—this mysterious doer—when He said that not a sparrow fell to the ground without His knowledge; nay, that the hairs of our head were numbered.

To this Divine agency may be attributed many things which the blind world calls chance or luck; the reason why A sails in a ship which is wrecked in sight of shore on an iron-bound coast, and B, who was to have sailed, stayed at home, and, by accident, was saved. It can solve also the reason why the guilty are spared and the innocent slain, why a wall falls on the head of a child and spares the murderer, and many other strange things.

To it also must be attributed many of those bits of luck

which ornament our dry histories, those episodes which give brightness to otherwise dull books. Such a one as this, for example. Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, having resolved with his father, Alexander the Sixth, to poison Cardinal Cometto, feasted the cardinal for that purpose; but, having prepared poisoned wine, the butler in mistake presented the Pope and Borgia with the prepared glasses or goblets, so that the murderers fell into their own traps, the one to die, the other to survive, escaping by a strange and ghastly effort, to perish by a worse fall. As the butler was purposely kept ignorant of the contents of the bottles, there was some "chance" in that. "Fortune," says Menander, "sometimes, takes a surer aim than we do." Retribution comes upon the very heels of the act; but I am not sure that there is any luck in that.

In fine, in those instances of great riches, great success, extraordinary and sudden elevations, and startling changes which we see but cannot account for, it would be well to suspend our judgments before talking of fortune or luck, and to think whether some deeper cause that we cannot see does not exist.

Common instances of lucky men may be disregarded, since these instances are generally exaggerated, by a wondering narrator; certainly some of us are more happily placed as regards well-being and comfort than others, but, that being conceded, the matter is settled. Some birds are eagles, some sparrows; and certainly lamplighters do not ordinarily stand much chance of becoming peers of the realm; but we have only to probe the ordinary lucky man, to find that he has risen by industry, patience, foresight, skill, determination,

constant endeavour, or wisdom, or some other element of success, and that luck had nothing to do with the matter.

Man is too fond of excusing himself, to go without the "morning dram" of believing in ill luck. He is very illogical, certainly, and, like illogical people generally, runs, when driven out from one definition, to the one almost identical. If he does not believe in luck he may at least swallow the same compound under another name, and he calls that "destiny." Lord Byron wrote a very pretty song, conveying the idea in its refrain "that the day of my destiny is over, the star of my hope has declined," the sentiment and expression of which were about equally true ; and Napoleon, when he was at St. Helena, talked a great deal with Bourienne about "destiny." He was the Man of Destiny—the picked, the chosen. "People talk of my crimes," said he ; "but men of my mark do not commit crimes. What I did was a necessity : I was the child of destiny !"

Now, we have outlived the Norwood gipsies, and only a very few of us, in remote country places, believe in witches. To make up for this advance, a great number of crackbrained people—of lively intellect for the most part, certainly clever, but decidedly irregulated—believe in spirit-rapping, table-turning, and certain other inane mysteries. It is, perhaps, a comfort that they do so believe, for it is certainly a fact that before they believed in spirits, very few of them could conscientiously subscribe to the Apostles' Creed. So, like a young lady who refuses a dozen eligible offers and takes up at the last hour with a questionable partner, these people who rejected the beauties of truth, grew attached to the ugly eccentricities of a madman's creed, and are ready to suffer

martyrdom for the faith of a jumping table. Whilst recognising all these things, we must perhaps be comforted if we find the old doctrine of destiny springing up all fresh and green, and as lively as ever. Napoleon the First was the child of destiny; his nephew is guided by his "star," and follows out the dictates of his fate; and a learned Pole has written an amusing book, trying to work out and foretell the "destiny of Louis Napoleon."

This belief in destiny we must, therefore, put up with, but we may, at least, try and explain it. As we have said, it is no new thing. Our whole existence is to us a mystery. We are surrounded by wonders. Think as long as we can, till our hand grows palsied, our hair white, our eyes bleared, and our skin wrinkled, we cannot solve them. We are happy, therefore, to plunge into other mysteries, and to explain the inexplicable by making a solution which is more mysterious. It is no new thing with the human mind to do so.

"The actions of virtue are great," says Pliny, "but those of fortune (fate or destiny) are greater." "Some people, again," he tells us, "refer their successes to virtue and ability, but it is all fate." Quintus Curtius, when relating Alexander's actions, seems to place the majority of his successes down to his destiny; and Sirannez, the Persian, being asked how it was that his designs, which were so well laid and admirably executed, were so unlucky in their termination, did not mind saying that it was of little use his struggling if destiny was against him. *Fata viam inveniunt.*

"Good luck and ill luck are, in my opinion, two sovereign powers;" so writes a most original thinker. "It is ridiculous that human prudence can act the same part as fortune will do."

Nelson had his white days and his evil days. Marlborough, who, by the way, was very careful in planning his battles, talked more than once about his destiny; but Wellington, who took every care and never threw a chance away, did not talk about it at all, went straight ahead and did his duty, and found that the better way of working out his destiny. Sylla, who was a very great general, expressly stated that in many victories fortune or destiny had no part; and in this latest hour of time we presume that "destiny" can have little to do with our successes in China, which are owing to the bravery of our men, our compact discipline, our Armstrong guns, and our measures, which have been long laid, and are the result of a series of actions performed many years ago.

The popular idea of destiny was brought very prominently forward by Robert Owen, whose statement that "Man is the creature of circumstances over which he has no control," set the world in a ferment. But Owen preached no new doctrine. Plautus had long ago forestalled him. A son says to his father in one of his comedies, "Sir, blame me not. Things happen to man, whether he wishes or not; he is the creature of Destiny." But the father answers—

> "Son, you're mistaken, that's a vulgar error—
> A wise man always cuts out his own fortune.
> Nothing proves cross but from an ill contriver."

And Owen himself in his younger and purer days had thought the same. He was a self-made man. He worked for himself and raised himself. He did not lie down and wait for the coach of Destiny so that he might jump up behind; he

went from place to place, from fortune to fortune, made money and spent it; created two or three fortunes; helped Fulton, Stephenson, and Lancaster, and was altogether the maker of his own circumstances, if ever man was so. When Mullins, the slayer of the old woman who trusted him, found that she had little money to reward his crime, he immediately prepared another chain of circumstances, which was cleverly laid, and was not very far from succeeding; but the victim broke through the chain, and the traitorous projector was caught by it; a trap, let us remember, that he had made himself. To say that he had no control over his actions before he committed the murder would be simply to pronounce him guiltless, and to arraign an irresponsible Providence. The most soft-hearted of our foolish philanthropists shrink from doing this.

Let us now, for the sake of what we can learn therefrom, compare Mullins with Napoleon. The condemned cell was that great man's St. Helena—for Mullins was a great man after the style of Fielding's hero, Jonathan Wild. They are distinguished from other men. They dare more and do more. They stand out above the dead level of other men's heads. They are taller by their murders. Let us also suppose that Mullins repeated Napoleon's words: "Men of my stamp do not commit crimes; it was my destiny!" Would not everybody laugh? Mullins was so far wiser. He utterly denied the commission of the crime, and threw the blame upon some one else. Napoleon had too many witnesses against him, and so threw it upon destiny.

He who believes thoroughly in destiny—and there are those amongst the Turks, and amongst ourselves, who do—is a very

strong or a very weak man. He is not an unhappy one. Intoxicated with his belief, he passes his life under the influence of a mental drug. He persuades himself that he is an irresponsible creature. He adopts that famous motto of the Russells, "What shall be, will be," and floats down the stream of Time, on to the great ocean of Eternity, quite careless whom he may run down, or where he may be wrecked—ever trusting in his destiny. To continue the simile of the stream, a very old one, but very pertinent regarding life, we may say that the only difference between those who give their credence to destiny, and those who do not, is the belief in a rudder to our human boat but not in a will to guide it. The destinarians and predestinarians seem to us to forget this rudder, or to presume that in the grand affairs of life it must be useless. That they may quote many isolated texts in Scripture, and especially the sayings of many great and famous men in their favour, is quite true ; for it is to be observed that only very good men and very bad men—the two extremes of the social scale—often attribute their successes or reverses to the over-ruling Power. "For this amongst the rest was I ordained," cries Richard the Third, with half a sneer, as he sheathes his sword after a murder. "The Lord hath delivered them into my hands," ejaculated Cromwell at the victory of Dunbar. "I was inwardly moved to do as I did," said the heroic Havelock. "In most wise submission to the will of an over-ruling Providence," prays one of our bishops. "I could not resist the temptation. As I went homewards I saw a dagger in the air, and on the blade of the dagger the words written, 'Slay the Avenger ;'" so writes Felton, the assassin of Buckingham. But we have only to look over the confes-

sions of any number of felons, and we shall find the same or synonymous terms continually occurring. It was their lot, their fate, their destiny—in fact it was to be. Such terms occur over and over again. People do not very readily blame themselves. They call in a third party, like the mysterious sleeping partner of a money lender, who always finds the money ; this third party is Fate or Destiny.

That men generally ascribe their bad luck to Fate or Providence, but their successes to themselves, is a remark of Lord Bacon's that is worth repeating ; and the more we see of life, the more we shall perceive its truth. "Fortune," sneered Rochefoucauld, "never appears so blind as in the esteem of those to whom she is not kind." And La Fontaine very prettily tells us how very frequently we blame Fortune ; that she, indeed, answers for everything.

> "Il n'arrive rien dans le Monde,
> Qu'il ne faille qu'elle en réponde.
> Nous la faisons de tous écots ;—
> Elle est prise à garand de toutes avantures.
> Est un sot, étourdi, prend mal ses mesures ?
> On pense être quitte en accusant son sort ;
> Bref, La Fortune a toujours tort."*

And again he says, more briefly—

> "Le bien, nous le faisons ; le mal c'est la fortune,
> On a toujours raison, le Destin toujours tort."†

Everybody will recognise this truth. Does not every speculator, every rich tradesman, every man with a balance

* La Fontaine, Fable "De la Fortune et des jeunes Enfants."
† *Ibid.* "De l'Injustice des Hommes envers la Fortune."

at his banker's, persuade himself that he alone has made his own fortune? The great general, the great philosopher, equally plume themselves upon their own share in the work of success. Prussians, Hessians, and brave Belgians, including those hussars who ran away, all claimed the honour of beating Napoleon at Waterloo. On the celebrated field there is, as every one knows, the Belgian lion, in full fig, looking boldly to the frontiers of France. We in England believe that we beat the Corsican on that famous day, and we have not, for nearly half a century, forgotten to talk about and write about it. But how if the other side had gained? Who would have then borne the blame? "Sir," cries the Radical; "talk about Wellington! it was a soldiers' battle; they won it!" But again, how if lost? Every soldier, and every volunteer, knows, or should know, the utter nonsense of talking about a soldiers' battle, and that it is chiefly owing to good officers and generalship that the victory is won; and so, if we had lost, perhaps we should have laid all the blame at the feet of Wellington, as the Carthaginians did with Hannibal when the tide turned against him; and we might have tried him by court-martial, like Lord George Sackville, or shot him as we did Byng, and laid the rest of the blame upon our destiny. But success makes the great difference. The rich shopkeeper prides himself upon founding a family, and upon his achievements; the proprietors of picture-papers engrave his portrait, and call him a self-made man; the unsuccessful fellow sneaks out of life in the ward of a workhouse, laying all his failures to his "luck." Yet truly the thousand little rills which helped to make the millionaire, the hundred other men's fortunes diverted to his own, are at

least circumstances quite as truly in the category of chance as the bad debts, worse seasons, dishonest clerks, and fraudulent bankrupts, which have overwhelmed the poor fellow in the workhouse.

We shall very rarely find men who are strong-minded enough to debit themselves with all their follies and failures. "I could not do such a thing," says one; "I was prevented, unlucky, it was not my fate." It is no wonder that, without Revelation, the most philosophic of all people built shrines to Fortune, and held that Fate was superior to Jupiter. It is no wonder that the Scandinavians believed in the god Wish; it would be of some comfort to our frivolous weak-minded people now to have a goddess to direct them, and an oracle of Delphi or Dordona to put them right when they were wrong. But there can be little doubt that these oracles would be just as obscure as their prototypes. The oracle of Fate never tells one enough. It is just when we most need her advice that she deserts us. Cæsar passing the Rubicon, Alexander about to subvert Grecian independence, Pyrrhus ready to try his strength against the Romans, each and all find that, in spite of their destiny, and the reply of the oracles, they have to choose their own side, to commence the action, to take the full responsibility of the deed.

The full deduction to be drawn from the belief in destiny has long been perceived. "Scarcely a year has passed since the death of Calvin and Luther, but they have been accused of making the Almighty the origin of evil;" so wrote Bayle, who, carrying the accusation still further, accuses Jansenists and Catholics of the same doctrine. But to this it may be fairly answered that, however people may talk about fate and

predestination, their own consciences, when they review their actions, will tell them how untrue such an accusation is. We own that we have "left undone those things which we ought to have done, and that we have done those things which we ought not to have done," and such a confession is a very full answer to fatalism. Truth lies, as usual, in the middle of matters. Certain external circumstances are made for us upon our arrival in this world—over these we have no control; but over our behaviour in these we have a very full control. Our actions are not the effect of destiny; they can be referred only to ourselves. We may be drawn as conscripts, but our behaviour, our gentleness, bravery, cowardice, brutality, our performance or neglect of duty, depend upon ourselves. "The Admiralty," wrote Nelson, when in expectation of the command of the finest fleet in the world, "may order me a cock-boat, but I will do my duty." So with destiny. It, like luck, is after all but a scapegoat.

> "We make the world we live in; and we weave
> About us webs of good or ill, which leave
> Their impress on our souls."

There is a religious point of view from which to regard this question, which is by no means the worst. In 1699, when all the world was given to gambling in the lotteries, a little book upon the subject was issued by Matthew Gillyflower in his book-stall in Westminster Hall, and sold also by Tim Goodwin, Mathew Wotton, and B. Tooke, in Fleet Street. It is a sensible, religious catchpenny: for of course the lottery people bought it under the idea that it would teach them to be lucky; but it did no such thing. It gave them a

sound and sensible lecturing, and from it I may quote one excellent passage : for the book is rare, and the passage will be quite as fresh as if it were original. "Were all disasters and crosses looked upon as the ordinances of a wise Providence, or as the consequences of some fault or indiscretion of our own, men's mouths would immediately be stopped in all their sufferings, *and that delight of bemoaning our own hard circumstances*, so commonly taken and so freely indulged in, would be utterly suppressed and lost. Some heathens, indeed" (perhaps the author here alludes to Lucian), "gave the gods hard words, but others scrupled in doing so ; and now, to be sure, the impiety of complaining against *Providence* directly would never be endured. So that the accusations" (to evade this offensive impiety) "are levelled at *destiny* and *fortune*. These are arraigned of all the hardships which good and worthy men lie under, and esteemed the actors of those things *which it does not become God to do*."

This is very shrewd and very wise, and I leave it to the consideration of my gentle readers.

ON SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE, AND OTHERS WHO ARE NOT SUCCESSFUL.

SUCCESS, let us say, by the bye, is a sufficiently hideous affair. Men are deceived by its spurious resemblance to merit. In the eyes of the multitude, to "get on" has much the same profile as to be really great. Success, that Menechmus, or constant ungratified longing of talent, has one dupe—History. Juvenal and Tacitus are the only ones who kick at it. In our own days philosophy waits in the ante-chamber, dons the livery, and is the very lackey of success. The problem to be solved is how to get on? If you gain, you have the brain. You win at a lottery, and you are set down as a man of genius. He who wins is always worshipped. Be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and that is all that is wanted—all the rest follows. Be fortunate and you will be great. With five or six grand exceptions, the glory of the age, the admiration and praise of contemporaries, is mere judicial blindness. Gilding goes for gold: where you come from matters nothing: where you get to is all in all. The vulgar is a gray-headed Narcissus, who falls in love with himself, and applauds his

own shadow. If any man makes a good hit and succeeds, in no matter what, he is rewarded by the multitude with acclamation, and gifted at once with the enormous genius of a Moses, an Æschylus, a Dante, or a Michael Angelo. Let a cheat, with a pack on his back, take usury to wife, and from her produce a family of seven or eight millions of francs—let a preacher whine himself into a bishop, a steward so cheat in his place that he becomes rich, a military blunderer gain a battle, an ass write a successful book—to all these, men now-a-days give the name of Genius. They confound with the constellations of the blue vault of heaven the little glittering stars which a splay-footed duck makes as it waddles about in the soft mud of a fetid pool.*

This passage, eloquent and quaintly true, and bitter enough we have turned into English from the pages of one of the most successful writers—not of the most successful men—of the day, Victor Hugo. At twenty he had achieved a European name; at twenty-five he was one of the standard authors of France; at thirty he was the idol of the saloons, known wherever the fervent art and literature of France is known. Before he was fifty he was adored by the crowd, worshipped by the Republicans, and, save Lamartine, the foremost man of France; at sixty he is proscribed and an exile! Such a man surely can well give an opinion, and a ripe and good one, of success.

It is worth while now, in the little pause which we shall have before entering again on that rapid career which our England has taken up, just to consider what success is.

* *Les Miserables*, vol. i.

What Victor Hugo says is quite true in one respect. Modern life seems given over to its worship; perhaps all life ever was. There is a silly meaningless proverb which foolish women repeat, "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion," which might be paralleled by a far truer one, "As well never have lived, as to have lived unsuccessfully." Most people practically believe this; and more, without acknowledgment, act upon it. Success is so pleasant; that is why we love it. It tickles our vanity. We like to see and to honour a successful man. Rothschild, who coined his millions, did not care to meet with any one who was proverbially unlucky. "If I were to give the best advice I could to a young man," he said, "I would give him this: Always consort with successful men." There is much of the wisdom of the serpent about this. The Scotch—a wonderfully successful, but not a great nation—have a like proverb, proving negatively what Rothschild says affirmatively, "Never catch at a falling knife or a falling friend." Both of these contain good advice to the man who wants to get on, but it is of a low standard after all. Mr. Smiles, who has written *The Lives of the Stephensons*, *Self-Help*, and other popular books, is one of the many authors who have bowed the knee to the Moloch of success. His books are written to show how a man from obscurity can raise himself to publicity: they have consequently a very large sale. *Poor Richard's Almanack*, by Benjamin Franklin, taught the Americans the same lesson. That, of course, sold by thousands, and made the Americans the successful nation (we are not speaking satirically) that they are. The doctrine of these prophets may be shortly stated: Poor Richard urges constant exertion, constant labour, constant application.

You are to rise early, and take advantage of the sluggard who lies in bed—"Plough deep whilst sluggards sleep." You are to be the early bird, so as to get the worm; you are to love money, for "a penny saved is a penny gained," and you are to do all with one aim—self. Mr. Smiles tells us much the same story. "The path of success," he adds, "is always that of common sense." One must for ever work; and he quotes Lord Melbourne:—"The young should never hear any language but this: You have your own way to make, and it depends on your own exertions whether you starve or not." This advice Lord Melbourne sent to Lord John Russell when he had made an application for a place for one of Moore's sons; and very sound advice it was, but rather harsh from a rich man to a very poor one. There is no doubt about it. Judgment, or what Mr. Smiles calls so loosely "common sense," industry, and talent will place a man above want, nay, make him rich; and this is all that such narrow intellects seem able to grasp. But success has another side of the medal. To succeed, originally meaning to get under (*sub* and *cedere*), now means to get over any one; and people do this in a thousand ways. Certainly the most honest are in this world the least successful. Of course it is easy to talk of great magnanimity, wonderful talent, immense and unimpeachable character; but, from the occupiers of thrones, or of the Presidential, or Papal chairs, to the head man amongst a gang of bricklayers, let us tick off those who have been thoroughly honest, and we shall find but few. Over the water a President grew into a successful Emperor—but how? A certain Pope bribed the Cardinals with asses laden with money, yet he was successful. A cunning attorney sits

upon a chair he cannot fill, and is leading his party and country to destruction; and he has been successful. A queen whose life has been full of the blackest stains is beloved and popular, and is leading a great nation to a most remarkable resuscitation; she and her mother, who was much worse than she, are both successful, and more talked about than our Queen, whose quiet, blameless life, has never been full of triumphs, and whose triumphal arches have been those merely of the laurels and the hollies twined by the slim fingers of charity-school girls. Yet who is the Power in Europe that dictates war or peace? Upon whose lip hangs the whole question on the Continent of the ruin of many thousands? Who holds war, pestilence, and famine leashed in like hounds —who, in the eyes of the world, is the most successful monarch? We are afraid that even history will not write the name of our Queen. History, like one or two of the other muses, is always too much taken up with noise and tumult.

If we turn from kings to generals, we shall find the same dull, interminable story: Socrates, before his judges, the wisest, best of men, condemned to die by his own hand; Hannibal, unsupported in his need, over-praised in his success; the crowd howling for the blood of the martyr and the sage; George of Cappadocia, a successful pork-dealer, created a bishop, banishing Athanasius, and being elevated afterwards into a patron saint; the Romans, flying from Brutus and listening to the specious Antony or the calculating Augustus; the palm of triumph, the outspread garments, and the shouts of hosannah for the *Christus Triumphans;* the desertion and the craven denial of the victim in the Judgment

Hall. The whole world seems ever to have worshipped success, and to have trembled at, despised, or hated defeat.

No wonder, therefore, that it is now so much followed; but we must be sure that we do not follow it too closely. There are degrees in success, and various kinds of it. If we moderate our desires, and place our wishes upon a decent competency or a modest fortune, there are few of us who will not gain our wishes. If we determine to make our point, simply that of doing our duty, we are sure of success. But the worship of a brilliant achievement and a loud-tongued fame, such as Mr. Smiles recommends, is simply nonsense. No man can be successful who is not good and happy. A person who is elevated like King Hudson, a clown in a mayor's chain and cloak, a miserly wretch in a position which demands expense —in short, anybody manifestly out of place, will be a miserable and a mischievous man. With all his undoubted conceit and endurance, with his keenness for praise and for being talked about, we doubt whether there are many more miserable men in the world than President Abraham Lincoln. The bitter, bitter tears which Louis XVI., that lock-making king, shed because of his own unfitness, have been chronicled; but he, knowing his incompetence, was born to the estate of king; the American President wriggled himself forward into notoriety—and for what? To break up a great republic: to blunder into the slaughter perhaps of millions.

Success, being simply the attainment of an object of desire, or an aim, good or bad as the case may be, is not greatness. We may as well at once be sure of that. It arises from the fitness of a man to his place. A man may be a capital poet, but unable to sell figs; a bankrupt may suggest the most

economical way of managing the exchequer of a kingdom; a Cambridge student arrested for debt may invent a machine which shall make the fortune of a province—and yet they all are unsuccessful men. Mr. Gladstone eloquently lectured an audience about great men, when he unveiled the statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, on Islington Green. But Sir Hugh was an unsuccessful man, although his work, the New River, has brought health and cleanliness, and now brings fortune, to thousands. The truth is, to value success properly, we must look above it and beyond it. It is often made up of the endeavours of many: all of us cannot win the race. A thoughtful poet of our own times has told us to—

> "Compute the chances,
> And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
> Who wins the race of glory, but than him
> A thousand men, more gloriously endow'd,
> Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
> Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,
> Whilst lighter barks push'd past them: to whom add
> A smaller tally, of the singular few
> Who, gifted with predominating powers,
> Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
> The world knows nothing of its GREATEST MEN."*

There is consoling truth in this. Even our own patentees and great inventors are not in all cases originators.† Arkwright bought the inventions of another; Stephenson bor-

* Henry Taylor's *Philip Van Artevelde*.

† See a little-known work, called *The Two Jameses*, wherein the title of W. James to many of the asserted originations of George Stephenson seems to be fully made out.

rowed and purloined ideas. We know no more of the men who really invented our railway system, or our steam-engines, than we do of the inventors of gunpowder and the mariner's compass.

Success may be very pleasant to the men who win, but the success of the charlatan must be indeed galling to the modest and retiring but deserving man. An honest man has many trials to submit to, and perhaps the very hardest which can be mentioned is that of seeing a rogue ride by in a carriage, whilst he is obliged to trudge it on foot; or, in other words, to mark the apparent and rapid success of dishonesty, while he finds that honesty is after all not a very "paying" career. But this is a trial which all good and true men have to submit to, and all good women as well :—Moses, when coming down from the Mount he saw the Israelites dancing round the golden calf; Cassandra, when the Trojans would prefer deceit to the truth; Aristides, when he was banished; Octavia, when she knew that Cleopatra's charms were reckoned by her husband as superior to her own; Sir Walter Raleigh, when Mr. Attorney Coke was calling him "an ape of hell," and other pretty names; Milton, when the malignants persecuted him, old and blind as he was, his eyesight lost in defending his country; Keats, when Pye's poems were thought to be the best in England, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, and he, reckoned as a set of drivelling lunatics. But the trial taught them the worth of what they sighed for. Keats went out of the world thoroughly believing that his whole life had been a mistake. "Here lies one," said he, dictating his epitaph, "whose name was writ in water." Chatterton poisoned himself just at the very time when the feet of one

who would have relieved him were turned towards the miserable street in which he died. Thinking of these things, we may well agree with one who urges that biography should not alone consist of self-made men, or triumphant or successful men. "The lives," says he, "of the barrister who was not made Lord Chancellor, the curate who did not become Bishop of London, the life of the soldier who died a plain lieutenant, are lives that I should like to know a little more about."

To sum up, all success can be worth having only when it is achieved honestly, and without hurt to a man's conscience. It certainly is not, and should never be, the be-all and end-all of existence. No man need make himself miserable if he has not made the mark in the world which he aimed at; young men aspire to shine, nor is such ambition blameworthy. The way to gain moderate and honest success is to do just what a man can do; not attempting too much, and doing well whatever he does without a thought of fame. As no man is ever completely and thoroughly successful, so no man, however mediocre his talents, or indolent his habits, but is at some period of life crowned with the desired wreath. If he be wise he will estimate such moments and such triumphs at their true worth. After all, be he ever so energetic, or clever, or quick, or strong, he will own that that which he has achieved may be put down rather to a combination of circumstances, than to his own merit. If he be a thoughtful man, he will also know and feel that no man can be self-made; that the hints of others, the kindness of friends, the wants of society, and the general thoughts floating about the world at the time—these have been too often the wind

and the tide which have given one ship a favourable voyage and the pre-eminence over others, not the great merit of her commander. Such thoughts should be more favourable to failures and to failing men. A play, a book, a great work, an architect, or a general, may owe success simply to the bad taste of the times ; and, again, non-success in any candidate may arise from a conscience too clear and sensitive, a taste too good and too nice, a judgment too discriminative, a generosity too romantic and noble, or a modesty too retiring. When such feelings have been hindrances to triumph, we should do right not to crown the victor, but him who was defeated. So we may end ; not perhaps by agreeing with Victor Hugo, that success is "hideous," but at any rate by asserting that, like many other things of this world which people prize very much and continually struggle for, it is only worth having when we have gained it honestly, and can use it wisely.

Nor need we waste our pity on the man who, having nobly tried, fails nobly too. In his own heart will be his triumph ; and the world will be blind indeed if it does not reckon amongst its great ones such martyrs as miss the palm but not the pains of martyrdom, heroes without the laurels, and conquerors without the jubilation of triumph.

ON MALE AND FEMALE FLIRTS.

MR. HUGH ELLIOT, some time minister at Dresden, and a most brilliant and observant man, has left us a picture of Lady Hamilton which will interest all women, and men too, because Lady Hamilton's celebrated flirtation with Nelson will always be historic ; and further, because the unhappy fate of the heroine has often been related to sympathizing English men and women. Had she not flirted with Nelson, we have been assured that the battle of the Nile would never have been fought, and the supremacy of the British fleet would never at that time have been so established.

" Lady Hamilton," writes this acute observer of the woman whom the greatest hero in England thought the most beautiful creature in the world, "is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain ; her figure is colossal, but (except her feet, which are hideous) well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint.* . . . Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity, who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of him. Lady Hamilton takes entire possession of him, and he is a most willing captive, the most submissive

and devoted I have ever seen. Sir William is old and infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her." Here, then, we have a picture of a most accomplished flirt, who flirted herself into fortune and into fame, and who would have done yet more, had fortune further aided her. Mr. Elliot wrote, "Lady Hamilton will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and will play a great part in England." The fickle goddess, however, to whom worldlings bend, deserted this celebrated woman; she had risen from the low position of a chambermaid and a painter's model to be the idol of our greatest seaman, and, after serving England more than is generally acknowledged, at last, as a retribution for her wickedness, she died in misery and want.

Now how did Lady Hamilton capture Nelson and lead him into misery and sin? How was she enabled to entice him away from a wife whom he loved, and with whom, as he said, he could find no fault? Simply by flirtation; a practice as dangerous as it is universal, and one of the most harmful in the world. Truly, if we look at it from the first incipient symptoms to its varied and final results, half the misery of the civilized world is to be put down to it; yet almost every young lady or gentleman, and many an old one, is willing to indulge in it; and not a few defend the practice, and assert that they think it perfectly harmless. "Surely," they say, "there can be no harm in a little *innocent* flirtation!"

Now it is perhaps an invidious task to condemn so universal a practice; but, without at once doing so, we may be permitted to say that an innocent flirtation is very difficult to be met with. That which is most innocent takes place be-

tween two young and unmarried people whose affections are as yet fixed upon no particular object. A young gentleman who is desirous of finding a partner for life, and who is, in nine cases out of ten, asked to a party or a pic-nic, that he may do so, very naturally, and just as harmlessly, looks around him to find the prettiest and the most eligible girl. His intentions, we may believe, although he perhaps does not acknowledge this to himself, are honestly bent towards matrimony. If he is a young man of to-day, he has a tacit reservation to keep single as long as he can. He does not go into the marriage market as one goes into other markets, with the immediate intention of at once securing his purchase or his choice. He is a matrimonial fisherman, and intends, as he well may, to indulge in the sport, and to play with his fish before he finally lands it. But what is sport to him is perhaps death to others. The silly fishes are quite ready to take the bait, and perhaps one or two encumber his hook, whilst he has no intention of drawing them up. If, to turn to our former simile, he institutes a preliminary huxtering, an examination of the market, a searching into a similarity of tastes and pursuits, he is pretty sure to be called a flirt ; and yet what is the poor man to do? The young ladies in such a case should be very careful of their hearts, for society, whilst allowing them every latitude, does not permit them the liberty of choice and proposition, except during leap year, a year of which they never take advantage.

If a young lady tries to make herself agreeable to this young man, if she talks earnestly or rattlingly, if she laughs, dances, and giggles with him, and puts herself in the most graceful attitudes, her female friends will at once charge her

with design, and stamp her as a flirt. We, however, should not so call her. What she has done is legitimate enough. There would be no marriages whatever unless ladies in some measure took the initiative ; and marriage is and always will be of so intense an interest, of so gigantic an importance to woman, and to the world in general, that we can forgive anything within the bounds of delicacy and fairness which a young lady may do in order to get the articles of a partnership for life fairly drawn up. Women must, from their good-humour and kindly nature, also make themselves pleasing ; they are the charms of society and of life ; without them man would relapse into utter barbarity ; and for these reasons the innocent flirt—that is, if she does not exceed the bounds we have marked—may be reckoned as quite harmless and as so doing her duty, and that which, simply enough, her mother and grandmother did before her.

Perhaps we should not follow the custom of the world in applying the term thus loosely to those who carry on fairly the preliminaries to the matrimonial warfare, and commence their approaches as regularly as a general laying siege to a town. Innocent flirtation, although a very dangerous pastime, especially to women, is fair enough ; but as gamblers never care about sitting down to eighteenpenny rubbers, or for playing double dummy at whist for the love of it, with their friends or their wives, so the true flirt, either male or female, does not care about the pastime unless there is a little spice of wickedness in it. If a young lady is engaged to a very estimable but easy-going young fellow, of whose heart she is quite secure, she will not be satisfied unless by a cunning flirtation she raises up just the ghost of an antagonistic jealousy in it. She

will dance with a man who uses his legs and feet more gracefully than her lover ; she will sit next to another at a pic-nic, ask him for a flower, or convey to him and to her faithful Corydon how immensely she is charmed with the company of another. She will delight to tease him, very often with the express purpose of getting up a lover's quarrel, and of seeing how far she can wound the heart which has laid itself at her feet. When she does so, she becomes at once the flirt proper, and flirtation no longer is innocent, but actually wicked.

What, then, is this practice? Wicked flirtation, which is always more or less dangerous and immoral, and which, as our newspapers will show us, has so often such tragic and disgraceful ends, is the exercise of our powers of fascination and of pleasing, with the express purpose of conveying "to the mind of a person of the opposite sex, the assurance that his or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us." There are a thousand ways of doing this, and every way is wrong. A word, a squeeze of the hand, a gesture of admiration, or, at times, one of impatience, will equally serve, and will send back the blood to the heart of a silly girl with a flutter of impatient and tumultuous joy. Both sexes are equally to blame ; for this kind of flirtation is a species of lying, and one can lie with the eye or the hand as well as with the tongue. There are other songs without words besides those of Mendelssohn. Those songs are songs of the Syrens ; they are flatterers, which lead those who listen to them to sad destruction.

The man who gives himself up to flirtation—unless, as a single man, he does so to get married, or, as a married man, he does it in a burlesque and open way, and advertises his friends that he carries on the little game merely for the fun of

the moment—is a very contemptible being. Although he carefully guards himself against making any promises, and loudly proclaims himself as a non-marrying man, yet he has no right to indulge in this soft dalliance of the will and intention. He has no right to play and trifle with the feelings of a young woman just to gratify his vanity—for vanity is, after all, at the bottom of this, unless, indeed, we put it away for a worse passion. The tenour of his behaviour to an honourable woman can have but one construction; nay, however he may like flirting himself, he would probably be very unwilling to have his daughter or his sister subjected to the same kind of address. Besides, whilst a man is engaged in flirtation with a girl, and perhaps—nay, most likely—raising hopes in her bosom which he will never fulfil, nor she will ever forget, he prevents her from receiving the attentions of an honourable and good man, who would, in all probability, offer her his hand.

The female flirt has this excuse, that she does not so much endanger the hearts or hurt the reputations of her partners in the game as the male one. On the contrary, in carrying war into the enemy's country, in overthrowing and damaging him, and in revenging upon him the injuries he has done to her sex, she may perhaps consider that she is doing a very useful and praiseworthy thing. Certainly there may be that way of looking at the matter; but whether we consider it thus lightly, or not, we shall find that women are injuring their own sex and doing a very dangerous and foolish thing. After all, a young single woman who flirts, merely confesses that she cannot attach young fellows to her by fair means. She wishes to attract more notice than falls to her share, and

being unable to do so in the ordinary way, she takes the extraordinary. But she does so at great sacrifice and cost to herself. A married flirt is not the most happy of mortals, because her husband is very likely to suspect that as she attached him she may attach others. Nor are the gentlemen who are caught by flirts the fish most worth catching. They are men without much delicacy or perception, and, having required a great deal of attention to attach them, may, and most likely will, demand much humouring and cajoling during the course of their married life.

Of all kinds of flirts—the romantic, who looks into your eyes and asks if you do not like Tennyson's poetry, and if the moonlight is not very beautiful; the manly, who rides to cover, and talks about horses and dogs, who knows when the St. Leger is run, and admires the stately woods and pretty race-course of Goodwood; the scientific, who begs you to class a fly, or to pronounce upon a fossil; the sentimental, who believes that happiness does not exist in this life, and who, whilst asserting that there is "no such thing as true love," tries to make you a specimen of the true lover; the "gushing," who talks nonsense purposely, and says, "Well, there now, 'tis my way, you know; I am such a giddy thing!" —of all these, together with the boating flirt, the dancing and the musical flirt, who somehow makes love to you in the pauses of the song; of all kinds of flirts, we repeat, the married flirt is the worst of all. There are many married flirts; they are indeed said to be on the increase; and the ingenious way in which they attract young fellows, and insinuate that they are "blighted beings," or have made a "mistake in marriage," is equally curious and reprehensible. It was in

something of this way that Cleopatra entangled Antony, and Lady Hamilton Lord Nelson. It was with fine scorn that the former, placing all her selfish love in the foreground, in the midst of her passion and wondrous power, stooped to asked Antony after his wife—"How is the *married* woman?" So also Lady Hamilton taught Nelson first to pity, and then almost to despise, the good wife whom he had wronged. The married flirt is by far the worst of all; and the only possible, but very inefficient excuse for her is, that she began the practice when single and in a bad school. In France we have, however, a large number of married flirts, from a cause exactly contrary to this: because there the sexes are so strictly separated before marriage that they cannot indulge in the pastime until marriage has given them full liberty—an indulgence of which they are not slow to avail themselves.

The proximate cause of flirtation is said to be a wish to please, to be polite, and to make the party pass off well; but the primary one is, we fear, nothing but a selfish wish to shine and to attract praise. It may be all very pleasant, but it is certainly exceedingly wrong, and being wrong it is stupid and unwise. It goes against true propriety in both sexes; with a woman it is unfeminine as well as injudicious; with a man it is unmanly. With only one class of people can it be excused, and that class is a large one, formed of those light, facile, agreeable persons, who have neither real heart nor feeling, but who fancy they have plenty of both; who are compounded of a graceful desire to please and a continual and selfish wish to be pleased, and who flutter about from one person to another, saying tender nothings, and amusing themselves in a butterfly way, to the best of their ability, and to

the utter forgetfulness of anybody else. The only thing that we should wish to do with these pleasant little parties is that which Sam Weller did to the Fat Boy when he tried to flirt with pretty Mary. "Oh Sam," said he, slowly, "shouldn't I like to give her a kiss!" Upon which it is related that Sam, with a long whistle, took him into a corner, and dismissed him with a quiet kick.

The subjects of flirtation can easily put a stop to the practice if they choose; for if they do not allow their vanity to be played upon, then they will escape scot free. When a young lady fixes her eyes upon a young gentleman, and heaves a pensive sigh, the best way for him to do is to look quite unconscious. Thus, when our antagonists determine upon firing explosive shells and steel-pointed shot, John Bull puts up his iron plates; a little quiet scorn and impenetrable dulness will disarm the most determined flirt in the world. After all, although we condemn flirts, we do not approve of prudes. What we want to arrive at in the society and mixture of the sexes is natural, quiet, jovial, and cheering conversation, secular or religious, without any unfair attempt at the entanglement of the passions; when this is attained, we can fairly believe that a lover or a sweetheart will be most calmly and wisely chosen, and with the very best chance of making a fitting and faithful husband or wife.

ON "GOING A-COURTING."

FALLING in love is an old fashion, and one that will yet endure. Cobbett, a good sound Englishman, twitted Malthus, the anti-population writer, with the fact that, do all he could, and all that Government could, ay, all that twenty thousand governments could, he could not prevent courting and falling in love. "Between fifteen and twenty-two," said he, "all people will fall in love." Shakspere pushes out this season to the age of forty-five. Old Burton, writing on love-melancholy, gives us a still further extension of the lease, and certainly "there be old fools as well as young fools." But no one is absolutely free from the universal passion. The Greek epigram on a statue of Cupid, which Voltaire, amongst a hundred others, has happily reproduced, is perfectly true :—

> "Whoe'er thou art, thy master see!
> Who was, or is, or is to be."

Probably no one escapes from the passion. We find in trials and in criminal history that the quaintest, quietest of men, the most outwardly saintly, cold, stone-like beings, have had their moments of intense love-madness. Luckily, love is as

lawful as eating, when properly indulged in. The grave judge on the bench, the bishop in his lawn sleeves, the moralist in his closet, and the recluse in his hermitage, alike feel its effects. The grave, sententious Johnson yielded to love, and had loved on to a mature age, how ardently and truly few can say, a wife older than himself. He always kept the anniversary of her death in seclusion, and loved her memory as he loved her living. Sir Samuel Romilly, one of the best and greatest of modern lawyers—a great, good man, indeed—loved so deeply that, on his wife's death, he could not endure the loss, but slew himself. He who had so often pleaded mercifully for others, who had saved the lives of so many himself, found others to plead for him; and, although at that time law was hard against suicide, it was given in evidence that he was so inconsolable for the loss of his wife, so thoroughly wounded and depressed, that his mind had lost its balance, and that he was, in truth, mad. If any one ever killed himself for love, Romilly did so. So also Cæsar, Napoleon, David, Solomon, and Socrates, the wisest and the greatest, were slaves of the power, which, as we have said, few can control. So much for its universality.

Its influence being admitted, its nature being known and accredited, the diagnosis, in fact, of the disease being made, and its prevalence and course determined, we may all of us make up our minds not to oppose it, but to control it. We must all, being men and women, fall in love and go a-courting. Granted; but there is a method even in this: *let us fall in love wisely and well.*

Now a man who could teach a nation how to do so would deserve a statue of gold. He would deserve it more than any

ruler, king, or conqueror that ever lived. He would do more good than any inventor, philosopher, or lawgiver. No one man can do so; but he can do something towards it. He will do much if he discourages the wild ideas men have of chance and luck in marriage, the indolence and unwillingness of many to entertain any thoughts of marriage when young, and the common foolish jests about it. In the first place, it becomes us to get rid of the idea that love cannot be directed. We believe that it can. It will not do to dam up the stream till it overflows. It is a passion, and one of great force; but surely it is not inevitably a blind, foolish one. We have been by far too much in the habit of thinking so; whereas our real method should be to draw a line between those who admit of no passion, and those who allow passion to be everything.

So much happiness depends upon courtship that it is a really serious matter—the most important, save one, in life; and that one is marriage itself. In ninety cases out of a hundred, people do not fall over head in love all of a sudden. There is the commencement, the middle, and the end to that, as there is to everything in life. Companionship, small attentions, a thousand little niceties, precede the passion; and it is then that young people should be on the look-out. Cobbett, with his plain English sense, gives us a list of eight qualities in a wife which a man should look out for; and in Great Britain no man need look far for them. These are—1, Chastity; 2, Sobriety; 3, Industry; 4, Frugality; 5, Cleanliness; 6, Knowledge of Domestic Affairs; 7, Good Temper; and 8, Beauty.

These are all important qualities: the last may be, perhaps,

a matter of opinion, for tastes differ; but a man should not, if he can help it, marry an ugly woman. Beauty is itself divine; and ugliness means something. We are all secretly of the opinion of Plato, that a beautiful soul seeks a body equally beautiful to inhabit. This might seem less harsh were we fully to explain our opinions of beauty; suffice it now, that we do not mean merely pretty or handsome people, but a certain cleanliness of build, and agreement or amiability of features, which will be always pleasing. It does not do for a young husband to be always meeting with girls who are better looking than his wife. The first five qualities are, of course, indispensable. By Sobriety not merely the common acceptation is meant, but that quietude and wisdom of behaviour, that soberness in all things, which Christianity teaches. The fifth, Cleanliness, is a great quality. A girl who is outwardly fine, but dirty in her person, is an abomination: happily, the true art of cleanliness in one's skin and body is being every day better understood. Women are not so fond of thorough ablution as they should be; and it was questioned the other day whether ten women in a hundred wash themselves thoroughly all over a dozen times in the year. Yet nothing can be more necessary; and the great lawgivers Moses and Mahomet made ablution a part of their religious system. From the "body's cleanliness the mind receives" a certain cleansing and support; hence our proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" a proverb which, when rightly understood, will be seen to have its due share of wisdom. The sixth quality, Knowledge of Domestic Affairs, is as important as any of the rest. Alas! many a home is rendered poor, uncomfortable, miserable, and broken, because

the wife does not know how to set about her part of the business properly. How can a man become attached to his fireside if he always finds it disorderly, his children ragged and untidy, his wife slatternly? How can a woman hope to win a man, day after day, from pleasant companions or gay entertainments, unless she can present counter attractions? A clever wife and a good manager will make any man's fortune; anuntidy, thriftless one will spend, dissipate, and disperse the largest. Now, unfortunately, young Englishwomen are not so well taught in domesticity as they should be. Domestic servants keep themselves in their own little sphere without much general knowledge of women's duties; and it is not at all unusual for a young woman to marry without any proper idea of cooking her husband's dinner or of ordering his house. This is bad enough with the poorer classes, yet equally bad with those above them. The highest lady should not be above giving a full attention to her household: she will never get hirelings or servants to do it so well. Indeed, amongst the nobility and true aristocracy, an attention to the smallest details is becoming more and more common. In the houses of great nobles of old the lady's bower, answering to our boudoir, overlooked the kitchen; so that the wise woman could keep her eye on the servants.

Woman chooses her sweetheart at least in five cases out of ten. Some, indeed, hold that any woman can marry the man she chooses if she so wills it. Therefore, what we have said of the choice of wives applies just as much to those of husbands. The same qualities are needed in both cases, and should be insisted on. Presuming, therefore, the choice once made, and the determination to marry seriously entertained—

and there should be no courting without this—the young people will, of course, set about courting in their own peculiar way. Eccentric as a nation, Britons are very eccentric in their ways of making love. Dickens, who is fond of portraying love scenes, and who writes of them sometimes very beautifully, occasionally gives us the most humorous relations of men and women who hardly talk of love, but go out and marry quietly, and without fuss ; of people who behave, when in love, more like lunatics than anything else. This method may be funny, but it is very foolish.

The best advice is to do what you are about well, whether it be love-making or fighting. All women like to be courted ; and, when a man is in love, he should be as polite, as attentive, and as loving as he can. Cobbett tells us how an English yeoman loved and courted, and how he was loved in return ; and a prettier episode does not exist in the English language. Talk of private memoirs of courts : the gossip of this cottage is worth it all. Cobbett, who was a sergeant-major in a regiment of foot, fell in love with the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, then in the same province of New Brunswick. He had not passed more than an hour in her company when, noting her modesty, her quietude, and her sobriety, he said, "That is the girl for me." The next morning he was up early, and almost before it was light passed the sergeant's house. There she was on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," again cried Cobbett, although she was not more than fourteen, and he nearly twenty-one. "From the day I first spoke to her," he writes, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of any other man than I had a thought of her becoming a chest of drawers." He

paid every attention to her, and, young as she was, treated her with all confidence. He spoke to her as his friend, his second self. But in six months the artillery were ordered to England and her father with them. Here was indeed a blow. Cobbett knew what Woolwich was, and what temptations a young and pretty girl would be sure to undergo. He therefore took to her his whole fortune, one hundred and fifty guineas, the savings of his pay and overwork, and wrote to tell her if she did not find her place comfortable to take lodgings, and put herself to school, and not to work too hard, for he would be home in two years. But, as he says, "as the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too!" But, at the end of four years, Cobbett got his discharge. He found his little girl a servant of all-work, at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without saying a word about the matter, she put into his hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

What a pretty tender picture is that!—the young sergeant, and the little girl of eighteen, who had kept for four years the treasure untouched, waiting with patience her lover's return! What kindly, pure trust on both sides! The historical painters of our Royal Academy give us scenes from English history of intrigue and bloodshed. Why can they not give us a scene of true English courtship like that? Cobbett, who knew how to write sterling English better than many men of his own days, and most men of ours, does not forget to enlarge upon the scene; and dearly he loved his wife for her

share of it; but he does not forget to add, that with this love there was mixed "self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of his own judgment."*

It is more than probable that eight girls out of ten would be as prudent and as good, if their lovers would be as high-minded. And it is as well to remember that courtship is the real spring-time of life; that nothing sordid or base should approach—nothing mean enter the minds of the lovers. In the ages of chivalry all kinds of "gentilesse and nobilitie" were to form a part of the feeling of admiration and adoration with which the lover approached his mistress. He is about to pay her, and she him, the highest compliment a man or woman can pay. He circumscribes all his chances or his hopes in one. To him she gives up her rights, her liberties, her property, her very fate. All the expense of her education and her maintenance, all the kindly care of her father and the watchfulness of her mother for years, and through years of sickness and of trial perhaps—all these have been gone through for him, for he is dowered with the result. They say that a common soldier will cost the Government two hundred pounds in drilling, teaching, feeding, arming, and clothing, before he can be placed as an effective in the ranks. What have our wives each cost before being placed as an effective in the ranks of matrimony?

During courtship there should be no roughness, no rude assertion of property, or, as it were, certain possession. "It

* Cobbett's *Advice to Young Men*, pp. 97, 98. This book may be avoided from its title, but, if once opened, will not be easily laid down, on account of its sound matter and racy English.

should consist," said Sterne, "in a number of quiet attentions —not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood."*

There is one thing very certain, that the most enjoyable, freshest, and most beautiful portion of life should call forth the finest feelings. A man should be excused, nay, honoured, if he believes that no one in the world can equal the woman of his choice; and the woman, on her part, should not doubt that her sweetheart possesses due energy of mind and nobility of character, that he is at least good, and, with the common chance of us all a little in his favour, might be great.

So as the sun rises in the morning, chasing away the darkness of night, and tinting all the little clouds with a roseate hue, beautiful in its promise, noble in its strength, fit herald of a bright and pure day—even so should the true morning of life rise in each heart, and gild the coming day. Love, desire, faith, esteem, and all the wondrous anticipations of hope, should be on our side; so that, if even after the sweet pastime of courtship the day should be stormy and the gusts of misfortune arise, a sweet remembrance of the morning will cheer us through all.

* *Letters*, by Laurence Sterne.

RELATING CHIEFLY TO THE WIVES OF MEN.

HOMELY phrases sometimes carry in them a truth which is passed over on account of its frequent repetition, and thus they fail to effect the good they are intended to do. For instance, there is one with reference to woman, which asserts that she is man's "better half;" and this is said so often, half in satire and half in jest, that few stoop to inquire whether woman really be so. Yet she is in good truth his better half; and the phrase, met with in French or Latin, looks not only true but poetical, and in its foreign dress is cherished and quoted. She is not the wiser—in a worldly sense—certainly not the stronger, nor the cleverer, notwithstanding what the promoters of the Woman's Rights movements may say; but she is the better. All must feel, indeed, that, if the whole sins of the present world could be, and were, parcelled into two huge heaps, those committed by the men would far exceed those of the women. We doubt whether any reflective man will deny this. On the other hand, the active virtues of man, his benevolence and good deeds, might equal those of woman; but his passive virtues, his patience and his endurance, would

be much smaller. On the whole, therefore, woman is the much better half; and there is no good man but owes an immense deal to the virtues of the good women about him. He owes too, a considerable deal of evil to their influence, not only of the absolutely bad, for those a pure man shuns, but the half-good and respectably selfish women of society—these are they who undermine his honesty, his benevolence, and his purity of mind.

The influence man receives from woman is of a very mixed character. But, of all the influence which woman has over man, that which is naturally most permanent, for good or evil, arises from the marriage tie. How we, of the cold North, have been able to emancipate woman from the deplorable depth into which polygamy would place her, it is not easy to say. That it is a state absolutely countenanced—nay, enjoined—in the Old Testament, it would be useless to deny. But custom and fair usance are stronger than the Old Testament; and the Jews, who readily adopt the laws of the country under which they live, forbid polygamy to their brethren in Christian lands, whilst they permit and practise it where it exists, as with the Mahometan and Hindoo. Under its influence the character of woman is terribly dwarfed. She sinks to nothing where she would be, as she should be, of half the importance of life at least.

To preserve her position, it will be necessary for all good women to try and elevate the condition of their sisters. With all of us, "the world is too much with us, day by day; and worldly success plays so large a part in the domestic drama, that woman is everywhere perceptibly influenced by it. Hence, to return to the closer consideration of the sub-

ject from our own point of view, the majority of men's wives in the upper and middle classes fall far short of that which is required of a good wife. They are the wives not made by love, but by the chance of a good match. They are the products of worldly prudence, not of a noble passion; and, although they may be very comfortable and very well clad, though they may think themselves happy, and wear the very look of health and beauty, they can never be to their husbands what a wife of true and real tender love would be. The consequence is that, after the first novelty has passed away, the chain begins to rub and the collar to gall. "The girl who has married for money," writes a clergyman, "has not, by that rash and immoral act, blinded her eyes to other and nobler attractions. She may still love wisdom though the man of her choice may be a fool; she will none the less desire gentle chivalrous affection because he is purse-proud and haughty; she may sigh for manly beauty all the more because he is coarse and ugly; she will not be able to get rid of her own youth, and all it longs for, by watching his silver hair." No; and, while there comes a curse upon her union—whilst in the long, long evenings, in the cold spring mornings, and in the still summer days she feels that all worth living for is gone, while she is surrounded by all her body wants—her example is corrupting others. The scorned lover who was rejected because he was poor, goes away to curse woman's fickleness, and to marry some one whom he cannot love; and the thoughtless girls by whom the glitter of fortune is taken for the real gold of happiness, follow the venal example, and flirt and jilt till they fancy that they have secured a good match.

Many women, after they have permanently attached a husband of this sort, sit down, with all the heroism of martyrs, to try to love the man they have accepted, but not chosen. They find it a hard, almost an impossible task. Then comes the moment so bitterly predicted by Milton, who no doubt drew from his own feeling and experience, when he put into the mouths of our first parents the prophecy that either man should never find the true partner of his choice, or that, having found her, she should be in possession of another. This is far too often true, and cannot fail to be the source of a misery almost too bitter to be long endured.

It says much for our British wives that their constancy has passed into many proverbs. When a woman really loves the man who marries her, the match is generally a happy one; but, even where it is not, the constancy of the wife's affection is something to be wondered at and admired. No after ill-usage, no neglect, or want of love, will remove the affection once given. No doubt all women, when they fall in love, do so with that which they conceive to be great and noble in the character of the object. But they still love on when all the glitter of novelty has fallen off, and when they have been behind the scenes and found how bare and gloomy was the framework of the scene they admired. All illusions may be gone; the hero may have sunk into the cowardly braggart; the saint into the hypocritical sinner; the noble aspirant into a man whose mouth alone utters but empty words which his heart can never feel; but still true love remains, "nor alters where it alteration finds." The duration of this passion, the constancy of this affection, surprises many; but, adds a writer, such persons—

"——— Know not woman, the blest being
Who, like a pitying angel, gifts the mean
And sordid nature even with more love
Than falls to the lot of him who towers above
His fellow-men: like parasitic flowers,
That grow not on high temples, where the showers
And light of heaven might nourish, but alone
Clothe the rent altar and the fallen stone."

There must be some great reason, some combination of feeling for this. M. Ernest Feydeau, in a popular story of very bad principles, seems to hit the right nail on the head. "What woman," he asks, "would not love her husband, and be ever true to him, without thinking of a lover, if her husband would give her that which a lover gives her, not alone attention, politenesses, and a cold friendship, but a little of that balm which is the very essence of our existence—a little love?"* Probably these very bad men, for whom women will so generously ruin themselves, are, by their nature, soft and flattering; and, after cruelties and excesses, will, by soft words and Belial tongues, bind to them yet more closely the hearts of their victims.

The ideal wife of an Englishman has been often painted, but the real far exceeds her. When Ulric von Hutten wrote to Frederick, he painted such a portrait as must have made that staunch advocate for the marriage of the clergy glow with admiration. "*Da mihi uxorem*," he commences. "Get me a wife, Frederick, after my own heart, such as you know I should like—neat, young, fairly educated, modest, patient, one with whom I may joke and play, and yet be serious; to whom I may babble and talk, mixing hearty fun and kisses

* *Fanny*, par M. E. Feydeau. Paris, 1863.

together ; one whose presence will lighten my anxiety, and soften the tumult of my cares."

It is not too much to say that the great majority of wives equal this ideal. United to such a woman, a man becomes better. He can never be the perfect man unless married. With marriage he undertakes those duties of existence which he is born to fulfil. The excitements of life and of business, the selfishness of daily existence, diminish ; the generosities of the heart expand ; the health of the mind becomes daily more robust ; small repressions of selfishness, daily concessions, and daily trials render him better ; the woman of his choice becomes his equal, and in lifting her he lifts himself. He may not be a genius, nor she very clever ; but, once truly married, the real education of life begins. That is not education which varnishes a man or a woman over with the pleasant and shining accomplishments which fit us for society, but that which tends to improve the heart, to bring forward the reflective qualities, and to form a firm and regular character ; that which cultivates the reason, subdues the passions, restrains them in their proper place, trains us to self-denial, makes us able to bear trials, and to refer them, and all our sentiments and feelings to their proper source ; which makes us look beyond this world into the next. A man's wife, if properly chosen, will aid in all this. The most brilliant and original thinker, and the deepest philosopher we have—he who has written books which educate the statesmen and the leaders of the world—has told us, in his last preface, that he, having lost his wife, has lost his chief inspiration. Looking back at his works, he traces all that is noble, all that is advanced in thought and grand in idea, and all that is true in expression,

not to a poet or a teacher, but to his own wife; in losing her, he says he has lost much, but the world has lost more. So, also, two men, very opposite in feelings, in genius, and in character, and as opposite in their pursuits, declared at a late period in their lives—lives spent in industry and hard work, and in expression of what the world deemed their own particular genius—"that they owed all to their wives." These men were Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell. "The very gods rejoice," says Menu the Sage, when the wife is honoured. When the wife is injured, the whole family decays; when the contrary is the case it flourishes." This may be taken as an eternal truth—as one of those truths not to be put by, not to be argued down by casual exceptions. It is just as true of nations as it is of men—of the whole people as it is of individual families. So true it is, that it may be regarded as a piece of very sound advice when we counsel all men, married or single, to choose only such men for their friends as are happy in their wedded lives. No man can afford to know a broken family. Quarrelling, discord, and connubial disagreements are catching. With unhappiness at home, no man is safely to be trusted, no woman to be sought in friendship. The fault may not be his or hers, but it must be between them. A man and woman must prove that they can be a good husband and wife before they can be admitted to have proved that they are good citizens. Such a verdict may seem harsh, but it is necessary and just. Young people just married cannot possibly afford to know unhappy couples; and they, in their turn, may, with mutual hypocrisy, rub on in the world, but in the end they feel that the hypocrisy cannot be played out. They gradually with-

draw from their friends and acquaintance, and nurse their own miseries at home.

All good men feel, of course, that any distinctive separation of the sexes, all those separate gatherings and marks which would divide woman from man, and set her upon a separate pedestal, are as foolish as they are really impracticable. You will find no one who believes less in what certain philanthropists call the emancipation of women, than a happy mother and wife. She does not want to be emancipated; and she is quite unwilling that, instead of being the friend and ally of man, she should be his opponent. She feels truly that the woman's cause is man's.

> "For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
> Not like to like, but like in difference."

The very virtues of woman, not less than her faults, fit her for her attachment to man. There is no man so bad as not to find some pitying woman who will admire and love him; and no man so wise but that he shall find some woman equal to the full comprehension of him, ready to understand him and to strengthen him. With such a woman he will grow more tender, ductile, and appreciative; the man will be more of woman, she of man. Whether society, as it is at present constituted, fits our young women to be the good wives they should be is another question. In lower middle life, and with the working classes, it is asserted that the women are not sufficiently taught to fulfil their mission properly; but, if in large towns the exigencies of trade use up a large portion

of the female population, it is no wonder that they cannot be at the same time good mill-hands, bookbinders, shopwomen, and mothers, cooks, and housewives. We may well have recourse to public cookery, and talk about working men's dinners—thus drifting from an opposite point into the coming socialism—when we absorb all the home energies of the woman in gaining money sufficient for her daily bread. Yet these revelations, nor those yet more dreadful ones which come out daily in some of our law courts, are not sufficient to make us overlook the fact that with us by far the larger portion of marriages are happy ones, and that of men's wives we still can write as the most eloquent divine who ever lived, Jeremy Taylor, wrote, "A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable —his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessings on his head."

PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

IT would not be holding the balance of the sexes fairly, if, after saying all that can be said in favour of men's wives, we did not say something on the side of women's husbands. In these clever days the husband is a rather neglected animal; women are anxious enough to secure a specimen of the creature, but he is very soon "shelved" afterwards; and women writers are now so much occupied in contemplating the beauties of their own more impulsive sex that they neglect to paint ideals of good husbands. There has been also too much writing tending to separate the sexes. It is plain that in actual life all the virtues cannot be on one side, and all the faults on the other; yet some women are not ashamed to write and speak as if such were really the case. The wife is taught to regard herself as a woman with many wrongs, because her natural rights are denied her. She is cockered up into a domestic martyr, and is bred into an impatience of reproof which is very harmful and very ungraceful. If we read Mr. Trollope's *North America*, we find that in New York this is producing some

very sad results. Some of the men there are getting impatient at the increasing demands of women for attention, for place, and for consideration; and, on merely selfish grounds, it is hardly doubtful whether our own women in the upper and middle classes do not demand too much. It is evident that, as society is constituted, man is the working, and woman, generally, the ornamental portion of it, at least in those classes to which Providence or society has given what we call comfortable circumstances. Woman may do, and does do, a great deal of unpleasant, tiresome work: she fritters away her time upon occupations which require "frittering;" but, beyond that, she does not do the "paying" work. The husband, or houseband, still produces the money. He is the poor, plain, working bee; and the queen bee too often sits in regal state in her comfortable hive whilst he is toiling and moiling abroad.

It results from the different occupations of the two sexes, that the husband comes home too often worried, cross, and anxious; that he finds in his wife a woman to whom he cannot tell his doubts and fears, his humiliations and experience. She, poor woman, with little sense of what the world is, without any tact, may bore him to take her to fresh amusements and excitements; for, while he has been expending both brain and body, she has been quietly at home. A certain want of tact, not unfrequently met with in wives, often sets the household in a flame of anger and quarrelling, which might be avoided by a little patience and care on the part of the wife.

It is not in human nature for a man who has been hard at work all day, to return to his home toiled and weary, or with

his mind agitated after being filled with many things, and to regard with complacency little matters which go awry, but which at another time would not trouble him. The hard-working man is too apt to regard as lazy those who work less than himself, and he therefore looks upon the slightest unreadiness or want of preparation in his wife as neglect. Hence a woman, if she be wise, will be constantly prepared for the return of her husband. He, after all, is the bread-winner; and all that he requires is an attention less by far than we should ordinarily pay to a guest. In the good old Scotch song, which thrills our heart every time it is sung, and makes us remember, however sceptical we may have grown, the true worth and divinity of love, the wife's greatest pleasure is that of looking forward to the return of her husband. She puts on her best clothes and her sweetest smile; she clothes her face with that fondness which only a wife's look can express; she makes her children look neat and pretty—"gi'es little Kate her cotton gown and Jock his Sunday coat"—because the husband is returning. There is not a prettier picture throughout the whole range of literature. How her love breathes forth—

> "Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
> His breath like caller air;
> His very foot has music in't
> As he comes up the stair."

And the love which thus colours with its radiant tints the common things of this life, which makes poverty beautiful, and the cottage richer than the palace, will be sure to teach the heart which possesses it how to manage the husband.

In "managing a man"—an important lesson, which some

women are very anxious to impress upon others—immense tact and delicacy are wanted, but are very seldom found. Wives should remember that they had better, very much better, never try to manage, than try and not succeed. And yet all men like to be managed, and require management. No one can pretend to be the be-all and end-all in a house. It is from his wife that the husband should learn the true value of things—his own dignity, his position, and even his secondary position by her side as manageress. But, if she be wise, she will not make this too apparent. Directly the voice gets too loud, the tone too commanding, and the manner too fussy, the unhappy man begins to suspect that he is being "managed," and in nine cases out of ten sinks into utter imbecility, or breaks away like an obstinate pig. Both these symptoms are bad, and perhaps the first is the worst. No true woman can love and reverence a man who is morally and intellectually lower than herself, and who has drivelled down into a mere assenting puppet. On the other hand, the pig-headed husband is very troublesome. He requires the greatest care; for whatever his wife says he will refuse to do; nay, although it may be the very essence of wisdom, he will refuse it because he knows the behest proceeds from his wife. He is like a jibbing horse, which you have to turn one way because you want him to start forward on the other; or he more closely resembles the celebrated Irish pig, which was so obstinate that his master was obliged to persuade him that he was being driven to Dublin, when his back was towards that city, and he was going to Athlone!

One part of management in husbands lies in a judicious mixture of good humour, attention, flattery, and compliments.

All men, as well as women, are more or less vain; the rare exceptions of men who do not care to be tickled by an occasional well-turned compliment only prove the rule. But, in the case of a husband, we must remember that this love of being occasionally flattered by his wife is absolutely a necessary and natural virtue. No one needs to be ashamed of it. We are glad enough to own, to remember, to treasure up every little word of approval that fell from the lips of the woman we courted. Why should we forget the dear sounds now she is our wife? If we love her, she may be sure that any little compliment—an offered flower, a birthday gift, a song when we are weary, a smile when we are sad, a look which no eye but our own will see—will be treasured up, and will cheer us when she is not there. Judiciously used, this conduct is of the greatest effect in managing the husband. A little vanity does not, moreover, in such cases as these, prove a man to be either a bad man or a fool. "All clever men," says a great observer, "are more or less affected with vanity. It may be blatant and offensive, it may be excessive, but not unamusing, or it may show itself just as a large *soupçon*, but it is never entirely absent." The same writer goes on to say that this vanity should by no means be injudiciously flattered into too large a size. A wife will probably admire the husband for what he is really worth; and the vanity of a really clever man probably only amounts to putting a little too large a price on his merits, not to a mistake as to what those merits are. The wife and husband will therefore think alike; but, if she be wise, she will only go to a certain point in administering the domestic lumps of sugar. "A clever husband," says the writer we have quoted, "is like a good despot—all

the better for a little constitutional opposition." Or the same advice may be thus put, as it often is, by a wise and cautious mother-in-law: "My dear," she would say, "you must never let your husband have matters all his own way."

A woman who abdicates all her authority, who is not queen over her kitchen, her chamber, and her drawing-room or best parlour, does a very dangerous and foolish thing, and will soon dwarf down into a mere assenting dummy. Now old Burleigh, the wise counsellor of Queen Elizabeth, has, in his advice to his son, left it upon record that "thou shalt find there is nothing so irksome in life as a female fool." A wife who is the mere echo of her husband's opinions; who waits for his advice upon all matters; who is lazy, indolent, and silly in her household; fussy, troublesome, and always out of the way or in the way when she is travelling; who has no opinions of her own, no temper of her own; who boasts that "she bears everything like a lamb;" and who bears the breakage of her best china and the desecration of her white curtains with tobacco-smoke with equal serenity—such a woman may be very affectionate and very good, but she is somewhat of a "she-fool." Her husband will too often first begin to despise and then to neglect her. She will follow so closely on the heels of her husband's ideas and her husband's opinions that she will annoy him like an echo. Her genuine love will be construed into something like cunning flattery; her very devotion will be mistaken; her sweet nature become tiresome and irksome, from want of variety; and, from being the mistress of the house, she will sink into the mere slave of the husband. A wife should therefore learn to think, to walk alone, to bear her full share of the troubles and dignities of

married life, never to become a cypher in her own house, but to rise to the level of her husband, and to take her full share of the matrimonial throne. The husband, if a wise man, will never act without consulting his wife ; nor will she do anything of importance without the aid and advice of her husband.

There is, however—and in these days of rapid fortune-making we see it constantly—a certain class of men who rise in the world without the slightest improvement in their manners, taste, or sense. Such men are shrewd men of business, or perhaps have been borne to the haven of fortune by a lucky tide ; and yet these very men possess wives who, although they are of a lower sphere, rise at once with their position, and in manner, grace, and address are perfect ladies, whilst their husbands are still the same rude, uncultivated boors. These wives must be wise enough to console themselves for their trials ; for indeed such things are a very serious trial both to human endurance and to human vanity. They must remember that they married when equals with their husbands in their lowliness, and that their husbands have made the fortune which they pour at their feet. They will recollect also that their husbands must have industry, and a great many other sterling good qualities, if they lack a little polish ; and, lastly, that they are in reality no worse off than many other women in high life who are married to boors, to eccentric persons, or, alas ! too often to those who, with many admirable virtues, may blot them all by the indulgence in a bosom sin or an hereditary vice.

The last paragraph will lead us naturally enough to the faults of husbands. Now, although we are inclined to think

that these are greatly exaggerated, and that married men are, on the whole, very good—excellent men and citizens, brave men, battling with the world and its difficulties, and carrying forward the cumbrous machine in its path of progress and civilization—although we think that, as a class, their merits are actually not fully appreciated, and that the bachelors (sly fellows!) get very much the best of it—still, we must admit that there is a very large class of thoroughly bad husbands, and that this class may be divided into the foolish, the careless, and the vicious sub-classes, each of which would require at least a volume to be devoted to their treatment and castigation. Nay, more than a volume. Archdeacon Paley notes that St. John, apologizing for the brevity and incompleteness of Gospel directions, states that, if all the necessary books were written, the world would not contain them. So we may say of the faults of foolish husbands; we will, therefore, say no more about them, but return to the part which the wives of such men ought to play.

In the first place, as a true woman, a wife will be as tender of those faults as she can be. She will not talk to her neighbours about them, nor magnify them, nor dwell upon them. She, alas! will never be without her share of blame; for the world, rightly or wrongly, often dowers the wife with the faults of the husband, and, seeing no possibility of interfering and assigning to each his or her share, suspects both. Moreover, in many cases she will have to blame herself chiefly. We take it that the great majority of women marry the men that they choose. If they do not do so, they should do so. They may have been unwise and vain enough to have been pleased and tickled by the flattery of a fool. When they have married

him, they find him, as Dr. Gregory wrote to his daughters, "the most intractable of husbands ; led by his passions and caprices, and incapable of hearing the voice of reason." A woman's vanity may be hurt when she finds that she has a husband for whom she has to blush and tremble every time he opens his lips. She may be annoyed at his clownish jealousy, his mulish obstinacy, his incapability of being managed, led, or driven ; but she must reflect that there was a time when a little wisdom and reflection on her own part would have prevented her from delivering her heart and her person to so unworthy a creature.

Women who have wicked husbands are much more to be pitied. In early life the wives themselves are innocent ; and, from the nature of things, their innocence is based upon ignorance. Here the value of the almost intuitive wisdom and perception of the gentler sex comes into full play. During courtship, when this perception is in its full power and vigour, it should be freely exercised. Scandal and common report, in themselves to be avoided, are useful in this.

Women should choose men of character and of unspotted name. It is a very old and true remark—but one may as well repeat what is old and trite when that which is new would be but feeble repetition at the best—that a good son generally makes a good husband ; a wise companion in a walk may turn out a judicious companion through life. The wild attempt to reform a rake, or to marry a man of a "gay" life, in the hope that he will sow "his wild oats," is always dangerous, and should never be attempted. A woman who has a sense of religion herself should never attach herself to a man who has none. The choice of a husband is really of the

greatest consequence to human happiness, and should never be made without the greatest care and circumspection. No sudden caprice, no effect of coquetry, no sally of passion, should be dignified by the name of love. "Marriage," says the Apostle, "is honourable in all;" but the kind of marriage which is so is that which is based upon genuine love, not upon fancy or caprice; which is founded on the inclination of nature, on honourable views, cemented by a similarity of tastes, and strengthened by the true sympathy of souls.

ON THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

HALF the misery of human life consists in our making a wrong estimate of it, and in being disappointed when we find out our fault. We do not often begin it at the right end. We put a much higher figure in the sum than it will bear, and we cry like a schoolboy when the addition is wrong. We take such very pleasant opinions of ourselves, our friends, and our surroundings, that we should never be surprised if our sons turned out generals, and our daughters married dukes ; but we are greatly grieved when, as is always the case, the former are mere work-a-day people, and the latter marry mere common-place people. Our illusions commence in the cradle, and end only in the grave. We have all great expectations. Our ducks are ever to be geese, our geese swans ; and we cannot bear the truth when it comes upon us. Hence our disappointments ; hence Solomon cried out that all was vanity, that he had tried everything, each pleasure, each beauty, and found it very empty. People, he writes, should be taught by my example : they cannot go beyond me—"What can he do that comes after the king?"

It is very doubtful whether, to an untried or a young man,

the warnings of Solomon, or the outpourings of that griefful prophet whose name now passes for a lamentation, have done much good. Hope balances caution, and "springs eternal in the human breast." The old man fails, but the young constantly fancies he shall succeed. "Solomon," he cries, "did not know everything;" but in a few years his own disappointments tell him how true the king's words are, and he cherishes the experience he has bought. But experience does not serve him in every case; it has been said that it is simply like the stern-lights of a ship, which lighten the path she has passed over, but not that which she is about to traverse. To know one's self is the hardest lesson we can learn. Few of us ever realize our true position; few see that they are like Bunyan's hero in the midst of Vanity Fair, and that all about them are snares, illusions, painted shows, real troubles, and true miseries, many trials and few enjoyments.

Perhaps the bitterest feelings in our life are those which we experience, when boys and girls, at the failures of our friendships and our loves. We have heard of false friends; we have read of deceit in books; but we know nothing about it, and we hardly believe what we hear. Our friend is to be true as steel. He is always to like us, and we him. He is a second Damon, we a Pythias. We remember the fond old stories of celebrated friendships; how one shared his fortune, another gave his life. Our friend is just of that sort; he is noble, true, grand, heroic. Of course he is wonderfully generous. We talk of him; he will praise us. The whole people around, who laugh at the sudden warmth, we regard as old fogies, who do not understand life half as well as we do. But by-and-by our friend vanishes; the image which we thought

was gold we find made of mere clay. We grow melancholy ; we are fond of reading Byron's poetry ; the sun is not nearly so bright nor the sky so blue as it used to be. We sing, with the noble poet—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and the fruit are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !"

We cease to believe in friendship ; we quote old saws, and fancy ourselves cruelly used. We think ourselves philosophic martyrs, when the simple truth is, that we are disappointed.

The major part of the misery in marriage arises from the false estimate which we make of married happiness. A young man, who is a pure and good one, when he starts in life is very apt to fancy all women angels. He loves and venerates his mother ; he believes her better, purer far, than his father, because his school-days have taught him practically what men are ; but he does not yet know what women are. His sisters are angels too, and the wife he is about to marry, the best, the purest woman in the world, also an angel, of course. Marriage soon opens his eyes. It would be out of the course of nature for everybody to secure an angel ; and the young husband finds that he has married a woman of the ordinary pattern—not a whit better on the whole than man ; perhaps rather worse, because weaker. The high-flown sentiment is all gone, the romantic ideas fade down to the light of common day. "The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love," as Milton writes in one of the most beautiful lines ever penned,

too often pass away as well, and a future of misery is opened up on the basis of disappointment. After all, the difficulty to be got over is this—how is mankind to be taught to take a just estimate of things? Is it possible to put old heads upon young shoulders? Is not youth a perpetual state of intoxication? Is not everything better and brighter far then than in middle life? These are the questions to be solved, and once solved we shall be happy; we shall have learnt the great lesson, that whatever is, is ordained by a great and wise Power, and that we are therewith to be content.

A kindly consideration for others is the best method in the world to adopt, to ease off our own troubles; and this consideration is to be cultivated very easily. There is not one of those who will take up this book who is perfectly happy, and not one who does not fancy that he or she might be very much better off. Perhaps ten out of every dozen have been disappointed in life. They are not precisely what they should be. The wise poor man, in spite of his wisdom, envies the rich fool; and the fool—if he has any appreciation—envies the wisdom of the other. One is too tall, the other is too short; ill-health plagues a third, and a bad wife a fourth; and so on. Yet there is not one of the sorrows or troubles that we have but might be reasoned away. The short man cannot add a cubit to his stature; but he may think, after all, that many grea heroes have been short, and that it is the mind, not the form, that makes the man. Napoleon the Great, who had high-heeled boots, and was, to be sure, hardly a giant in stature, once looked at a picture of Alexander, by David. "Ah!" said he, taking snuff, with a pleased air, "Alexander was shorter than I." The hero last mentioned is he who

cried because he had no more worlds to conquer, and who never thought of conquering himself. But if Alexander were disappointed about another world, his courtiers were much more so because they were not Alexanders. But the world would not have cared for a surplus of them; one was enough. Conquerors are very pleasant fellows, no doubt, and are disappointed and sulky because they cannot gain more battles; but we poor frogs in the world are quite satisfied with one King Stork.

If we look at a disappointment as a lesson, we soon take the sting out of it. A spider will teach us that. He is watching for a fly, and away the nimble fellow flies. The spider upon this runs round his net to see whether there be any holes, and to mend them. When doing so, he comes upon an old body of one of his victims, and he commences again on it, with a pious ejaculation of "Better luck next time." So one of the greatest and wisest missionaries whom we have ever had, tried, when a boy, to climb a tree. He fell down, and broke his leg. Seriously lamed, he went on crutches for six months, and at the end of that time quietly set about climbing the tree again, and succeeded. He had, in truth, a reserve fund of good-humour and sound sense, saw where he failed, and conquered it. His disappointment was worth twenty dozen successes to him, and to the world too. It is a good rule, also, never to make too sure of anything, and never to put too high a price on it. Everything is worth doing well: everything, presuming you like it, is worth having. The girl you fall in love with may be silly and ill-favoured; but what of that? she is your love. "'Tis a poor fancy of mine own to like that which none other man will have," says the fool

Touchstone; but he speaks like a wise man. He is wiser than the melancholy *Jacques* in the same play, who calls all people fools, and mopes about preaching wise saws. If our young men were as wise, there would not be half the ill-assorted marriages in the world, and there would be fewer single women. If they only chose by sense or fancy, or because they saw some good quality in a girl—if they were not all captivated by the face alone, every Jill would have her Jack, and pair off happily, like the lovers in a comedy. But it is not so. We cannot live without illusions: we cannot, therefore, subsist without disappointments. They, too, follow each other as the night the day, the shade the sunshine; they are as inseparable as life and death.

The difference of our conditions alone places a variety in these illusions; perhaps the lowest of us have the brightest, just as Cinderella, sitting amongst the coals, dreamt of the ball and the beautiful prince as well as her sisters. "Bare and grim to tears," says Emerson, "is the lot of the children I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hung it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune, and would talk of 'the dear cottage where so many joyful hours had flown.' Well, this thatching of hovels is the custom of the country. Women, more than all, are the element and kingdom of illusion." Happy is it that they are so. These fancies and illusions bring forth the inevitable disappointments, but they carry life on with a swing. If every hovel-born child had sat down at his door-step, and taken true stock of himself, and had said, "I am a poor miserable child, weak in health, without knowledge, with little help, and cannot do much," we should have wanted many a hero. We should

have had no Stephenson, no Faraday, no Arkwright, and no Watt. Our railways would have been unbuilt, and the Atlantic Ocean would have been unbridged by steam. But hope, as phrenologists tell us, lies above caution, and has dangerous and active neighbours—wit, imagination, language, ideality—so the poor cottage is hung round with fancies, and the man exists to help his fellows. He may fail; but others take up his tangled thread, and unravel it, and carry on the great business of life.

The constantly cheerful man, who survives his blighted hopes and disappointments, who takes them just for what they are, lessons, and perhaps blessings in disguise, is the true hero. He is like a strong swimmer; the waves dash over him, but he is never submerged. We cannot help applauding and admiring such a man; and the world, good-natured and wise in its verdict, cheers him when he gains the goal. There may be brutality in the sport, but there can be no question as to the merit, when the smaller prize-fighter, who receives again and again his adversary's knock-down blow, again gets up and is ready for the fray. Old General Blucher was not a lucky general. He was beaten almost every time he ventured to battle; but in an incredible space of time he had gathered together his routed army, and was as formidable as before. The Germans liked the bold old fellow, and called and still call him Marshal Forwards. He had his disappointments, no doubt, but turned them, like the oyster does the speck of sand which annoys it, to a pearl. To our minds the best of all these heroes is Robert Hall, the preacher, who, after falling on the ground in paroxysms of pain, would rise with a smile, and say, "I suffered much, but I did not cry out, did I?

did I cry out?" Beautiful is this heroism. Nature, base enough under some aspects, rises into grandeur in such an example, and shoots upwards to an Alpine height of pure air and cloudless sunshine; the bold, noble, and kindly nature of the man, struggling against pain, and asking, in an apologetic tone, "Did I cry out?" whilst his lips were white with anguish, and his tongue, bitten through in the paroxysm, was red with blood!

There is a companion picture of ineffaceable grandeur to this in Plato's *Phædo*, where Socrates, who has been unchained simply that he may prepare for death, sits upon his bed, and, rubbing his leg gently where the iron had galled it, begins, not a complaint against fate, or his judges, or the misery of present death, but a grateful little reflection. "What an unaccountable thing, my friends, that seems to be which men call pleasure; and how wonderful it is related to that which appears to be its contrary—pain, in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time; yet if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were both united together from one head." Surely true philosophy, if we may call so serene a state of mind by that hackneyed word, never reached, unaided, a purer height!

There is one thing certain, which contains a poor comfort, but a strong one—a poor one, because it reduces us all to the same level—it is this: we may be sure that not one of us is without disappointment. The footman is as badly off as his master, and the master as the footman. The courtier is disappointed of his place, and the minister of his ambition. Cardinal Wolsey lectures his secretary Cromwell, and tells

him of his disappointed ambition; but Cromwell had his troubles as well. Henry the Eighth, the king who broke them both, might have put up the same prayer; and the Pope, who was a thorn in Harry's side, no doubt had a peck of disappointments of his own. Nature not only abhors a vacuum, but she utterly repudiates an entirely successful man. There probably never lived one yet to whom the morning did not bring some disaster, the evening some repulse. John Hunter, the greatest, most successful surgeon, the genius, the wonder, the admired of all, upon whose words they whose lives had been spent in science hung, said as he went to his last lecture, "If I quarrel with any one to-night, it will kill me." An obstinate surgeon of the old school denied one of his assertions, and called him a liar. It was enough. Hunter was carried into the next room, and died. He had for years suffered from a diseased heart, and was quite conscious of his fate. That was his disappointment. Happy are they who, in this world of trial, meet their disappointments in their youth, not in their old age; then let them come and welcome, not too thick, to render us morose, but like spring mornings, frosty but kindly, the cold of which will kill the vermin, but will let the plant live; and let us rely upon it, that the best men (and women too) are those who have been early disappointed.

ON RELIGION IN THE GENTLE LIFE.

WHEN Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* had rendered that kind of writing popular, several ready pens rushed into the arena to speak about religion, and to lay down the rule of life which should be drawn from it. We know that glorious John Dryden gave us an excellent poem on the *Religion of a Layman*, although at some time after (1645 and 1682), and that Alexander Ross attacks both Sir Thomas Browne and his annotator, in his *Medicus Medicatus; or, the Physician's Religion cured by a lenitive and gentle Potion.* There was, moreover, the *Religio Stoici*, the *Religio Militis*, the *Religion of a Prince*, *Religio Jurisprudentis*, and *Religio Bibliopolæ*, as if lawyers, booksellers, soldiers, and physicians had each a little rule of conscience of their own, differing from everybody else's.

But the title which pleases me most of all of these offsprings of Sir Thomas Browne, is that which is prefixed to a small volume of Archbishop Synge's works, which has since been once or twice reprinted, *A Gentleman's Religion.* The work itself is a good one, containing the principles of religion, and the doctrines of Christianity, both as to faith and practice;

and the charity of the Churchman is very wide. In this it differs much from one of the latest books of the kind, *Religio Clerici*, or a Churchman's Religion, wherein the author desires his epitaph to consist of the following triplet :—

> "He loved established rules of serving God,
> Preached from a pulpit rather than a tub,
> And gave no guinea to a Bible Club."*

I am afraid that the Churchman who wrote that was all too truculent for those who would live a Gentle Life. They would rather adopt, as an exponent of their feelings, the impressive commencement of *Religio Medici* :—

"For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world that I have none at all—as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another—yet, in despight hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable stile of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the Font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country ; but having, in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this. Neither

* Quoted by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S., in his edition of Browne's *Religio Medici*.

herein doth my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe to humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, infidels, and Jews ; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy stile, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title."*

Sir Thomas tells us also that he is of the "Reformed New Cast Religion," whereof he hates nothing but the name, and of the Church of England. Can a man, indeed, belong to a better church than that of Jeremy Taylor, George Herbert, Izaak Walton, S. T. Coleridge, Arnold, and Whateley ?

Nevertheless, there are in our church a great many captains, and of late there have grown up in its bosom certain bold young soldiers, whose earnestness and zeal lead others captive, who are determined to fight against sin and the devil after the manner of modern athletes, and who train themselves, not, indeed, by vigils and fastings, but in a manner to do credit to their name of muscular Christians.

Nor is the spirit of these men unknown in America, where, suiting the word to the occasion, some hardy zealots call themselves war Christians, a name certainly unsuited to the Gentle Life. But the war spirit, every now and then, crops out very fiercely.

On one of the last Sundays in December, 1862, in the midst of a dispirited city, and with a perplexed senate and a beaten army as that city's safeguards, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher asserted in the Puritan Church in New York, that "generals were of no use ; that God fought against the North for upholding the slaves ; that the time was come when wickedness was to be 'rooted out;' and, finally, that it was not

* *Religio Medici*, pp. 1, 2. 8th Edition, 1682.

only the province of the preacher to condemn vice, but that he should 'pluck it out by the root,' should 'slay' wickedness, and that slavery and alcohol should be put down by the arm of flesh and the sword of the preacher."

Here, then, is a peculiar and forcible religion in full play; here is indeed a Christian militant. It results from the little attention and earnestness which we give to our different churches, that we are at present split up into so many parties. We have High, Low, and Broad Church. We have "Unionites" and "Recordites." We have Wesleyans of the New Connexion, Bryanites (1815), Fly Sheetites or Reformers, Clingers to the Conference, Wesleyan Methodist Association (1834), and Wesleyan Methodist Reformers (1849). Of course it would serve no purpose but to fill the page to repeat here the thousand and one sects into which the anti-Church Protestants are driven. Each sect, however small, is already again divided, or carries in its body the seeds of a division. High above all of us, in her assumption, towers the Church of Rome, with her extreme boast of perfect unity. Her garment is like the coat of Christ: the great ones of the earth will cast lots for it, but it shall not be rent. Yet, within this charmed and iron ring, or golden circle, how many hot and passionate hearts beat out their little time with not one feeling in common! Like globules of quicksilver for a moment dispersed, the Protestant sects are each little perfect globes, which, if touched rudely, or shaken by danger, again forget their differences and run together. Their facility for combination proves them to be of the same element. But in the Roman Church wide rents show that, although the whole coat may have been of one piece, it is no longer to be drawn

together. Do the Jansenists and the Jesuits regard each other in the very same light? Do preaching friars agree with the Molinists or Quietists? Are there not Conceptionists and Anti-Conceptionists? These very orders would become unorderly, if allowed freedom to work out their ideas; and, indeed, that very freedom which is denied them gives a liveliness and activity to Protestantism which the other forms of faith hardly possess. We are, in fact, all the better for our "muscular Christians," and our quiet "Evangelicals." It is just as well that the army of the good and the earnest should range themselves under their different captains and colonels, and take up different war-cries. There is room enough for all to act, for the squadron of Paul and the regiment of Apollos, if they only act in the true spirit of their faith.

Talking about these matters to a lady lately, and letting fall the words "High Church," the speaker was solemnly reproved. "We will not call names," she said, indignantly: "do not say High Church; say '*the* Church.'" But Low Church equally claims to be *the* Church; and the Roman Church asserts, with some show of reason and authority, that she alone is "the" Church—she is the "milk-white hind, unspotted and unchanged," nor will she be content to be less than the greatest; so that the term Church is like the universal centre, everywhere and nowhere. We must be content to do our duty, regardless of the names of those with whom we associate. Men wrangle about religion, dispute about it, call names, worry their neighbours, and burn them; fight for religion, and lay down their lives for it; indeed, do everything but live up to it: very few of us even try to do that.

Excessive meekness and an effeminate mildness having

been assumed by many members of Christian Churches, others felt that to be called pious was a reproach, and that the name of a "Christian young man" was too often pronounced with a sneer. Goodness, or the doing of good, a very manly thing, became something to be ashamed of when perpetually connected with those who were not only pious but silly ; with clergymen who dared not follow the progress of the age, and who associated with men of insufferable conceit, and no little degree of ignorance. Our first novelist had also, with that persuasive power which belongs to genius, cast deserved ridicule over the pretenders to goodness. The shepherd Mr. Stiggins, Mr. Chadband, and other greasy and knavish professors of religion, who quietly sat in the chief places, and took not only the greetings of the market-place, but the money of the frequenters of the market, were drawn to the life. We need not say that these portraits disgusted all true and thinking men with the lower class of "Evangelicals." Every one felt that the religion of the day was not the religion of St. Paul.

True religion, like many other personifications and existing entities, has had great reason to be ashamed of her friends. Her enemies can do very little to harm her ; but her friends do, alas ! very much. Those who chose to gather round her, to assume that they were her guardians, and that the Bible was their especial domain, disgusted the really efficient servants of her cause. Such men as Sydney Smith and Thomas Hood—two excellent and charitable men, thoroughly religious at heart—were voted to be worldly, profane, and wicked, because they, in their consciences, nauseated the cant of religious professors, and held such Mawworms up to

merited ridicule. "If," wrote Sydney Smith, himself a prayerful and hard-working Church of England curate, "if the choice rested with us, we should say, give us back our wolves again, restore our Danish invaders; curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace." Again he says, and so truly that every one ought to learn the sentence by heart, "That man who places religion on a false basis is the greatest enemy to religion;" "and," he adds, "the Methodists do this." This was written in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1808; we have all changed since then, and the whole aspect of religious people has changed too. But religion has still her perilous friends, who would stifle her with the closeness of their embraces. There are many really good people, whose faith seems to lead them to most extraordinary and perverse ends. Thus a bishop in our Church, with reference to Colenso, and in spite of the shoals of articles and pamphlets which were written and printed to confute him, does not hesitate to assert that the whole press of England is sceptical and infidel! What would he say, if, judging from the example of Bishop Colenso, the reverend Essayists and Reviewers, and their many clerical readers and defenders, we were to turn round on him, and say, "The whole of the clergy are sceptical." One assertion would be equally true with the other, and equally uncharitable; and one cannot but grieve when the Church determines to be at war with the Press.

Another sad cause of disagreement between the Church and the world is the undue opposition which professors in the former give to innocent amusements. They have been very unwise in this. It is, they say, not only wicked to read

improper novels, but all novel reading is improper — even when, like those of Miss Austin, Miss Yonge, and Sir Walter Scott, they soften the heart and improve the understanding. "It is not only," said a wise clergyman, "the abuse of pleasure which they attack, but the interspersion of pleasure, however much it is guarded by good sense and moderation. It is not only wicked to hear the licentious plays of Congreve, but wicked to hear *Henry the Fifth*, or *The School for Scandal*. It is not only dissipation to run to all the parties in London and Edinburgh, but dancing is not fit for a being who is preparing himself for eternity. Ennui, wretchedness, melancholy, groans and sighs, are the offerings which these unhappy men make to the Deity, who has covered the earth with gay colours, and scented it with rich perfumes, and has shown us, by the plan and order of His works, that He has given to man something better than a bare existence; nay, has scattered over His creation a thousand superfluous joys, which are totally unnecessary to the bare support of life."

The peculiar ascetic assertions of such religionists have, naturally, had exactly the opposite effect to that which they intended. Luckily, the world has not been slow to recognise the good and sterling virtues of these men, their honest determination, alms-giving, and general purity. Consequently it has not, as in the days of Charles II., gone over to the extreme opposite, but contented itself with establishing a new denomination of Christians, to which the prefix of "muscular" has been added. Some persons content themselves with a general denial of their belonging to any particular sect; they being, like those officers who are ready to serve in any arm or branch of the service, "unattached." But

the term "unattached Christian" has not been nearly so popular, perhaps because not so original or so quaint, as that of "muscular Christian." Of course, the muscularity is not that of the body, but of the mind. The muscular Christian is one who has a great deal of mental courage, and who has enough manliness, as well as sufficient force and strength of character, to stand alone. He does not care for either the brimstone or the treacle party of Church or Dissent. He is not afraid of taking a walk on a Sunday, or of going to a play. He enjoys, but not abuses, the good things of this life. He is not afraid of, nor ashamed to be seen in the company of a secularist or a deist. He has sufficient knowledge of books to argue with and to tackle such people. Nor, on the other hand, does he avoid the very severely good people. Being all things to all men, he can see the beauty of holiness, and after his walk can lend a hand to teaching, and take up a class in a Sunday-school. He puts a cheerful colour upon life, and is rather disposed to make light of its troubles and trials, and to overlook the all-wonderful providences, the curious turns, and the mixed and incomprehensible ordainings of the Almighty Power. This muscular-minded person is, *par excellence*, an optimist, and by nature and disposition a genial man, full of life, action, and energy.

There is little doubt that this particular school of modern theology has a very entrancing aspect to the cheerful, the vigorous, and the young. Like Mr. Biglow's "Editor," the leaders of this school have, in their works, been very desirous of providing—

> "Somthin' combinin' morril truth
> With phrazes such 'es strikes."

"The device to which their teachers commonly resort," says a modern essayist, "is the introduction into their books of a superabundance of amusement and adventures, and the endowment of their heroes with every conceivable attribute of physical perfection." Hence we have athletic and courageous clergymen, who hunt, fish, and play cricket, and who can floor an adversary, not only by argument, but, if necessary, with their fists. They convert poachers and infidels; marry rich ladies who delight in being schoolmistresses; eschew the term "religious," but talk about being "thoroughly earnest, God-fearing men." They pray; but, like Mr. Carlyle's Puritan soldier, "withal they keep their powder dry." To labour is with them the chief prayer; they are active, and will be up and doing; and are pictured as such pious athletes, that the poor, timid, trembling Christian is rather troubled and annoyed at their confident, noisy bearing. They resemble, in confidence at least, that grand, valiant soldier in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who advances to the strait and wicket gate of heaven, and crying out to the keeper, "Put me down, sir," draws his sword, and lays about him, and cuts his way into eternal bliss. There is something of satire in Mason's notes to this passage, and in Bunyan's own reference to the quotation, "Sometimes the kingdom of heaven suffers violence." Certainly, if it doth, the muscular Christian is just the person to support the creed.

But delightful as muscular Christianity is to rising boys and young men, we doubt whether any of its adherents—except its chief exponents—find that they can think with it after they are of mature age. A clever reviewer, some years ago, in a very thoughtful article, said, "No man reads Byron after

twenty-five." So we may say no man is a muscular Christian after he is forty. By that time he will find that force is not the chief thing in religion, that swagger and boldness are out of place ; but that sweet endurance and patience last for ever. It is impossible to look upon Fénélon, Masillon, Pascal (during the latter part of his life), or Jeremy Taylor, as muscular Christians, any more than one would look upon Mr. Bright as a sound politician. Holy George Herbert, and good, calm Izaak Walton, are much nearer the ideal of the true Christian than any hot-gospeller rousing his audience with fanatic zeal ; or than George Fox, leaving his shoes in the field and marching barefoot through the streets, shouting, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" The only muscular Christian that we can look upon with thorough liking—although we must confess that the sub-section has its merits, will do and has done good—is that bold Quaker who, although he would not fire a gun, yet stood at the port-hole, and pushed the French boarding party one by one into the sea, quietly exclaiming, "Friend, thou hast no business here ;" but he was an exception. The contemplation of this new division of our Church will do us at least this good : it will show us that faith has its different phases and aspects, and that it is as foolish to wish for all religionists to think exactly alike, as to wish their faces to be of the same colour.

ON GETTING ON IN THE WORLD AND GROWING RICH.

THE present age is one of luxury. Riches increase upon every hand, and as the industry of our people is immense, it follows that the comforts of every class increase also. With these a general propriety of behaviour, and less grossness, are every day apparent; no doubt owing to the multitude and excellence of our teachers, and of our public journals. So that the rich and most selfish man has grown quite respectable, and finds it to his interest to subscribe to "charities," and to protect the poor through the machinery of the law or of benevolent societies. In short, riches—golden riches—of to-day have become quite meritorious and virtuous; and Christianity, grown to be the fashion of the day, trips in and out of the booths at Vanity Fair, decorated, as Bunyan quaintly has it, "in her silver slippers." Who would not follow her? How good it is to be rich and virtuous too! how excellent to keep all the comforts here, and feel satisfied that Dives need fear nothing hereafter! how admirable thus to make the best of both; and, in the midst of busy luxury, Dorcas societies, parish

meetings, boards for improving the condition of the poor, letters from polite secretaries of charitable institutions, and votes of thanks from local boards, to let life glide calmly on, undisturbed by that stern voice which has told us, "Ye can *not* serve God and Mammon!"

It is well if we sometimes think of that voice; for there is nowadays, as there was always, a strong leaning towards getting rich—not, of course, for the money, but for what it brings with it. It is the unuttered, but wholly believed in, creed of thousands, that golden riches are the only good. To be poor is to be miserable. To be rich is at once to be happy. So runs the whole belief of the worldling. "A penny saved is twopence gained." "Rise early, and get the best of the sluggard: the early bird picks up the worm."

Now the early bird does not always get the worm; and when he does, the worm must have been up and out first. But what we wish to show is, that riches are not the only good things in the world, and that golden riches are the worst of them all. Industry is a very good thing, and benefits the world; but industry, for merely selfish ends, is considerably worse than laziness for the same. Although we have free will regarding ourselves, Providence does not allow our free will to do too much harm, but, on the contrary, often turns the hoard of the miser to the relief of the poor, and the activity of the tyrant and the rogue to the benefit of the country or parish in which he may live. People who make money believe that money is all-powerful. It is no such thing. It is just as base now as when Timon cursed it, and threw it away to the bandit and the losel. If nations may be "very poor and yet be very blessed," men can be the same. When the

Romans were great and good, they called riches the baggage (*impedimenta*) of virtue: when they grew weak and degraded, they clung to their gold, with which they had to buy away the barbarians who invaded them. To continually praise England and the English for their riches is therefore false logic: one of the earliest signs of the decadence of nations is the superabundance of material wealth.

Again, it is a trite and well-worn remark, that gold will not buy everything. It is doubtful whether money does not bring as many pains as it does pleasures. To the conscientious it always does; and he who would blind conscience is a fool. Izaak Walton tells us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares, which are the keys of riches, hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. Certainly there is no good thing appertaining to man which the moderately poor cannot enjoy just as well as the rich. Health, appetite, youth while it lasts, good looks, cheerfulness, and lastly, wisdom, dwell equally with the poor as the rich. If a rich man wishes to be healthy, says Sir William Temple, he must live like a poor one. But the poor now can be far more luxurious than the rich could years ago. "The world must be encompassed," said a wit, "that a washerwoman may have her tea;" that is, ships go to the East and the West Indies for her tea and sugar. The great employers of the doctors are the unwise rich, who, by overfeeding, induce many complaints. The people who are ridiculed, sneered, and laughed at, and those who bring the English name into contempt, are, as the late Sir Robert Peel said, the "vulgar rich." Poverty carries always with it something of pity and respect; but the rich are the butt of the wits, the

jest of the free public, the scorn of those who are nobler in birth and higher in the state, the prey of the idler who lives upon his wits and their want of wit. All others have sympathy and pity, but the rich have few true friends.

It is easy to scoff at them : we will let them alone. We only wish to show that, although golden riches invariably puff a man up, they are not the only riches of this world. The rich people seldom produce the great men—so seldom, that we may say never. From Bacon to Adam Smith, from Columbus to Brunel and Stephenson, from Shakspeare to Wordsworth and Coleridge, we may claim all the talent as springing from the ranks of the poor. Exceptions only prove the rule. Providence seldom gives brains and money together ; rather, it does not give that activity which alone makes any set of brains worth having. On the other hand, the poor wise man—a fellow in the great College of Poverty—knows things perforce, and, having hope, enjoys life to the utmost. Nothing to do, and nothing to wear—with a wardrobe like a warehouse, and an arrear of unperformed duties —is the common complaint of the very rich. The poor man works out his life in a round of necessity, and, clothed in his Sunday coat, thinks himself a match for a Brummel or a D'Orsay. "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays now to laugh at from the boxes." The reason was, that the ease of getting there had palled the enjoyment. That which we pay for we think nice. The apprentice, with his cheap spring onions and radishes, bought with a hardly spared penny, enjoys them more than the club

lounger does his lobster salad and champagne. In all this there is at work the great principle of compensation. Rich King Hudson and his wife, feasting in their big house at Albert Gate with dukes and duchesses, placed on the highest pinnacle of advancement, toasted as the very type of English industry, the prime favourite of the world's goddess, Success, looked back with regret to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little parlour behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

By an ordination of the same Divinity which has told us, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them," our tastes and abilities invariably narrow as those riches increase. A man's heart contracts rather than expands as he grows older; and dreams of liberality and extensive charity, formed in his early youth, die out. Here in England, some little time ago, was a man of a colossal fortune, who was continually haunted with an idea of being poor, who did house jobs and pottered in his garden, dreading the workhouse, and whom his friends humoured by paying him a dole weekly as if he was in receipt of parish relief.

Happiness lies chiefly in anticipation, not in fruition. We reach the goal to find the race not worth winning. We catch eagerly at the branch laden with fruit, and find it bears but apples of the Dead Sea, which fill our mouths with bitter dust and ashes. We start in life full of generous aspirations and wonderful delusions—all men are good and sincere, all friends are true: at middle age we win place, honour, respect, riches. We have made the best of this life, at any rate; and what is the consequence? We have put on the spectacles of success, and we suspect every one who approaches us. We look into

men's motives, and find that every plausible fellow is ready to make an attack upon our purse. We look closely into matters, unless we be as dull as Dogberry, and find that our wife has married us for our position, our friends come round us for our office, our gown and sheriff's chain are invited out to feasts, the very boys in the street look with more interest at our footmen and our gilded coach than they do at us. Even our house in the square is known, and the next house to it—nay, the square itself—lets better because the gentleman, "a rich City man, sir, keeps two chariots, a brougham, and at least three footmen." But strip off these lendings, and what are we? Clothe us again in rags, and the greasy-coated idler who leads the debates at some public-house will have more true deference paid to him, and exercise more weight on men's minds, than we.

The poor man, again, is the wisest—not on account of his brain, or the measure of his head, but because he alone buys knowledge by feeling—and wisdom, as we all know, in spite of the sneers of the world, is beyond all price. "Experience," writes Carlyle, "doth take dreadfully high wages; but she teacheth like none other." No, nor does the poor man learn like any other. To the rich the world proffers perpetual illusions. The philosopher alone can separate himself from his place. But the rich man is like him who, walking in the market with the cast-off coat of a nobleman to which the tinsel star was still sewn, felt elated and proud—a great man truly, because all bowed and raised their hats. Reaching home, he strutted before his glass with a lordlike air, and caught sight of the star. "Aha!" cried he, blushing red with shame, "what a fool the world is to bow to an old coat!" But he

forgot that he was a greater fool to be elated by the applause. Those who have made themselves rich may know all this too soon to forget it; but those who are born in the enchanted grove never see through the illusion, but live in an Armida's palace, and die in the honest belief that they are the great and good. "These uniforms," said Wellington, in the Peninsula, "are great illusions: strip them off, and many a pretty fellow would be a coward; when in them, he passes muster with the rest." Riches are a perpetual gay uniform. Greatness and place, and the constant and unfelt adulation of the world, blind any man. Louis the Fourteenth was certainly not a fool; yet he said to a preacher, "Ah! it's all very true; I am a sinner, no doubt, since you say so; but *le bon Dieu* will think twice before he casts out such a great prince as I." And, saddest of all, the *Grand Monarque* thought what he said. Now a poor man, or a moderately rich man, would never have been so blind as to say this.

Hamlet touches upon the right key when he asks, why should the "poor be flattered?" and Chaucer, as wise as he, says—

> "Povertie also, when a man is low,
> Makyth him God and eke himself to know.
> Povertie a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
> Through which he may his veray (true) friends see."

Whereas, golden riches always blind the best men, and corrupt ordinary people past endurance.

When a man sets his heart upon filling his purse, he is too apt to look down upon those below him, and to measure the poor in purse as poor in intellect too. The great, selfish old capitalist, from whom monarchs borrowed millions, could not

endure an unlucky man. "He never did any good for himself; how can he do any good for me? If he were wise, he could make money for himself." Such was the current of his reasoning; yet there is little doubt that many a man can be a good servant, content on little, helping forward the fortune of the house for which he may work, and yet do but little for himself. To make money, one must have a peculiar constitution. To grow rich in a difficult position requires a stern, selfish, and somewhat grasping nature. Your turn must be served first, your will carried out, others' interests daily put by—sacrificed to yours; and indeed, little by little, self must predominate before the ordinary man can accumulate wealth. It is a very serious question whether the play be worth the candle. Rich men think not. The world is a hard taskmaster, and many a man breaks his health and ruins his conscience in making money, who afterwards daily repents of his folly. If Newton, dying, could talk of his great discoveries, and his arduous life-work, as the mere vagaries of a child who had been gathering pebbles on the shore, here and there admiring one prettier than the rest, with what feeling shall the simply rich vulgar man speak of all his sad toil and weary work, his scraping here and pinching there, till at last Death comes to close his curtain, whispering, as he does it, "Man heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them?"

Finally, it is as well to remember that there are a great many other riches besides those of mere gold, and that these seldom meet in any one man, but are singly sufficient to make any man estimable, useful to his fellow-creatures, and happy in himself. There are riches of intellect in various depart-

ments, and no man with an intellectual hobby can be called poor.

Neither artists nor authors are very rich in purse; but perhaps no set of men, with all their want, anxiety, and jealousy, enjoy life more. The scholar, who merely collects books to read, and not to use, is a rich man: a good "tall copy" of a rare work will fill him with extreme pleasure. Other men are rich in health, in constant cheerfulness, in a mercurial temperament which floats them over troubles and trials enough to sink a ship-load of ordinary men. Others are rich in disposition, family, and friends. There are some men so amiable that everybody likes them; some so cheerful that they carry a very atmosphere of jollity about them. Such men are really the truly rich; for, to pass through life innocently and happily, to be wisely and contentedly poor, to bear the trials we all must bear quietly and well, to do what little good we can, without the awful responsibility of misapplied wealth, is a far happier fate than being grand, elevated, and overladen with golden riches.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF "SLANG" IN WRITING AND CONVERSATION.

AN American writer, who wishes to be considered more witty than the rest of his countrymen, startles us with the declaration that there are four hundred and ninety-seven languages on the earth besides "*ogling*, or the language of the eyes." If we are reduced to count that unwritten and unspoken language, why should we omit others? There is that of the fingers, of the forehead, the language of the shoulders, or shrug language, and various motions and expressive signs of the limbs, including that of peculiar significance among certain savages, which consists in slightly moving the *patella*, or knee-cap. There is that which is given by a grunt, and there are also the innumerable languages of animals. The dog language, not meaning the bad Latin which is vented and invented by doctors, but that of barks, whines, snuffles, and squeaks which dogs exchange. Do we not all remember that story of the Irish doctor, a philokunist or dog lover, as well as a philanthropist, who, meeting with one of these animals with a broken leg,

took it home, and, setting the limb, cured it? The dog was grateful enough, and went away, expressively blinking his eyes and wagging his tail. The very next month brought another dog with a broken leg; nay, the next week, another dog in distress—all to be cured by the doctor. How did he manage to let his fellow-sufferers know of the art of surgery? Do dogs talk one with another? Do horses, as Swift observed, hold conversations over their oats, and interchange opinions on their hay? Mr. Darwin has proved that ants—yes, even British ants—are not so averse to slavery as British people, and that tribes of slave-holding *Formicæ* make war upon other and weaker tribes, and bear away captives, who are taught to nurse the young and hatch the *pupæ*, to cleanse and build the cells, and to close the doors whilst the stronger tyrant walks abroad for food or war. Our old brag, that on our sacred shore there never treads a slave, is after all an empty boast whilst these exist: but who shall exterminate these myriads? Do they talk and hold councils of war? Shall we go to the ant, not only to learn industry, but to acquire knowledge for our domestic institutions? How shall we learn their tongue?

Slang is a great question nowadays, when a female novelist calls *delirium tremens* "Del. Trem.," and gets praise for her facility in using mannish phrases and cant terms by one's Pet Review; and it may be worth while gossiping about the use of that fanciful verbiage which is spoken everywhere, which dwells upon the tip of every tongue, and which in town and country is equally understood and used. Everybody speaks it, high and low life indulge in it, yet its name is a vulgar one, nothing less than "slang."

Now what is slang? We will endeavour to answer the question, aided by a list of Cant, Slang, and Vulgar Words. Vulgar, from *vulgus*, common; *cant*, here not meaning hypocrisy, but from the same derivative as our canto, chant, incantation, the Latin *cantare*, to sing; something sung over, a senseless repetition, in fact, or something repeated without a strictly assigned meaning. Now it may be affirmed that all newly imported words come at first under that designation. Lord Macaulay, writing nearly twenty-five years ago, speaks of "the new cant term, Conservative;" so it was then new and cant, in comparison to the words "Tory" and "Whig." But they in their turn were cant.

When the meal-tub plot was imagined by the wretch Dangerfield, those who believed in it were termed Tories, from an Irish word meaning robbers; and those who did not believe in it were called "Whigs," *Scottice*, sour milk or whey, a name applied to pale-faced malcontents. The names may now be said to be almost extinct, as the parties are. So again Radicals, a cant word from the reformers wishing for a radical cure in the constitution, *à radice*, from the very root of the matter. It would be an interesting but a somewhat difficult matter to point out all the "cant" words used amongst politicians: many of the party cries have been cant, but have since been adopted in the language.

Cant and slang, therefore, the common parlance of the English, so puzzling and difficult to the foreigner, are by no means to be limited to the vulgar or untaught portion of the community. The learned, who are supposed to speak the purest English, deal very widely in cant. Thus we have Oxford and Cambridge cant, and Church and Law cant; that

is to say, words which are universally accepted in the colleges and law offices, but are not used elsewhere. To "cut," avoid an unpleasant acquaintance; to be "plucked," turned back in an examination; to keep a "scout," a male servant; to have "battles," rations (at Cambridge "commons," hence "short commons"); to wear a "mortar board," college cap; to be "japanned," clothed in black, *i.e.*, ordained as a clergyman—are all more or less common Oxford talk. A "trotter" is a tailor's traveller; a "torpid," a slow boat; a "tuft," a gentleman-commoner, a rich student; a "don," one of the heads of colleges; a "coach," a tutor who "crams," or instructs those who are to be examined: all these words are portions of Oxford slang. Other words will occur to any one who has graduated at the University. A "quiz," a prying old fellow, and the now universal "row," a disturbance, are both Oxford words; and even the vulgar "dicky," a shirt-front, sprung from there; the students being also celebrated for first calling their fathers the "governors," and afterwards the "relieving officers," varied occasionally by such phrases as "the man who drops the tin," or money, and the "old party." From the College to the Church the step is but short; and although it is said, and with truth, that the most distinguished of our clergy are the conservators and teachers of pure English through the land, still it must be confessed that a considerable quantity of slang or symbolical language is used by them and by their adherents and audiences. A popular clergyman is said to have the "gift" (*i.e.*, of eloquence), to be much "followed," and largely "owned;" his admirers "sit under him," and are his "seals," or they are the "faithful" and the "accepted;" whilst opponents are

"tainted," and of the "outward world." A wicked village is "a very dark place." When a preacher speaks at a meeting he "improves the occasion." The various parties in the Church are "high and dry," or "low and slow," or the "broad" Church. Dissenters and very "low" Church are called "Evangelicals," or more shortly, "Gellies."

The cant of the Church, of religious people, and of the bar —and one should again remind one's readers that the word is used in a very different sense from that which signifies hypocrisy, with which we have nothing to do—is very different, and considerably less varied, than the shopkeepers' slang, which is perhaps the most odious and senseless of all. To be a "pushing" tradesman, to do a "roaring" trade, to sell at an "alarming sacrifice," to be in a particular "line," and to "dress your window" with tickets at "awfully low prices," are all phrases with which every one who passes through a London street or a country town is familiar. Yet each phrase is slang. Words are used out of their natural meanings, and twisted into strange positions. What can one mean by saying he is in the public "line," or the grocery "line," or the pawnbrokering "line?" Why should credit be termed "tick," assistants "counter-jumpers," or a dishonest tradesman be said to "let his creditors into the hole?" The only answer we can suggest is the great fondness for symbolism which exists amongst all people. We cannot speak in a straightforward way. We must deflect and turn off either to the right or the left. In this symbolism pride has a great part. Tradesmen are no longer simple shopkeepers. A shop is now a "magazine," or an "emporium;" a hair-cutter keeps a "saloon;" a draper has a "depôt;" and the very dust-

man who takes away our cinders is no longer a simple dusty Bob, but a "contractor." So again a common public-house is a "tavern," a larger one mounts up to "an hotel." Perhaps, and here we are touching upon delicate ground, this can nowhere be better exemplified than in the common "smock," a female garment of which we have no more right to appear unconscious, or to ignore, than the male garment the "shirt." Shakspeare uses it in a very pretty song—

> "And lady-smocks, all silver white,
> Do paint the meadows with delight"—

and the name of the flower yet lingers in the country; nor does any lady think it improper to talk about a smock-frock. But a false modesty turned the noun into the verb which is used for a change of linen; then that being generally used was avoided, and the French synonym used, and that again has been abandoned for some further subterfuge. Why? Does any one pretend to say that in treating a thing plainly, and (where necessary) "calling a spade a spade," there is anything wrong? If so, we had better go to America, where they talk of the "stands" of the tables, not daring to say "legs;" and a young lady will be highly offended if you dare to ask her to take a leg of a fowl or a breast of a turkey. There the latter is called "bosom;" and a mock modesty, which to us seems highly improper, has altered some round dozen of good sound English words, which our best and purest girls use without so much as thinking upon them. There, indeed, the matter lies. "A nice man," said Swift, "is a man of nasty ideas;" and too much delicacy betrays a pruriency of thought. Of old it was not so. Our Bible and our Church

Service, and our old preachers and divines, call things by their true names.

Symbolism is seen perhaps to its greatest extent in regard to that most pleasant visitant and true friend, money. Collectively or in the piece, this "is insulted by no less than one hundred and thirty slang words," many of them of great antiquity, others of more modern growth ; indeed, it may be said that its names are growing and increasing day by day. It is the circulating medium, the ready, the rhino ; the needful, *sine quâ non*, mopusses, stuff, yellow boys, ochre, queen's pictures, and palm oil. It bears also the names of the beans, brads, brass, blunt, dust, dibbs, and coppers. It, or parts of it, are called browns, bits, flags, joeys, benders, fadges, fiddlers, sprats, testers, tizzies, tanners, twelvers, and hogs ; going further, we have quids, canaries, bulls, half-bulls, caroons, and cart-wheels ; and even then, as many of our readers will perceive, we have not exhausted half the "endearing appellations" which are applied to the corrupter of men. Not only among the poor, but among the rich, these slang expressions are extant. The man who believes that poetry is all nonsense, that fancy is dead, and that symbolism is very stupid nonsense, yet talks about his "cool" hundred, or his friend being worth a "plum" (£100,000), giving a "monkey" (£500) for a horse, wagering a "pony" (£50), or not being satisfied till he has amassed a "marigold" (£1,000,000). We may conclude this paragraph by noticing that many of the terms used now for money are derived from the figures on the Saxon or early coinage, such as a bull, a hog, &c., and that a great number of such terms may be found in the pages of Shakspeare and our elder dramatists.

In Ben Jonson especially we have some very curious slang words, which are in vogue to this day ; and this brings us to the antiquity and the wonderful prevalence of these words.

As to the prevalence, we may here remark that anything which is thought a happy expression travels fast and spreads widely. Take, for instance, that eommon exclamation, "Who's your hatter?" or those equally improperly formed and misused noun and adjective, "stunner" and "stunning." It is not very many years ago since the words were confined to the lowest society. Mr. *Punch* introduced them to the drawing-rooms by a caricature, wherein a little boy asks his mamma whether his toy be not a "stunner ;" and now very pretty and genteel lips have doubtlessly used it for fun. The stage and the newspaper also circulate common words, which get welded, as it were, into the language. "What an idea!" and "How provoking!" both used now by every one, were once vulgar and slang expressions. "How's your mother?" "Don't you wish you may get it?" and "over the left," are growing more common and less objectionable. Why should it be vulgar to ask after one's mother? Why should it be thought witty and humorsome to request people to "go to Bath," or urge the necessity of travelling to "Putney?" In slang, as in everything, even in the deepest depths there is a deeper still. Deepest of all, perhaps, is the slang of the prize-ring. Knocking a man down is there "grassing him ;' to blacken his eyes, to "shut up his shutters ;" his teeth are "ivories," his nose a "smeller," his eyes "peepers," and his mouth a "kisser ;" the poor fellow's chest or stomach is his "bread-basket," his jaws a "potato-trap ;" and if he gets such

a blow upon his head as knocks him senseless, his adversary is declared to have made "such a stunning investment on his nob as made him kiss his mother earth." Here, as we have before noticed, is symbolism carried to its greatest extent; it becomes tiring, nauseous, and vulgar; but it says much for the sense of propriety and the discernment of the *Times*, that in a report of a very celebrated fight, which it could not well omit, the interest of the public being so great, by leaving out every particle of slang, it produced such a vivid and lifelike sketch of the fight, with all its endurance and all its brutality, as was never before written.

The antiquity of this curious kind of language is now all that we have space to refer to; and we shall have to show that, after all, slang is not the production solely of the ignorant, and that there is a considerable under-stratum of sound learning at the bottom of it. The word "bore," a troublesome, tiresome fellow, is common enough: Shakspeare uses it—

"At this instant he BORES me with some trick."

This may be derived from the Greek *baros*, a burden. Prince Albert, in one of his recent speeches, uses the word. "Bosh" is Persian, and signifies therein, we are told, what we now understand by it, nonsense. Boxes, gifts, Christmas boxes, may be Arabic *backsheesh*, gifts, &c. Easterns pronounce this word through the nose, very much as a Jew would pronounce our word "boxes." Another derivation of the word is from the satchel and money-box, which mendicant friars carried about with them at the Christmas season. "Pal," a brother, is gipsy; a "cur," a mean fellow, may be from *ischur*,

a thievish fellow, Hindostanee; "pannem," bread, is from *panis*, Latin; to "patter" is from *pater noster*, in reference to the priests' repetition of the prayer; and a "hocus-pocus" trick is derived, they say, from *hoc est corpus*, words used at the elevation of the Host. Doubtless many of the poor scholars of the age of Elizabeth and James added their stock of learned words to the common parlance. Danish, Saxon, and Welsh language is also found in the mouths of those who never heard the names of those nations, and lingers especially amongst our provincial countrymen. Many of the words of America, which create a diversion here, are simply old English provincial words. We might indeed say all, as we doubt whether the Americans have originated any. One kind of common parlance we may all notice and all avoid, and that is the misuse of words, and the great exaggeration in the use of adjectives, which may safely be called "a young lady's slang." She calls her gown a "sweet thing," when it has not a particle of sweetness about it; a pie is "beautiful," and a piece of beef "lovely." In each of these common phrases the adjective is, as the young ladies would say, "frightfully" misused. People who are rich—and, by the way, in idle gossip riches are always exaggerated—have "heaps" of money, or, as young men say, "lots of tin." If two young ladies walk a mile, they have been an "immense" distance, and are "enormously" tired. This fault has not been confined to our age. Dr. Johnson once addressed a gentlewoman thus:—"Madam," said he, "you do not understand the use of words. You say, with a smile, that you are enormously vexed and immensely chagrined; so far as I can see, there is nothing enormous or immense about the matter."

The reproof was a just one, and is needed as much now as then; if a little more common sense were used, we should have considerably less vulgarity in our common parlance; certainly he who endeavours to lead the Gentle Life will not allow his tongue to catch up every idle trick of expression, and thus introduce into the drawing-room that which came from the gutter. Slang lames thought and clogs it with unmeaning repetition; if we think of what we are speaking, that mind must be but a poor one which does not furnish its owner with language far better and more expressive than slang.

THE SERVANTS WITHIN OUR GATES.

THE proverb about "little miseries being the worst in life," is very true. Not one of us is there but would exchange all his little troubles for some heavy one, and so have it over at once. As a continuation in small good works, continued calmness, sweet temper, charitable thoughts, excellent conversation, and benevolent feelings, is more meritorious than doing a grand thing off-hand, so to bear little troubles is ever so much the harder. "Light cares cry out: the heavier are dumb." The Marquis of Anglesea with the most heroic indifference had his leg cut off upon that wooden table they still show you at Waterloo. He said not a word, he moved not a muscle; but we doubt whether he would have borne a scalded foot, or the infliction of a tight boot on a bad corn, for six weeks, equally well. It was all very well for Curtius to jump, horse and all, poor creature, down the gulf in Rome, galloping to his death, brilliantly, gloriously armed, fresh, handsome, and bold, and with the eyes of all Rome, of all the fair matrons and the pretty girls upon him; it was fine and brilliant and bold, and will live for ever in story; but to live for forty years, like

St. Simeon Stylites, on the top of a narrow pillar, drenched with dews, baked with hot sunshine, full of agues, pinches, and sores, with one's bones rotten and joints stiff, with rheums and colds, or the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir—and the flesh of saints as well as of sinners—that, we think, would be the trial. Or let us take the life of some self-denying cloistered nun, or, throwing aside saints in this common life, the lives of some dear good wives and mothers, to whom no day rises without its trial, no evening closes without its disappointment, upon whom the "eating cares" of the world fall as heavily as an iron chain, and with whom little troubles make up the amount of life; these, we think, would prove to us that the off-hand hero is not always the truest hero, and that, to use a homely simile, it is much more meritorious to gain a game at cards by good careful play than with a handful of trumps.

The sharpness of our little miseries is by no means diminished because they are found to be home-made. They are, like boots and small clothes, all the more clumsy for that. Probably no troubles fit a man so badly as his home-made ones. He can get over others, but he cannot endure these; business may plague him, bills may become due, neighbours may prove enemies, scandals may fly abroad, and evil rumours vex him; but the man will be unhurt if he can lay his head on his pillow at home in peace and in love. It does not take away, but rather adds to the grievances of woman's lot, that her troubles are at home, and will keep so, and that she can by no means run away from them; she cannot leave them in that counting-house, or in such a street, or such a place. There they are, in her parlour, or down in her

kitchen; and one of those domestic plagues, pests, worries, or perpetual annoyances, is—servants.

Now, in the division of labour with which this world (or the Director of this world) has determined to carry existence on, the two principal ones of master and servant have never altered. There will always, we may henceforth judge, be those who do the work, and those who direct or look on. Both classes think their task very hard; both incessantly complain; the trouble of the one is answered by the trouble of the other, and except to a superior Being, who can fully understand the misery of both, the choice would indeed be a hard one, which of the situations in life to choose. Of course, a proud man would seize at once upon being the master of twelve legions, or something grand; but I am not writing for proud men only, but for people who know the conditions of life and the duties and responsibilities which attach to each.

At present we have arrived at a crisis in the history of servitude. We are always fancying that we have come to a crisis, but this appears really to be one. The spread of education has given an extra value to service, and has, moreover, made the servers know their own value. Other agents, in which the actual class chiefly benefited had little to do, have improved their condition. These are easy locomotion, giving them a chance of changing from place to place, and a system of emigration which very surely and very happily removes a certain number every year to places where they can easily better their condition. Hence we are told there is a lack of good servants; we are also told that masters and mistresses pay more and are worse served, and that when they do get

a good servant, they cannot keep him or her. Lastly, the ideal servant, the Cabel Balderstone, the one who would do everything, and never think of being paid, the saint who worshipped the family and was ever true to his trust; the phenomenon who had merged his whole life's aim, all hope of progress and reward, into the one aim of devotion to the family; the genuine humble friend who, when a lawsuit ruined the master, brought him in a canvas bag his whole life's savings, and poured them in his lap, saying, "Have I eaten the bread of the house, and shall I withhold my mite when in distress?"—this saint, this friend, this paragon, is wholly extinct!

And a very good thing too. Admitting that such have existed, as they may have rarely,* perhaps the sooner we get rid of them the better. Such heart-whole devotion is pretty in novels; but in actual life it will not, as they say of certain cheap prints, "wash." It is not right that one class should so utterly forget itself for another. Such is not service, but slavery; and whether that be paid in rations of sweet potatoes and hoe-cake, or in romantic love, we abhor it. Both men and women have their rights, and one of the most sacred is doing the best for themselves. This nation has thrived so

* We must remember that we have excellent pictures of servants in the good old times, drawn by Fielding (favourably), by Richardson (not always favourably), by Congreve, Wycherly, and Farquhar. We can go farther back; perhaps *High Life below Stairs*, although wonderfully true to nature, is a little overcharged, although Mr. Leech reproduces its leading features as still existing; but the servants of Brome (himself Ben Jonson's servant), Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakerley Marmion are surely true.

well upon self-dependence that we cannot deny it to a class. There is much to be said upon the side of the servants. First, we deny that they are not so good as they were. Any one who knows the old novelists and the old comedies, may remember that in those pictures of life which descend to such relations, there are many more rogues amongst the servitors than good people. The good servant always was and will be an exception, just as the good man. It is the ordinary servant that we have to deal with, and from him or her we must not expect extraordinary devotion. There is a very old proverb, that "service is no inheritance;" if it were so, matters would be different. If every faithful and good servant were sure of being kept in the family, and of being comfortably pensioned when too old to work, then we might look for extra devotion and good service. But it is not so. In ordinary society the state of those who keep servants is not secure. They may shine to-day and be ruined to-morrow. Living for appearances, many cannot afford to be just, much less generous. The servant is debarred from a hope of a pension or a future reward. The time comes when she is too old to work, and she has only the workhouse to look forward to, with the reflection that half of the continuous labour which she has exercised in service would in any petty trade have rendered her independent. The romance of the thing, therefore, perishes at once.

We have then to rely upon interest, self-interest, which keeps society together, and each in his place; and here the servant is very badly off. If all the wages received were put by in a savings-bank, or in an insurance company, the servant could not become rich then. In a dozen years perhaps £100

would be accumulated, to be at the mercy of any cunning speculator. But the young and untaught of a class brought up to continual labour cannot look so far. They must have some enjoyment. They are taught to be neat, and fond of dress. They naturally wish for some relaxation ; they want to go out. It is idle to ask them to enjoy themselves "at home." You might as well ask Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston to enjoy a game in the House of Commons after the session, or the shopman to amuse himself behind the counter, or the merchant in his counting-house, or Jack aboard ship. Now, home or the kitchen is the servant's workshop, and they naturally wish to escape from it. It is quite natural to do so ; it is the master's or the mistress's place to point out the best way for servants to enjoy their holiday. Their work is perpetual. It may not be very hard ; not nearly so hard as millinery or shopkeeping, and besides not being so hard, it is more varied and healthy ; but it is continuous ; and there's the plague of it. Some hour or so of recreation in each day, which she can fairly call her own, every servant should have.

I am not at all sure whether he who would be a gentleman, and would lead the Gentle Life truly, can approve of those caricatures of servants which the famous Mr. Leech has made, and which so many of us laugh at in *Punch*. I am by no means sure whether or not they are not terribly hard-hearted. I think they are very much so. Why should we prime ourselves upon our own fine conversation, and our own pronunciation especially ? It is, of course, very foolish of servants to try and use hard words, of which they don't know the meaning ; but are all of us free from the same fault ? Johnson

defined the cause of laughter to be an acute sense of superiority of the laugher over the laughed at, made suddenly apparent. That is a cruel definition of laughter: one would rather not share such mirth. Then again, there is that stupid method of laughing at servants, which has obtained on the stage and in cheap novels, or, for the matter of that, dear novels written by fine ladies, which consists wholly of making them misplace their h's. Do none of us ever do so? Here is a learned dean who declares that it is right to say, "a humble;" Coleridge writes, "an high," and very capital scholars do not know whether to say *a* hospital or *an* hospital; in short, so difficult a letter, if it be a letter, is this H, that even makers of great dictionaries have blundered over it, and why should not Mary and Jane and John? Whole counties do so, not the cockneys, they perhaps least of all; lords and ladies do so, and many nervous scholars, who have all their lives been spending their time in the best society. Of course they do not blunder at their books; we never place a false aspirate in spelling, but a slight tremor will make a nervous lady trip. Nor does it strike one as at all funny to hear a footman or a chambermaid repeat through a whole play, "Ho, 'ow my 'art beats; 'ow 'eavy hit his;" although it may make us smile at the ingenuity of the joke, when we are told that a travelling bagman spelt "saloon" with a hess and a ha, a hell, two double hoes and a hen. No! the world of knowledge is so wide, and we are so ignorant on many points, that we should not laugh at the deficiencies of the untaught servant.

Taken young from their parents, badly or hastily brought up, familiar with want, and sometimes with sin, in their

homes, female servants are often put to trials which would trouble female saints. Yet few masters or mistresses instruct them kindly; but they most especially should do so. The benevolent Sydney Smith, whose fun was the brighter for being based upon benevolence, had a curious and original way with his servants. He took them young, and instructed them in every particular. "I am very strict with my little maid," he once said to Mrs. Marcet, who was spending some time with him. "Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. Come here, Bunch—(a familiar nickname)—come here, and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, squat, fair, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, and as grave as a judge, and without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle-fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle-fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open, and not attending, sir." "And curtsey-bobbing?" "Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please, sir." "Good girl; now you may go;" and away trotted Bunch. This humorous passage proves that Bunch was one of the family; and there is no doubt but that when she left, she was thoroughly instructed, and a remarkably good servant. But in most families too much pride and too great a distance between employer and employed make the life of both very unhappy. Solitary confinement, with work at stated hours, seems to many preferable to the eternal round of work which some servants have.

In Miss Thackeray's excellent novel, the *Story of Eliza-*

beth, there is a somewhat new point in such books. The authoress—indulging in calmer reflections than the majority of young ladies do—seems to feel that she is by no means sure that happiness and great peace, and love and success, constitute the higher life.* Perhaps, by the same rule, the low and despised situation of a servant may be of more true value to a soul than that of a prince, or of a fine gentleman of the present day, who belongs to the four-in-hand club, and who looks—which is rather rare, one must confess—as well as one of those ideal gentlemen, those guardsmen drawn of the purest aristocratic element which we see in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, and which, to be sure, a young fellow may be excused in dressing after.

If to be great amongst us, we must willingly or from position serve the rest; if constant self-denial within sight of as constant indulgence, and many luxuries and riches—if these and other trials and humiliations constitute the harder and the higher life, then servants lead this life, and we should aid them and honour them because they do. They rise before others in the house, and sometimes, nay often, go to bed later.

* Take this sketch of the disappointed lover of the heroine:—"He works very hard, he earns very little—he is one of the best men I ever knew. * * I was wondering if Elizabeth, who chose her husband because she loved him, and for no better reason, might not have been as wise if she could have appreciated the gifts better than happiness; these well-stored granaries, these vineyards, these fig-trees, which Antony held in his hand to offer. Self-denial and holy living are better than ease and prosperity. But for that reason some people turn wilfully away from the mercies of Heaven, and call the angels devils, and its gracious bounties temptations." P. 286.

They have not the impulse to do this, which the tradesman or the man of business has. They have the plain hard work, without the sugar-sweet reward. No wonder that to them life is barren enough. The picture of that miserable "little Marchioness," which Dickens gave in his *Humphrey's Clock*, was not all ideal. Many poor little souls have to undergo cruelty and starvation and hard treatment, as our police trials show, which make the heart sick to think of. The benefits of life are not all on the side of those who serve, as some mistresses would persuade you, nor are all the troubles and trials on the side of the latter. It may be taken as a general rule, that a bad mistress makes a bad servant, and that the reverse holds good. Kindliness, attention, Christian sympathy, all pay very much better than many people are aware. The character of men or women is perhaps better known by the treatment of those below them than by anything else, for to them they rarely condescend to play the hypocrite. A neat, happy-looking servant—one who has leisure to attend to herself, who has necessary indulgences, and who is able to get through her work well—tells far more in favour of a house than a grand hulking footman, without a smile on his face. People should be judged by the happiness they create in those around them, especially by the good which they do to those who minister to their home comforts at all times and at all seasons.

After all, servants are very much as individual masters and mistresses render them. It is absurd to expect more of them than you do of yourself. Let us perform our part of the contract, and we shall soon find that they perform theirs. In the meantime, in this social contract, we think that the master

ought to be lectured as well as the employed. The "duty towards thy neighbour" includes both. It may seem patriarchal and "green," and romantic and utterly foolish, to refer in modern days to so old a statute; but the relation of master and servant is patriarchal. Wages have improved in amount, but are not equivalently so large as they used to be. These should be raised; for a good servant is worth many bad ones, and will save double the extra amount paid. If certificates of conduct were given, a certain provision for old age instituted, and Miss Coutts's admirable plan of education in common things further carried out, we should hear no more of bad servants. Mistresses should keep on their own territory, be more trustful, and treat their servitors more like humble friends than a totally distinct creation. They should respect the feelings of those below them, and look to doing their own duty; for in a few years the difference will entirely cease, and it will not then much matter whether one has been a cook or a counsellor; but it will much matter whether we have done "our duty in that position in which it has pleased God to call us."

ON BEING SOBERLY SAD.

ONE of the most entrancing and intoxicating pleasures which mankind are apt to indulge in, is a grave melancholy, which begins about middle life, and increases as years increase. A truly merry and cheerful old man or woman is very rarely met with, and, when met with, is as admirable as rare. The little epitaph which Shakspeare's Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, pronounces upon her husband, is one which few of us deserve, but which, when deserved, cannot fail to mark a man who has led a useful, and, most likely, a blameless life :—

"God rest his soul !—he was a merry man."

As the old nurse laughs, the long-passed summer days come back, when the nurse and husband smiled at the gambols of the child. That man cannot be a very bad man to whom infantine tricks and gambols afford merriment, and to whom the yet young heart presents memories of his own young days. The melancholy and morose man to whom a child's laugh is an annoyance ; who loves to sit in quiet, and to nurse his own wrongs ; who broods upon his misery and his failures, and girds at other men, from whose merit he detracts, cannot

afford half the satisfaction that he does who wears this strange net-work of life about him lightly, who cheers his fellow-passengers on the same road, and who merits the name of a merry fellow.

There is a legend as old as any in the Christian Church, which has given a certain character to gloom and has made it more dignified and princely than it really is. It is that the Saviour was never seen to smile, but oftentimes to weep. But this, if true, does not concern us. With His Infinite Purpose like a robe about Him, and the whole sorrows of mankind resting like a crown of thorns upon His brow, it is not likely that He should, as Shakspeare puts it, "Laugh mortal." But that He smiled at the gambols of a child, and shared the joy of the good, is surely as certain as that He sat at a wedding feast, and turned water into wine, and entered the house of joy as well as that of mourning. Man is a laughing animal; in this he is superior, if in nothing else; and to be ashamed of laughter, to hold back merriment and mirth, to wear a simulated gloom and morose seriousness, may suit the ascetic, but is unworthy of the good, brave man, who loves sunshine, and the lark's song, and the open breezy day, and dares to enjoy the happy thoughts which his Creator has given him.

There is a certain kind of sorrow which is as selfish and mean as it is useless and unavailing. The brave, good man may determine to take things as they come, but he tries to make them come right. His religion bids him to believe that "true piety is cheerful as the day," and that too much melancholy is as bad or worse than too much lightness. He believes that an undue indulgence in such a passion has in it

more of laziness and self-gratification. It seems to agree with our piteous nature to mourn over our losses, and to talk fondly, and with disconsolateness, about those who have gone before us ; but even too much solicitude about the dead is against the feeling of trust and faith which Christianity should teach. It may seem very romantic to be nursing a sentimental affection for a relic or a grave, and there are many losses which can never be made up ; but, ordinarily, they should mourn most who have done least for the departed, and whose consciences reproach them for the lapses they have made. We should not look mournfully over the past; it is, as Byron wrote and thought, it *is* past—we can never recall it. Do what we will, we cannot get back the angry word which has been spoken, the selfish deed, the unjust reproach, the wrong that we have done, or the pain that we have inflicted. It is well to remember these things with something like shame, but not with a permanent melancholy, which, more than anything, indisposes us for action.

We may observe that the most self-indulgent and lazy people are generally the most inclined to take sad and miserable views of life. The hypochondriac who nurses his spleen never looks forward cheerfully, but lounges in his invalid chair, and croaks like a raven, foreboding woe. "Ah," says he, "you will never succeed ; these things always fail." As with nations, so with people. From Sir John Mandeville downwards, Eastern travellers will tell you of the dreamy melancholy of the Arab and Egyptian, and of the sleepy gloom of the Bedouin, who believes not in joy. The Muezzin howl their prayers with heart-rending accents. "The melancholy faces," says the author of *Nile Notes*, an entrancing

book of travel,* "symbolize the sad magnificence of their race." But here we are at issue. The faces of the Easterns seem to us to show too often cruel, melancholy, sad hearts, and belong to people ready enough to spring upon a traveller to rob and to oppress him, but not ready to trust themselves. The Thug of India, whose prayer is a homicide, and whose offering is the body of a victim, is melancholy; the Cossack ruffian soldier is as sad as the oppressed Pole; the Indian is melancholy indeed, and now more so than ever, for he has no hunting-grounds, and his future is darkening; the Fijian, waiting to smash in the skull of a victim, and to prepare a *bakalo* for his gods, is gloomy as fear and death; the Bushman of South Africa, and the native negro, with his horrent rites of bloody worship, are melancholy too.

Times of perturbation, of trial, and of cessation from the ordinary routine of joy-giving labour and common occupation, are followed by much natural melancholy. Excitement produces its re-action. Sadly profound is the melancholy of a Frenchman upon whom old age has come suddenly. It is as deep and as selfish as that of a sick ape. The gloomiest of all times, surpassing those of Vienna's black death, or of the plague year in London, was that of the French Revolution, when all people shouted in mad excitement the "Ça ira," and danced the Carmagnole; and yet they effected a ghastly fun, and made up sewing-parties of finely dressed ladies at

* By an American, Mr. G. W. Curtis, whose works are not so well known in this country as they should be. *Nile Notes* has been twice reprinted here; the local colouring, the power and dreamy languor of the book, entitle Mr. Curtis to a very high rank amongst American writers.

the Place of the Guillotine, whilst they went onwards in an intoxication as mad as it was sad.

A life of great excitement will, after the effervescence has passed off, leave a sad residuum. Of this, a very notable instance was Byron, as he has told us in his strangely conceited diary. "Experience," he says, "comes to reproach us with the past, to disgust us with the present, to alarm us with the future." Was there ever a more melancholy sentence penned? What a cheerful look-out on life must his have been! Once, after a party, his wife remarked upon his high spirits. "And yet, Bell," said he, "I have been miscalled melancholy. You see how falsely!" "No, Byron," she answered, "it is not so; at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest." The answer flattered his lordship's conceit, but it was true. He was unhappy about his lame foot, his short figure, his fatness. He weighed fourteen stone seven pounds, as he records with much misery; he was melancholy because everybody did not worship him. "One success," said he, "makes a man miserable for life," and again, "Last season I was the lion of every party; but *this*, ye gods! what am I?" That is, people did not take enough notice of him. A little Christian humility in his lordship, who was fond of talking about a philosophic faith, would have cured all this.

But we must remember that, in talking of those who indulge in this kind of sadness, we by no means mean miserable people. On the contrary, the melancholy temperament carries its consolation with it. Like the man in the comedy, it "likes to be made a martyr of." Children in the sulks have a certain pleasure in talking. Women who quarrel and

flounce out of the room are delighted in flouncing, and in persuading themselves that they think, or really in thinking, how ill-used they are. Addison tells us that he had read somewhere that the "women of Greece were seized with a pleasurable melancholy in which they put an end to their own lives;" and the self-elected ascetics of our own day, and those of past ages, scourged themselves not without a secret satisfaction. The melancholy of the eastern Jews after their black fast, and the ill-temper of monks and nuns after their Fridays and Wednesdays, is very observable; it is the recompense which a proud nature takes out of the world for its selfish sacrifice. *Melancholia* is the black bile which the Greeks presumed overran and pervaded the bodies of such persons; and fasting does undoubtedly produce this. But, so far from its being pleasing to the Almighty, we have direct testimony against it. "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites"—do not, in effect, pull long faces, wear uncombed hair, unshaven beards, and dirty linen; do not appear to men to fast, but anoint yourselves, look cheerful, be brave and manly.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has, in a prefatory dialogue, alternately shown the beauty and the hatefulness of melancholy. But he commences with its joys, and he tells us that, to a musing man, nothing is so delicious. "When I go musing all alone," he writes—

> "Pleasing myself with phantasies sweet,
> Methinks the time runs very fleet.
> All my joys to this are folly;
> Naught so sweet as melancholy."

But in the next stanza he paints its sorrows and disagreements. It is a growing vice. It attacks us at first in a gentle

way, and may be repelled ; but, if we welcome it, we are lost. It comes to us as an infant, but it quickly grows to a giant. It is conceited and full of self-pity. Every melancholy man thinks enough of himself. Saturn, lordliest and proudest of the stars, is lord also of melancholy. Stately and melancholy is the proud peacock ; profoundly so is the aged lion or decrepit old hound ; dignified is the melancholy owl ; and vindictive and proud the tomb-haunting jackal and hyena, most melancholy of animals. The melancholy man loves solitude and quiet musing. But he, says the proverb, "who would be always alone, must be a god, or a beast." A man loves the company of his fellows : "It is not good that man should be alone."

Throughout Burton's book melancholy is treated as a disease ; this "feral malady," he calls it ; "this beastly sickness." But in his time England was still "merry England," and solidity and gravity of countenance were not so much in fashion. All classes danced and sung, and laughed as much as they could. Harry the Eighth and Queen Bess were both very merry in their way, and loved a joke as well as their subjects. Puritanism and asceticism began to grow under James I., a pedantic, weak-minded, melancholy king, disposed to this sadness from birth, or probably, in his, and other like cases, from before birth. But Shakspeare, who flourished in his reign, was, and is, the very pattern and specimen of cheerfulness. "And," he says, of a character which critics say is drawn from himself, a more free, open, and jolly man—

> "Within the limits of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

And all around him was an atmosphere of cheerfulness. It is impossible to think of Jonson, Raleigh, Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Fuller, Spenser, and others as melancholy men. Nay, even the divines are jovial; the English martyrs are not downhearted. Cranmer cheers his brother martyrs, and Latimer walks with a face shining with cheerfulness to the stake, upholds his fellows' spirits, and seasons all his sermons with pleasant anecdotes.

The troubles which followed in the reign of Charles—again a mournful sovereign, as Vandyke's portraits will show us—made the best of men sad enough. The younger Falkland, walking about just before his death, wringing his hands and lamenting the war, was but a type of the rest of the nation. Puritanism was up and on its metal; melancholy grew respectable, because the royalists chose too often to be ranting, roaring, defiant, and drunken. But it is wrong to suppose that the master-spirits of the day were dejected or depressed. It would be hard to find more kindly, strong, provident, and cheerful letters than those of Oliver Cromwell, all through the war. He was ever looking after the comforts of his men, thinking of his children and of the country. So, again, was Hampden, down to the time when he was shot through the spine on Chalgrove field; so, too, was Milton, who, when blind, old, and poor, showed a royal cheerfulness, and, as he writes, never "bated one jot of heart or hope, but steered right onwards," upheld by the consciousness of having done his duty in defending the dear land of his birth against her assailants; a feat in which he lost his eyesight, but of which he says, proudly, "whereof all Europe rings from side to side."

The face of him who was called the Merry Monarch

always seems to us to have been a very melancholy, saturnine one. His death was perhaps as sad as any recorded; his court, noisy, vicious, and bankrupt, was something like its misguided monarch; and he had too many sins at his back, and too many follies to reproach himself with, to be very cheerful. Noisy and exuberant his courtiers were, but surely not the king, with his sulks and bad humours, and savage repartees. The merriness, also, which overflooded the nation was of a bad sort. It resembled the eccentric fun of a fast man in our days. It was fast; it led the nation and almost all its component individuals to the verge of a bankruptcy both of honour and of money. The "universal joy" which inaugurated the reign, and of which Hume and other Tory historians speak, had but a poor foundation, and since its consequent collapse and ruin a deeper melancholy has set in upon the nation, and it is very doubtful whether we shall ever be "Merry England" again. Many causes go to hinder it; not only our foggy climate, not only the smoke of London—

> "Clothed in native gloom,
> The sadness of a drunkard o'er a tomb"

—but the trials and struggles of life, which increase as life goes on, the intense haste in which we all work, the sharpness of competition, the enormous area of our manufactures and trade, the consequent continual employment of thought in every branch of art or method of getting a livelihood; the intensity of our religious convictions, which will not be satisfied with empty show: these all go to render life much more sad and melancholy than, probably, the great Creator ever intended it should be; for, judging from analogy, joy

and merriment should spread themselves throughout creation, and, at the very utmost, old age should resolve itself into a sober sadness. Thus it should be to him who leads the Gentle Life. We look forward in the future to the joys of Paradise; to a complete freedom from sorrow, and an existence of the purest joy. The life of this world is one of probation, but not necessarily of gloom or melancholy. It is the period of trial to fit us for those joys which the world cannot give nor take away.

Lordly man may at least pride himself, as he surely will do, for he is perverse, and magnifies his sorrows, in having a pre-eminence in sadness. Paley has devoted a chapter of his manly and admirable work to prove that the world holds "myriads of happy beings" besides man, that insects "are full of joy and exultation. A bee," he writes, "among the flowers is one of the most cheerful objects which can be looked on; all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased. Even plants are covered with aphides, constantly sucking their juices, and constantly in a state of gratification." So also the flowing waters of rivers and the stagnant waters of the pond; the damp of the cellar and the ambient air around us—all teem with enjoying life. "What a sum collectively of gratification and pleasure have we here in view!" says Paley, and surely he summed up with a smile on his face; and Wordsworth, elsewhere sombre enough, in the most splendid ode ever written by mortal pen, saw splendour in the grass and glory in the flower; and that "land and sea gave themselves up to jollity;" and this was to his, one of the most reflective minds that we have ever had, enough not to breed an unhappiness, but to inspire "perpetual benedictions."

Milton has balanced merriness and melancholy so beautifully, that we can only thereby see, not which way he inclined, but that he had experienced both ; and he called sadness, let us remember, "Il Penseroso," the thoughtful. Cheerfulness of old, astrologers dubbed Jovial, its subject being born under Jupiter, a kingly planet which gives a kingly spirit.

We may be assured that the ordinary Christian may be excused from mourning over the vices and follies of the age. What he has to do is his best, letting his neighbours alone, looking charitably on their vices, and being blind to their faults. It is well to remember that the two great churches of England and of Rome are cheerful in their ordinances and behests, and season their fasts with due and necessary feasts. It is a poor heart which never rejoices, and a merry one which goes all day like a strong watch with a good balance and a sound mainspring. Cheerfulness has, after all, honour in this world ; we all love a bold face and a light spirit ; and our admiration and sympathy are rightly accorded to that captain who, in the storm and battle of life, still keeps a stout heart, a cheerful word, and a bright look-out, and who disdains to be as mournful and full of gloomy despondency as Job, without one-thousandth part of that patriarch's afflictions.

ON BEING MERRY AND WISE.

BARON MUFFLING relates of the Duke of Wellington, that that great general remained at the Duchess of Richmond's ball till about three o'clock on the morning of the 16th of June, 1815, "showing himself very cheerful." The Baron, who is a very good authority on the subject, having previously proved that every plan was laid in the Duke's mind, and Quatre Bras and Waterloo fully detailed, we may comprehend the value of the sentence. It was the bold trusting heart of the hero that made him cheerful. He showed himself cheerful, too, at Waterloo. He was never very jocose; but on that memorable 18th of June he showed a symptom of it. He rode along the line and cheered men by his look and his face, and they too cheered him, and so we Englishmen ever have done, being bold and of good cheer when in the face of danger. But, when the danger was over—when the 21,000 brave men of his own and the Prussian army lay stiffening in death—the Duke, who was so cheerful in the midst of his danger, covered his face with his hands and wept. He asked for that friend, and he was slain; for this, and a bullet had pierced his heart. The men who had devoted themselves to

death for their leader and their country had been blown to pieces, or pierced with lances, or hacked with sabres, and lay, like Ponsonby covered with thirteen wounds, upon the ground. Well might the Duke weep, iron though he was. "There is nothing," he writes, "nothing in the world so dreadful as a battle lost, unless it be such a battle won. Nothing can compensate for the dreadful cruelty, carnage, and misery of the scene, save the reflection on the public good which may arise from it."

Forty years' peace succeeded the great battle. Forty years of prosperity, during which he himself went honoured to his tomb, rewarded the constant brave look and tongue which answered his men, when he saw the whole side of a square blown in, with "Hard work, gentlemen! They are pounding away! We must see who can pound the longest." It is not too much to say that the constant cheerfulness of the Duke of Wellington was one great element of success in the greatest battle ever fought, one of the fifteen decisive battles in the world, great in the number engaged, greater in the slaughter, greatest in the results. But all commanders ought to be cheerful. Gloomy looks do not do in the army. A set of filibusters or pirates may wear looks and brows as black as the sticking-plaster boots that their representatives are dressed in at the minor theatres; but a soldier or a sailor should be, and as a rule is, the most cheerful of fellows, doing his duty in the trench or the storm, dying when the bullet comes, but living like a hero the while. Look, for instance, at the whole-hearted cheerfulness of Raleigh, when with his small English ships he cast himself against the navies of Spain; or at Xenophon, conducting back from an inhospitable and hostile

country, and through unknown paths, his ten thousand Greeks ; or Cæsar, riding up and down the banks of the Rubicon, sad enough belike when alone, but at the head of his men cheerful, joyous, well dressed, rather foppish, in fact, his face shining with good humour as with oil. Again, Nelson in the worst of dangers was as cheerful as the day. He had even a rough but quiet humour in him, just as he carried his coxswain behind him to bundle the swords of the Spanish and French captains under his arm. He could clap his telescope to his blind eye, and say, "Gentlemen, I cannot make out the signal," when the signal was adverse to his wishes, and then go in and win, in spite of recall. Fancy the dry laughs which many an old sea-dog has had over that cheerful incident. How the story lights up the dark page of history ! Then there was Henry of Navarre, lion in war, winner of hearts, bravest of the brave, who rode down the ranks at Ivry when Papist and Protestant were face to face, when more than his own life and kingdom were at stake, and all the horrors of religious war were loosened and unbound ready to ravage poor unhappy France. That beaming hopeful countenance won the battle, and is a parallel to the brave looks of our own great Queen Elizabeth when she cheered her Englishmen at Tilbury.

But we are not all soldiers or sailors, although, too, our Christian profession hath adopted the title of soldiers in the battle of life. It is all very well to cite great commanders who, in the presence of danger, excited by hope, with the eyes of twenty thousand men upon them, are cheerful and happy ; but what is that to the solitary author, the poor artist, the governess, the milliner, the shoemaker, the factory-girl,

they of the thousand persons in profession or trade who are given to murmur, and who think life so hard and gloomy and wretched, that they cannot go through it with a smile on their faces and despair in their hearts? What are examples and citations to them? "Hecuba!" cries out poor, melancholy, morbid Hamlet striking on a vein of thought, "what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" Much.

We all have trials; but it is certain that good temper and cheerfulness will make us bear them more easily than anything else. "Temper," said one of our bishops, "is nine-tenths of Christianity." We do not live now in the Middle Ages. We cannot think that the sect of Flagellants who whipped themselves till the blood ran into their shoes, and pulled uncommonly long faces, were the best masters of philosophy. "True godliness is cheerful as the day," wrote Cowper, himself melancholy-mad enough; and we are to remember that the precept of the Founder of our faith, that when we fast we are to anoint our countenances and not to seem to fast, enjoins a certain liveliness of face. Sydney Smith, when a poor curate at Foster-le-Clay, a dreary, desolate place wrote, "I am resolved to like it, and to reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to fancy myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away, or being desolate, and such-like trash." And he acted up to this, said his prayers, made his jokes, did his duty, and, upon fine mornings, used to draw up the blinds of his parlour, open the window, and "glorify the room," as he called the operation, with sunshine. But all the sunshine without was nothing to the sunshine within the heart. It was that which made

him go through life so bravely and so well; it is that, too, which renders his life a lesson to us all.

We must also remember that the career of a poor curate is not the most brilliant in the world. That of an apprentice boy has more fun in it; that of a milliner's girl has more merriment and fewer depressing circumstances. To hear always the same mistrust of Providence, to see poverty, to observe all kinds of trial, to witness death-bed scenes —this is not the most enlivening course of existence, even if a clergyman be a man of mark and of station. But there was one whose station was not honoured, nay, even by some despised, and who had sorer trials than Sydney Smith. His name is well known in literature; and his writings and his example still teach us in religion. This was Robert Hall, a professor of a sombre creed in a sombre flat country, as flat and "deadly-lively," as they say, as need be. To add to difficulties and troubles, the minister was plagued with about as painful an illness as falls to the lot of humanity to bear. He had fought with infidelity and doubt; he had refused promotion, because he would do his duty where it had pleased God to place him: next he had to show how well he could bear pain. In all his trials he had been cheerful, forcible natural, and straightforward. In this deep one he preserved the same character. Forced to throw himself down and writhe upon the floor in his paroxysms of pain, he rose up, livid with exhaustion, and with the sweat of anguish on his brow, without a murmur.

In the whole library of brave anecdote there is no tale of heroism which, to us, beats this. It very nearly equals that of poor, feeble Latimer, cheering up his fellow-martyr as

he walked to the stake, "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley: we shall this day light such a fire in England as by God's grace shall not be readily put out." The very play upon the torture is brave, yet pathetic. Wonderful too was the boldness and cheerfulness of another martyr, Rowland Taylor, who, stripped to his shirt, was forced to walk towards the stake, who answered the jeers of his persecutors and the tears of his friends with the same noble constant smile, and, meeting two of his very old parishioners who wept, stopped and cheered *them* as he went, adding, that he went on his way rejoicing.

Heroes and martyrs are perhaps too high examples, for they may have, or rather poor, common, every-day humanity will think they have, a kind of high-pressure sustainment. Let us look to our own prosaic days; let us mark the constant cheerfulness and manliness of Dr. Maginn, or that much higher heroic bearing of Tom Hood. We suppose that everybody knows that Hood's life was not of that brilliant, sparkling, fizzing, banging, astonishing kind which writers such as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and some others, depict as the general life of literary men. He did not, like Byron, "jump up one morning, and find himself famous." All the libraries were not asking for his novel, though a better was not written; countesses and dairy-women did not beg his autograph. His was a life of constant hard work, constant trial or disappointment, and constant illness, enlivened only by a home affection and a cheerfulness as constant as his pain. When slowly, slowly dying, he made cheerful fun as often almost as he said his prayers. He was heard, after, perhaps, being almost dead, to laugh gently to himself in the still night, when his

wife or children, who were the watchers, thought him asleep. Many of the hard lessons of fate he seasoned, as old Latimer did his sermons, with a pun, and he excused himself from sending more "copy" for his magazine by a sketch, the "Editor's Apologies," a rough pen-and-ink drawing of physic-bottles and leeches. Yet Hood had not only his own woes to bear, but felt for others. No one had a more tender heart —few men a more Catholic and Christian sympathy for the poor—than the writer of the *Song of the Shirt.*

What such men as these have done, every one else surely can do. Cheerfulness is a Christian duty; moroseness, dulness, gloominess, as false, and wrong, and cruel as they are unchristian. We are too far advanced now in the light of truth to go back into the Gothic and conventual gloom of the Middle Ages, any more than we could go back to the exercises of the Flagellants and the nonsense of the præ-Adamites. All whole-hearted peoples have been lively and bustling, noisy almost in their progress, pushing, energetic, broad in shoulder, strong in lung, loud in voice, of free brave colour, bold look and bright eyes. They are the cheerful people in the world—

"Active doers, noble livers—strong to labour, sure to conquer;"

and soon pass in the way of progress the more quiet and gloomy of their fellows. That some of this cheerfulness may be simply animal is true, and that a man may be a dullard and yet sit and "grin like a Cheshire cat;" but we are not speaking of grinning. Laughter is all very well; is a healthy, joyous, natural impulse; the true mark of superiority between man and beast, for no inferior animal laughs; but we are not writing of laughter, but of that continued even tone of spirits,

which lies in the middle zone between frantic merriment and excessive despondency. Cheerfulness arises from various causes: from health; but it is not dependent upon health;—from good fortune; but it does not arise solely from that;—from honour, and position, and a tickled pride and vanity; but, as we have seen, it is quite independent of these. The truth is, it is a brave habit of the mind; a prime proof of wisdom; capable of being acquired, and of the very greatest value.

A cheerful man is pre-eminently a useful man. He does not "cramp his mind, nor take half views of men and things." He knows that there is much misery, but that misery is not the rule of life. He sees that in every state people may be cheerful; the lambs skip, birds sing and fly joyously, puppies play, kittens are full of joyance, the whole air full of careering and rejoicing insects, that everywhere the good outbalances the bad, and that every evil that there is has its compensating balm. Then the brave man, as our German cousins say, possesses the world, whereas the melancholy man does not even possess his own share of it. Exercise, or continued employment of some kind, will make a man cheerful; but sitting at home, brooding and thinking, or doing little, will bring gloom. The reaction of this feeling is wonderful. It arises from a sense of duty done, and it also enables us to do our duty. Cheerful people live long in our memory. We remember joy more readily than sorrow, and always look back with tenderness on the brave and cheerful. Autolycus repeats the burden of an old song with the truth that "a merry heart goes all the day, but your sad ones tires a mile a!" and what he says any one may notice, not only in our-

selves, but in the inferior animals also. A sulky dog, and a bad-tempered horse, wear themselves out with half the labour that kindly creatures do. An unkindly cow will not give down her milk, and a sour sheep will not fatten; nay, even certain fowls and geese, to those who observe, will evidence temper—good or bad.

We can all cultivate our tempers, and one of the employments of some poor mortals is to cultivate, cherish, and bring to perfection, a thoroughly bad one; but we may be certain that to do so is a very gross error and sin, which, like all others, brings its own punishment, though, unfortunately, it does not punish itself only. If he "to whom God is pleasant is pleasant to God," the reverse also holds good; and certainly the major proposition is true with regard to man. Addison says of cheerfulness, that it lightens sickness, poverty, affliction; converts ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and renders deformity itself agreeable; and he says no more than the truth. "Give us, therefore, oh! give us"—let us cry with Carlyle—"the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their appointed skies."

"Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness! altogether past calculation the powers of its endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright." Such a spirit is within everybody's reach. Let us

get but out into the light of things. The morbid man cries out that there is always enough wrong in the world to make a man miserable. Conceded; but wrong is ever being righted; there is always enough that is good and right to make us joyful. There is ever sunshine somewhere; and the brave man will go on his way rejoicing, content to look forward if under a cloud, not bating one jot of heart or hope if for a moment cast down; honouring his occupation, whatever it may be; rendering even rags respectable by the way he wears them; and not only being happy himself, but causing the happiness of others.

REGARDING THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

THE Honourable Robert Boyle, who was at once a philosopher and a Christian—two characters in his time not always found together—has left us some quaint *Reflections*, which in these days of essay writing and reading should be more known than they are. Of a clear, simple, and withal witty mind, the philosopher saw resemblances where others missed them, and appears to have quietly reflected and meditated, and to have put down what he thought in a pious, homely way. Of course he, like other authors, is open to ridicule. When he reflects upon "giving meat to his dog," or upon his horse stumbling in "a very fair way," or "upon his being let blood;" "upon the syrups and other sweet things sent him by the doctor," or "upon seeing a child picking plums out of a piece of cake sent him by his mother;" or "upon Lady D. R.'s fine closet," the quaintness of the titles carries us away from the good thoughts which we find in the writer. But in spite of Dean Swift's pungent ridicule in his *Meditations on a Broomstick, after the manner of Boyle*, there is really more in the philosopher's little book than in half the flashy compositions of our ready writers, or of certain essayists of to-day. With

Boyle you do get thought ; with the others only a reflection of a thought ; which, by the way, seldom occurs. It is always very simple, perhaps, to reflect upon a child picking plums out of a cake, and it is now simple common-place to draw a simile from a "lark stooping to a snare, and being caught in a day net." But we must remember that the human mind, like virgin soil, presents in every man who comes into the world an unsown field. What our great-grandfathers thought is no matter to us ; we have all to go through the same process over again.

The ingenuous and kindly philosopher, inventing the machinery of a little fishing party, and the incidents which occur to it, tells us that after a storm, when others drew from their pockets watches to find the time of day, the boatman took out from his a dial with a compass, and setting it in the right position, saw the shadow of the gnomon fall upon the hour. Our watchmakers have long since banished these ingenious toys. One of the company tried the magnet of the compass, by causing it to follow his hand with a steel key—a sight which Boyle rightly says "no familiarity can keep from being a wonder," whilst another endeavoured to make the excited needle follow a piece of gold, or be attracted by a diamond. Of course such experiments (as they were meant to do) failed, and then Boyle "reflects" how easily we are drawn by one company and not by another ; how we stick and adhere to the society of one man but not another ; how we love Wilson we know not why, and shun Jackson, who may be the better man, we know not wherefore.

Perhaps it would be well if we all looked a little more to our companionships. There are many men who appear to

have a magnetic influence over us, and who associate with us, but who certainly ought to be kicked out of our society ; but the plague of it is, that few of us are strong enough to begin the practice. Because we are unwise in not requiring not only pleasant, but good men to associate with, men themselves have grown careless of good, and, so that they put in a respectable outside appearance, think that they are fit to be the companions of a prince.

That "a man is known by the company he keeps" is a trite phrase enough ; it is so true, that it has become a truism ; and half its force is lost because of its familiarity. Most men are not only known by the company they keep, but they become part of that company. Tennyson makes Ulysses say that he is part of all that he has seen ; but it is not so with Ulysses only, but with every man. The mind easily receives impressions ; and it is difficult to be with the silly and foolish without becoming silly and foolish too.

When we come to consider the matter, we shall not wonder at this, but only find it a natural consequence. One clever man in an evening party of dummies, who can only wonder and laugh, soon becomes exhausted. One wise man's speech to a multitude of fools would produce no effect. Wisdom "cries out in the streets, and no man regards her." So a good and thoughtful man amidst a number of practical jokers needs assistance, and the banding together of those who are like him. He is not strong enough to make head singly against a flood of folly. In company it is natural, we suppose, for "the rabble of the baser sort," that is, of the lowest kind of intellects, to be the most noisy. In any company such are always the most prominent—

"Full of vagaries, quick, litigious, loud—
Was never good man yet who loved a crowd."

They become, therefore, the most applauded. "To make companies as they should be, they must grow very different from what they are," writes Boyle. What was true of his day is just as true of ours. The most foolish are the most bold; and this, we think, often arises from the timidity of the good men, who dare not smite and expose folly in an assembly, and who lack the wit and capacity, if they do not want the inclination.

Folly is of course not proof all over: it lacks covering somewhere. It differs from Achilles, who was vulnerable only in his heel, since its head is by far the weakest part of it. A good, grave, sensible man has often abashed a fool, and in so doing has done some little to reform him. It is no such little thing for a man of known piety and intellectual weight to dare to own his allegiance to conscience and his God amidst a crowd of scoffers. It is more when a man, like Dr. Johnson, chances to live amongst a debased generation, but is among them, not of them, and shows people that he can use the world without abusing it, that he can be a man of religion without being a fanatic. Just when a flood of scientific infidelity is poured over the land, and his lighter and unstable companions are swept away, such a man will stand fast.

"But did you never doubt?" cries one. "Doubt!" he will answer, "I was always doubting, and I am open to doubt now. I never professed a dogmatic faith; let Truth and Error grapple, and who ever knew Truth worsted in a fair fight?" A man who will do this is of great benefit to his day

and times. He continues a perpetual witness for the good and the true. He shows that a calm happy life is no impracticable thing, but something real and tangible, and worth living out. It says something for this class of men—and here we follow out a thought of Boyle's—that the great Author of our faith and Exemplar of our piety did not choose "an anchorite or monastic life, but a sociable and affable way of conversing with mortals, not refusing invitations even from publicans or to weddings; and by such winning condescensions gained the hearts, and thereby a power to reform the hearts of multitudes."

Men choose their companions from different motives, and generally with, of course, very different results. Pride, avarice, and selfishness of various degrees, are the moving power of some, but not of the generality. With young men, no doubt, a liking, or a generous admiration for each other, will spring up, and thus companionship grows. It is better to be the companion of a few than of many, and to follow the advice given by Thackeray in his *Miscellanies*—to associate with those who are really more clever, or wiser, or better placed than one's self. That is, it is better to reverence than despise your friend. A little man will only choose smaller men than himself—we are, of course, speaking mentally. It is an easy matter to be a whale among minnows; the difficulty is, to keep your proper place in your proper sphere; unfortunately, this wish to shine, and to be the star of a small company, is so prevalent with young people, that, say what you will, the majority will do it the next day; yet what do we not miss because weak men will indulge their weakness, and not try to lift themselves above the foolish companions of the

hour? What have we not gained because Boswell lifted himself to the level of Johnson; and Plato, Critias, and Timæus worshipped and cherished the company of Socrates?

In associating with persons for the sake of their rank or position, we must expect (and if we do not, we always get) disappointment. It is the old fable of the pot of brass and the pot of earthenware which floated down the stream together; the poorer material always suffers. People who are above you in station take pretty good care to let you know that they are so; or they make you suffer by an insolent neglect, or if they do not, their friends and servants do so. The poor man of letters, who spends a month at a rich friend's house in the country, may gain in health, but he suffers in pride; the poor artist or musician, who depends upon his brain and the exercise of his art and intellect for his daily food, will soon be reminded that "he who lives to please, must please to live." Perhaps, to a man of independent mind, nothing can be more hurtful than constantly hanging on the will of another. Yet we shall do so if we choose our companions of a rank too much above us, and we shall find that, after all, the scheme never pays. There are few more melancholy scenes than those written by satirists upon the poor little frogs of this world, which will try to blow themselves up as big as bulls. The fictitious flatulence must be very uncomfortable long before it is fatal. The man who dresses after a much richer man, the swindler who gives himself out to be what he is not, and the foolish commoner who brags of his intimacy with men of position and title, are much alike. They all find at last that it does not pay. Poor "Beau Brummel" and poor "Pea-green Hain," who spent their whole fortunes in cutting a dash,

and in associating with spendthrifts of ancestral estates, equally found out what fools they had been. Of what use were their fine friends and gay companions? Of what comfort the notoriety of a shop-window caricature, and of the cynical applause of the tailors whilst they fattened on their extravagance? The poor frogs burst, and expired despised and deserted.

Rich and poor companions seldom, therefore, do well together. The poor man must have an enormous, and, indeed, almost superhuman strength of mind, not to be corrupted by the longer purse. If the poorer friend do not degenerate into a "toady" or a "sneak," he must be a rare fellow, and whether he do so or not, the world will be ready enough to assert it. It is not every man who can play Horatio to Hamlet. The man who has no revenue but his good name had better keep away from the companionship of rich men, and let them alone, to console themselves with their useless gold, and with those easy friends who will swallow their bad jokes, and applaud that habitual dulness which seems almost inseparable from a long purse.

Of course, the old writers have said an immense number of weighty things about companions, but they illustrate rather than define what they should be. We are told that a good companion is worth his weight in gold; and a great many fine phrases are lavished in his praise. We are told to set a guard upon our lips when we are in company, which is just what we do not want to do. We are told also "to treat a friend as if he might be an enemy, and an enemy as if he might be a friend"—which is exceedingly cunning, but is both impossible and unpleasant, for neither company nor friends

would be worth having at the rate. Diogenes and his tub, a good railing, cursing character; or Timon, with his abuse of all the world—such even would be preferable to the forecasting, timid, cunning fellow, who, like the Laodiceans in Scripture, is always neither hot nor cold. What we—that is, all humanity, from the chattering cockney to the morose and reticent Southern Russ, who hears, sees, and says nothing—what we want in a companion is one who will be good, and cheerful, and pleasant, and who will bear us company on equal terms in our world's journey. Little indeed will he be worth if we have continually to guard against him, although Lavater's hint is true enough—"The freer you feel yourself," says he, "in the presence of another, the more free is he." Of course he is, and men and women should not, with their habitual companions, be clothed for ever in suits of buckram.

The most agreeable of all companions is a good, honest, simple person, with a clear head and heart, and a mind like a freshly polished crystal, easily seen through; a fellow who will laugh innocently with us, and enjoy simple things, who is man of the world enough not to expect too much, but not of the world enough to be cunning.

This companion should move in a sphere different from our own, so that we should have a diversity of tastes; he should, at the same time, sympathize with us, so that our conversation should please each other; he should be a believer in what is noble and good, and of an obliging, easy, even temper. With such a man we should not find time hang on hand; and for such, who would not exchange the company of the brilliant wit, the inspired talker, the flashing genius, who, for a time

fizzes away like a firework and then subsides, as dull and empty as the exploded case?

Perhaps women suffer more than men from bad companions, but both are hugely hurt by them. St. Augustine, who, from his wild and rackety youth, and from a manhood spent in vain philosophy and pleasure, knew what company was, and, like Falstaff, had many a time "heard the chimes at midnight," to the great grief of his mother, has a good simile with regard to bad company, which we may all profit by. "Bad company," he wrote, "is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with very little difficulty; but, being once driven up to the head the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, which can only be done by the destruction of the wood." Of course it is useless to define bad company. Men and women, girls or boys, feel instinctively when they have fallen in with dangerous associates; if they choose to remain amongst them they are lost. So in the high tides barks of light draught will float over Goodwin quicksands; in summer, at low tide, the venturous boys and young people will play cricket thereon; but neither can remain long in the neighbourhood. The time comes when the sands are covered with but a thin surface of water, and beneath is the shifting, loose, wet earth, more dangerous and treacherous than spring-tide ice; and then it is that to touch is to be drawn in, and to be drawn in is death. So is it with bad company!

FRIENDSHIP IN GENTLE LIFE.

SINCE Cicero wrote his celebrated treatise, *De Amicitiâ*, there has been more nonsense uttered and written about friendship than about anything else, except the passion of love. In Latin the word seems to be derived from *amor*, love; *amicitia* being friendship, a diminutive, a smaller kind of love, not so entrancing, nor so alluring, so satisfying, so deep, so burning, but perhaps more lasting. "Friendship is love without wings"—a French proverb, very pretty, very true in one sense, but not in another; for one friendship that lasts, we may quote a thousand instances of love which has been more lasting. The reason why many people have written so much nonsense about love and friendship is this: very few are capable of entertaining either. True friendship and true love are both so rare, that people are forced to draw from the ideal rather than the real.

> "If Queensbury to strip there's no compelling,
> 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."

Perhaps the handmaid may, after all, have been the better figure; perhaps, too, the ideal may be more pretty than the

real. Both in friendship and love there must be truth ; but truth is rare, very rare ; hence also these two qualities are rare also. It is from authors, from fable, and from fiction, that we draw our chief instances of both ; and it must be granted that the writers have said very pretty things about them. According to Cicero, friendship is the only thing concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. It is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies, says Aristotle.

> "Friendship, when once determined, never swerves ;
> Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves."

This is the dictum and definition of Hannah More. This is from Theophrastus :—"In prosperity true friends only come by invitation ; but in adversity they visit us when uninvited." "Friendship," writes the witty and elegant La Fontaine, "is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life." Perhaps it is not very complimentary to compare it to a shadow, but then we see the simile has run away with the author. But the same author says what we have already said : "Rare is true love, true friendship is still rarer." "When two friends part," says Feltham, "they should lock up one another's secrets, and change the keys." "A good man is the best friend, therefore soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen." "He that does a base thing for a friend burns the golden thread which ties their hearts together," writes Jeremy Taylor, a wise writer, whom we wish the young folks would study. But Addison hits off the definition clearly. "Friend-

ship," says he, "is a strong habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other."

How many people are capable of continually entertaining this inclination it is hard to say, as self-interest so greatly biases all of us. Friendship, too, continually demands sacrifices. If you have a friend, you should often visit him; the road grows up if you seldom travel it; the minds change, the habits differ; the opinions once entertained have become varied, the sweet solace of life has gone. There is nothing much more melancholy in this world than having to visit an old friend, one whose purse, mind—ay, very soul—were your own ten years ago, and then to mark what a different creature he is. Absence may have made the heart grow fonder, but it is all changed by the presence. The house has grown too small or too large for the inhabitant. Faults which you have ceased to remember or have overlooked, weaknesses which you had pardoned, illiberalities which you had shared, follies which you had forgotten, stare you in the face, and friendship has fled. That is indeed a strong friendship which will last through removal, trouble, and for years. Different people give different impressions of the world. The successful friend who has perhaps gone into a new country comes back with his heart expanded, his feelings in full blow, his sentiments enlarged, his love for his fellows unnipped; whilst he who stayed at home in the old country has had his feelings narrowed by misfortune, his ideas warped from their generous proportions, his heart shrivelled up in the fire of adversity. Our faces and our feelings are but reflections of the great picture of the world as we see it; how shall these former friends meet again as friends?

"Friendship," writes Emerson, in his sceptical style, "like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed his divine habitation." Yes, that too is true of the friendships of the young. We are at that early time of life in love with our idea. We forsake the real or overlook it. We borrow from books, from pictures, from history. We invent "characters" for men just as ideal as those characters which Hume and Smollett, Robertson, Macaulay, or Froude, invented of the kings and generals of whom they wrote. We label our ideal "a friend," just as they ticketed theirs William III., Henry VIII., or the Great Protector. What could they possibly know of the men they describe so patly? About as little as we know of our friend. He is what we wish, then, so long as we do not want him. Like the drop-scene of a theatre, he is beautiful at a distance, but hollow within. Gilt, glorified, and wooden, like the joss of a mandarin, we may worship, and bend to, and praise him when all goes well in the world: but like the same joss, he is found wanting, broken, discarded, whipped. We thought him a friend, of course; we were deceived, we were hurt; we shall never get over it; we weep, grow calm, smile, and—take another.

Most men's friendships are the reflection of their own selfishness; those of women are of selfishness and weakness mixed, that is, vanity. We are friendly with those whose pursuits are the same, whose ideas are of an equal compass, whose state of feeling upon politics, religion, or morality, is much as ours. It is doubtful whether two men of a totally

different faith, or of diverse fortunes, can be friendly. It is well enough to talk of our humble friends, but they are too often like poor relations. We accept their services, and think that a mere "thank you," a nod, a beck, or a smile, is sufficient recompense.

In true friendship there must be a certain equality. It is a new kind of brotherhood, a closer tie, an affinity of mind, which different degrees of worldly riches almost always dissolve and destroy.

The stories which we read of celebrated friendships, of Pirithous and Theseus, of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan, and of some half-dozen others, are almost all adduced from the heroic and simple period of the world. We are too cunning, too sophisticated, to grow such nowadays. Then a friend was of that noble kind which sticketh closer than a brother. Such friendship exalted our opinion of mankind, and made us expect more from humanity than perhaps it can well afford. They have been perhaps also the cause of that continued hunger after the one great Friend which is everybody's ideal, but which so few meet. We all desire such a friend; we all dress the future second self, the *alter ego*, in bright ideals; and, when we meet with one who would perhaps fill our requirements, we are disappointed at the sombre colours in which he is clad. This is especially so with the young. Who does not remember his early schoolboy friendships, and the early nipping frost which cut them off one by one! Boys when together often have an ideal passion, an unquiet admiration and desire of each other, which is the precursor of love. A hasty word, a quarrel, or a blow, ruins all this. Friendships may be planted in youth—may grow up, indeed—

but they cannot be matured. Boys are scarcely wise enough to choose their friends. As the Apostle says of making bishops, we must "lay hold of no man suddenly" to make a friend. He must be weighed, tried, watched, and looked to. We do not take a beam for a house, or build an arch of a bridge, without testing the materials; yet good friends are much more rare than good bridges and houses.

The worldly acceptation of a friend is by far too narrow. It is all wrong. It is the friendship where no kindness is. Like most common-sense views of a matter, it is but common sense—very common, indeed; good for law, for business, for the every-day matters of life, but of no service to the mind or the soul. The man who accepts a bill, gives you dinners, pushes you forward in life, answers for you in a court of law, and aids you in many ways, may yet not be your friend. Interest governs us so much, that these kind offices are hardly to be put down to anything but itself. The poor and the unknown have few, if any, friends; but these officious grubs haunt the chambers of the great, and run after the notorious, and are happy to have their names also before the world. The friendship of the city man who uses you and is of use to you is of little account. A rich man can always have plenty of these; a poor man comes off without one.

But in our ideal friendship—that of soul answering to soul, that which arises from esteem, love, knowledge, and which is or should be founded upon a rock—we expect too much; and hence the numerous disappointments of life, and the impossibility of making a friend when young. We want a knowledge of humanity. We must not expect an angel, or a perfect man. We must give and take, listen to our friend's prosiness,

find him oftentimes wrong or foolish, and yet stick by him. One blemish must not force us to discard him; one quarrel must not break the tie. It is well for the young to choose friends older than themselves; for the foolish to consort with the wise. We all should be careful to pick out those who are superior in something at least; it is but a short friendship which we can have with those who are in everything our inferiors. Contempt destroys the feeling; we cannot be friendly with one whom we despise.

Of all feelings of this sort perhaps the friendships of school-girls are the most deep, but at the same time the most evanescent. Certain philosophers doubt whether two women can well be friends; and unless, like the two old lasses of Llangollen, they determine to live single and to despise the world, they can hardly be termed friends. Young ladies love each other very tenderly; are romantic, pure, true, full of a fine sentiment and heroism; will plunge into water or go through fire together; and all this without hope of any meaner reward, and merely for the sake of pure friendship. Theirs is a sublimed passion; but, like all essences and sublimates, it is of extreme delicacy. An enchanter's wand makes that which neither wind, water, nor fire would destroy, melt away; and this enchanter is Love. Like twin cherries growing on one stem, two sister school-girls will love each other very finely, very purely, almost as purely as brother will sister:—

> "There's no alloy
> Of earth that creeps into the perfectest gold
> Of other loves—no gratitude to claim;
> You never gave her life, not even the drop
> That keeps life—never tended her, instructed,

> Enrich'd her—so your love can claim no right
> O'er hers save pure love's claim—that's what I call
> Freedom from earthliness."*

We do not find this purest of friendship in any other relationship; men and women were made for each other, and the stronger passion drives the weaker out. Few female friendships subsist after marriage. Women then see the world "with larger, other eyes" than erst they used, and the old beliefs die out. This is a constant complaint with sentimental women writers; with those who judge from impulse and feeling rather than from knowledge, and who, like the gloomy Italian philosopher, "find fault with God," because they do not understand His wisdom. Friendship is a beautiful thing, too beautiful, as Mrs. Kenwigs in *Nicholas Nickleby* says of her young family, too pure and beautiful to die; and yet it is dying every day! We grow old, and have the mask taken from our own faces, the veil from our eyes; and how then shall we dream of the ethereal friendship which two girls dream of?

Bachelors and old maids can be friends, but each to each, bachelor to bachelor, and spinster to spinster; but it is doubtful whether a man and woman can be really so to each other. Sexuality and the world forbid it. There are very fine essays to be read upon this, for and against. A woman will be devoted to a man, will serve him with a devotion, a generosity, none else will or can exhibit; but it is doubtful whether this feeling does not extend too far, and overrun itself into the boundaries of love. Thus we have run ourselves round, and come to love again; and, after all, in the new Revelation of

* Robert Browning—*The Blot on the 'Scutcheon.*

Christianity, there can be no friendship so true, so pure, so complete, as that which exists in married life. In that perfect union which exists between husband and wife the strongest and most sincere friendship exists also. "Let me not," writes Shakspeare, "to the marriage of true souls admit impediment." No impediment, in fact, is strong enough to withstand it, when the minds are indeed true. The spectacle of two married people, of old John Anderson and his gude wife, who have weathered the storms of the world and of life together, who have climbed life's hill hand in hand, and who go down to the grave to sleep together at the foot, is always affecting, always beautiful, and it is often seen. There is no alloy there. Awake to each other's faults and weaknesses, patient of shortcomings, yet alive to the truth and love and goodness in each, ready to sacrifice all, even life itself, each for each, trusting that love shall endure even after death, two beings thus united enlarge our own hearts when we witness their devotion, and force us to believe in that modern Phœnix, that wonder of wonders—a true friend.

ON THE GOOD OPINION OF OURSELVES WHICH THE WORLD CALLS "CONCEIT."

THE word CONCEIT has been so warped from its original meaning, that neither William Shakspeare nor Edmund Spenser, nor indeed John Bunyan, with his *Spiritual Conceits*, would scarcely know its present meaning. But we know it very well; and, if any of us were called "conceited," we should protest against that particular use of the participle. Like Audrey, we should thank the gods that we are not "poetical," the latter word being, in Shakspeare's time, synonymous with conceited. Nor should we quite understand Master Euphues, with his thousand "sweet conceits," as chronicled by William Lyly. And yet the word is a good word, and has simply been vulgarized, like many other good words. How they become so it is not very easy to say. People use them wrongly, misunderstand them, pick them up hap-hazard, and the poor words suffer.

Conceit now means self-opinion. A conceited man is an opinionative fellow, who places an inadequately large value upon himself. He is one whom we should like to buy at our

price and sell at his own. We are all more or less conceited, and therein, perhaps, we are right. No man knows so much ill of us as we do of ourselves; but, on the contrary, no one knows so much good. Did not Napoleon I., when he was a poor sub-lieutenant, know that within him lay capacities enough to shake a world? He has asserted that he did. Did not Napoleon III., pacing up King Street, St. James's, as a Special Constable, or musing in the Fortress of Ham, know very well what he could do? Read his early works upon the *Extinction of Poverty*, and then see whether you will subscribe to the opinion of Count D'Orsay, that "young Napoleon was a very conceited young man." We all know that the Austrian generals, whom the first young Napoleon beat, thought him a very conceited officer; so, no doubt, the old soldiers of Philip spoke of the young Alexander. Self-opinion is the natural cover and protection of the young, and it may, we think, co-exist with a truly humble mind and heart too. We do not hear that Lord Nelson was a disagreeably conceited midshipman because he vowed he would one day have a despatch to himself. Nor was Mr. Disraeli promising too much when he said, after his failure, that "the House of Commons would one day listen to him." In these instances we see the brave and the noble mind consoling itself for temporary defeat: who can blame it? The work is hard enough; therefore harden yourself like that old boxer, who, in the midst of the battle, was heard mentally patting his own back, crying, "Go it, William!—at him again!—never say 'die!'" or like the heroic Mark Tapley, who, nearly at his last gasp, and unable to articulate, motioned for a slate, to write "jolly" on it. To our enemies alone

such invincible pluck must be obnoxious. Our friends should admire it. If the ballad-singer, in telling of Witherington's bravery, cries out that he must sing of him—

> "For Witherington needs must I wayle,
> As one in doleful dumpes ;
> For when hys leggs were smitten off,
> He fought upon his stumpes,"

we are not doleful at all ; and no doubt the brave Yorkshire squire was jolly to the last. But his opponents must have thought him exceedingly opinionative. In fact, Napoleon is said to have imputed nothing less than gross conceit to our soldiers. "They fight well," said he ; but "they do not know when they are beaten. A very good quality, too ; shared, we believe, by the Spartans and the Swiss, but deficient in some younger nations, who have more pretence than the old ones.

Not only individuals, but nations and societies, have plenty of conceit. To an American all the world seemed bound up in his Boston or Philadelphia ; the world was listening to the debates of his senate ; each senator or newspaper editor was "a remarkable man, sir ;" he could whip John Bull, and John could whip all the world. As, since that, he has been "whipped into a cocked hat" by his own relations, we hope some of the conceit has been taken out of him. Every nation places its own meridian at its capital city : the Russian at St. Petersburg, the Frenchman at Paris, the Spaniard at Madrid. To each nation its chief town is the centre of the world. To us, London is the chief place, England the paradise of the world. Our own grumblers correct this conceit, but they still grumble and believe. We love our poets for their nationality ;

they call England the corner-stone of the world. Shakspeare is never tired of speaking of it. "This little world," says he—

> "This perfect gem, set in the silver sea."

"Come the world in arms," he sings again, and we shall shock them. How old Camden chirrups and sings in the praise of his beloved Britannia. How Browne and Fletcher (Phineas) give you to know that they are proud of being Englishmen; even the morose Mr. William Cowper loves England with all her faults, and John Keats—what a world of difference between those two men, and yet true poets both!—would have been glad to have died, as he had lived, within her bounds:

> "Happy is England, I could be content
> To see no other verdure than her shores."

How Fielding lets you see that the chief blessing which Heaven can well bestow upon a man is to make him an Englishman! We have a dozen roaring songs to the same tune. We have a flag that has braved a thousand years; and our Constitution, sir, is the very ——. But you know what Dr. Johnson and Sir James Mackintosh have said of the B. C. Our own cocks crow loud enough, and (this by the way) we believe them. It is well known, however, that the Irishman's green isle is the first "gem of the sea," as Moore said, when he pilfered the idea from Shakspeare, and applied it to Ireland instead of England. All but Frenchmen think so. To them *La belle France* is the chief attraction, and Paris the nucleus of the world. The court, the camp, the academy of the world is Paris; and, as the Emperor said lately, gravely and with some truth, "when France is satisfied the world is at peace."

This is all very true, cries a scrubby lazarone; but "just see Naples and die!" "Ah, Tuscany," says another native of Italy, "how fine is thy land, how beautiful thy women, how brilliant thy skies! Tuscan is the language of the gods, French of commerce, English of horses."

If we travel to China, we shall find the same conceit at work. All other people besides the native of the beloved land of tea and porcelain are but "outer barbarians;" nor, as we have proved, does he differ from the rest. The Esquimaux learns to regard his smoky hut, snow landscape, and fur dress as dearer and better than our palaces, parks, and crinoline. Put before him lamb and asparagus, with white-bait, turtle soup, and cold punch, and he will turn up his nose and prefer half-putrid oil. Who will condemn him? Who will not rather praise and admire that Infinite Wisdom which gives to man such a variety of taste and opinion, and thus places happiness within the reach of all?

But, while conceit has, with nations and individuals, its benefits, it must be confessed that its evil almost balances its good. We must, indeed, observingly distil out the soul of goodness in it to reconcile us to it at all. Conceit is a very odious quality. It loses a man more friends and gains him more enemies than any other foible, perhaps vice, in the world. It makes him harsh to his inferiors, and disrespectful to his betters. It causes him to live at right angles with the world. It makes him believe that he alone is in the right; it warps his opinions upon all things, makes him viciously sceptical, and often robs him of the most glorious inheritance of FAITH, whilst it distorts his HOPE, and totally destroys his CHARITY. A fool, we are told, "is wise in his own conceit."

Some of those Pharisees who would not lift one foot above the other, and others who wore caps like mortars, which shut out the view from everything else except their own persons, were wise in their own conceit. The Doctors who sought to entangle our Saviour, and the Scribes who delighted to confuse, weigh, dispute, and doubt, were all by education full of conceit, self-opinion, inflation. They were blown up like bladders, and, in their silly pride, as likely to burst.

Of all kinds of pride, save that of the spirit, which is the most dangerous of all, and which, if we once welcome it, never leaves us, perhaps that of the intellect has ruined more nations and men than any other. As a nation, the English are exceedingly free from it ; they have produced great men of whom they are not proud, and they have reached a very high level in all learning and science, and yet permit themselves to be set down by the Germans in scholarship, and the French in wit. They are very wise in doing so—wiser than the learned, thoughtful Hindoo, who looks down with silent wonder on his rude conquerors, wiser than the effete Chinese, who have mastered the whole of the maxims of Koong-foo-tse or Confucius. It was very much the same of old. The Greeks, and more especially the Romans, were, as nations, much more modest and lowly in their opinion of intellect than the Assyrians, or other nations who have perished all but in name, and who achieved not a hundredth part of that which Greece and Rome did.

The Egyptians, who believed that they could try conclusions with an Almighty Power, were conceited : they refused to be taught. The perfect state of unteachableness into which a conceited man will fall is one of the most amusing

but sad spectacles to the philosopher which can well occur. It is amusing, because the person so affected shows such an amount of ingenuity in attributing everything to himself. It is sad, because, when a man is thoroughly in love with himself, there is little hope for him. He hardens his head against all the experience which trial can teach him ; he is shut up, like the enchanted prince, in a tower of brass, and none can reach him. If he be fortunate, he will have laid the train, and achieved the crowning glory of that fortune himself : the most glorious fortune which can befall him is below his deserts. He may command a fleet or an army, be first in the kingdom or the parish, and you will find a self-complacent smile on his features, which, to an observer, registers the opinion that all was well deserved—everything the reward of his own superlative merit. With misfortunes it is much the same. The Fates take a pleasure in blaming him. The Heavens are against him. Providence prepares some especial surprise and torment for him. Thus, maddened in his own conceit, whether he is happy or miserable, rich or poor, he in his egotism separates himself from the rest of the world, and enjoys in his own esteem an equal pre-eminence either in good or bad fortune. Well may the old Scotch nobleman poet have written his *caveat* against self-opinion :—

> "This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelf,
> Where many have made shipwreck unawares :
> He who doth trust too much unto himself
> Can never fail to fall in many snares."

The bump of self-esteem lies, the phrenologists tell us, at the very crown of the head. The faculties which, crowding

on the brain, fit us for social life, are thus, as it were, tied in a knot, and concentrated in the top and summit of that sublimated self, a single man. We may, in due submission to the All-knower, agree that this could not be otherwise. Man, being man, must be conceited. He must surround his self-esteem with continuity, approbativeness, firmness, and inhabitiveness, to live. Humility is the opposite pole ; but yet a man, all humility, is as a cringing dog, who fawns to every one, and forgets the one Master. Conceit—to many representing but a mean passion—is to the knower a great power. Well applied, it leads to self-respect, reliance, nobleness, independence, dignity ; certainly to self-satisfaction and complacency. It is the very heart, centre, and chief element of content. It gifts a man with a self-elevating, ruling instinct, and makes him walk like the Scot of old, of whom Walpole wrote—

> " Firm and erect bold Caledonia stood:
> Old was her mutton, and her claret good."

It is the well-fed man who wants and will want for nothing ; the cunning, bold, self-conscious man, who assumes the proud motto—

> "Thou shalt want ere I want,"

who is the conceited man ; he hath " pride in his port and fire in his eye ;" but, if he be of a noble nature, he will carry all through, and be good and true.

What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our common acceptation of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow, who bases his

opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But, if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit.

The perversion in this quality in a many-sided man—and we may be sure that the man who has it will grow perverted, unless he watches well—leads to egotism, the love and respect of self, to pride, hauteur, coldness; to superciliousness, neglect of others, and to tyranny. Now a man can be a tyrant in four bare walls of one room as well as in an empire. We need not fling at people in high places; we must look to ourselves. The conceited man, who determines that all shall yield to him, tyrannizes over the wills of others, and lets nobody enjoy his own opinion. He alone is right. Thus he shuts out from himself all communion, and the sweet sharing of knowledge and information which the true philosopher has. Humility, a prime virtue, has this consolation, that, bending to be taught, it is often comforted and consoled. It finds also that the greatest minds have had the least conceit; that Shakspeare has bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown, to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the causes of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors, or under the portico of the philosophers; that Newton, from whom the secret workings of the spheres were not hidden, had so little self-conceit, that he compared

himself to a child who, playing on the sea-shore, had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them very pretty, but knew of them no more.

The true man, therefore, will not quite banish, nor sneer away, this quality in youth. Mean as it may appear, it has its uses. A little hard work in the world will rub down its salient points. The bullet of steel, with star points upon it, is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard of the ostrich; the most conceited young prig, curate or clerk, who ever lived, will find his level when brought to the rude experiences of the world. The great object should be for us all to preserve sufficient manliness before man, and to acquire a sufficient lowliness before God. Thus, as in all times, matters are well balanced. We must steer cleverly through the shoals and quicksands, cultivate a proper lowliness, but yet an humble pride, if we seek, as all should seek, to be proper and true men.

ON SPEAKING WITHIN BOUNDS.

LORD BACON, one of the wisest of men, perhaps even the wisest of all uninspired, not excepting Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and Shakspeare, begins his Essays with one on "Truth." The book is, for its size, the best, fullest, most compact, and deepest ever written. Bacon puts as much in a sentence as we can put nowadays into a chapter, more than many can put in a volume; and in this particular essay, every word of which is golden, tells us that many men "love lies for their own sake;" others love them for the "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and the like." Few of us really love truth; many have doubted whether it exists at all. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not tarry for an answer. With so many vain shows about us, it is hard to answer the question. An unthinking man answers that truth is truth; but he does not solve thereby, he only repeats. There are so many old truths now proved to have been lies, that we are doubtful as to others. Shakspeare makes his hero passionately exclaim—

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

Well, we know now that the sun does not move, and that the stars are not fire; that the voices of the learned, who held up these things as immutable truths, were unconsciously lying after all; what next, and next? We know that history is full of falsehoods; that the best abused men of one age will have their characters cleared by the next; that the hero is often no hero, and the unsuccessful man often the one who was the best, truest, and the greatest. Lord Bacon himself has had his character blackened, and then re-whitened; Cromwell was no tyrant, but a patient and sorrowful great man, longing to lay aside his state and to be with God. William Penn, on the other hand, is now tainted, and Washington suspected. What an immense amount of falsehood, party feeling, ignorance, and exaggeration must have been poured forth to render us so mistaken, to blacken the hero, and to paint the sinner in the pure hues of a saint!

But if we are not all wise enough to find out what abstract truth is, we can certainly see what is false, and avoid it. Samuel Daniel, in writing his History of England, said that he determined, if he did not arrive at truth, to get as near Truth's likeness as he could. We try to do this; but as Johnson said of certain sceptics, truth will not always find food enough for our vanity; and so we betake ourselves to error. "Truth is a cow," said the doctor, "that will yield such people no more milk, and therefore they have gone to milk the bull." They love spice and exaggeration; they like to make things seem

greater than they are. They add a bit on that side, and chip off a bit on the other. If a thing is merely bad, they say that it is "very bad;" that they "never saw worse;" they multiply and subtract at will. This weakness or wickedness has grown so common that hardly any one is capable of giving a plain unvarnished relation of any occurrence; and in the witness-box the barrister is continually forced to bring back the witness to the truth, the whole truth, and "nothing but the truth," of his narration.

The habit of senseless exaggeration is frequently contracted in youth, and very often built upon good, or at least harmless motives. We all, when children, love the marvellous; and our exaggerated relation of any event frequently causes laughter, and calls forth approbation. It is no wonder that in that sweet season of excitement we see more than sober men and women; we gild over our realities with all the brilliant illusions of youth. We have the eye of the poet—and poetry is but a feeling of perpetual youth—not that of the prosy realist, of whom it may be said—

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him;
> And it was nothing more!"

Some amount of exaggeration, then, may be allowed to youth. The sage of sixty, if he indeed be a sage, will give considerable margin and verge to the effervescence of sixteen, or even of twenty-six. But the wise and the good of every age will check the habit in themselves. Once acquired, it will increase day by day, until the speaker will hardly know when he tells the truth or not; and what he does himself he will be sure to

suspect others of; and, losing the love and relish for the true, will lapse into a state as pitiable as it is despicable.

There are one or two excuses for these white liars, if we may so term them, which the world is not slow to take; for, although ill-natured upon many things, the world is often very kindly disposed to vices which it practises. One excuse is put forward by many, that exaggeration is simply humorous. It is so "funny" to deceive a man! it is so clever to make him believe one thing when the fact lies the reverse way! We can only say that we cannot see the "fun." It is a vulgar, stupid, and oftentimes a very cruel trick. So far from showing cleverness, it does just the reverse. Fun we all like, and plenty of it. We hold that, with all of us, it is a duty to be merry, and cheerful, and gamesome. We believe that gloom and despondency are often very great sins, proudly and wickedly indulged in, to the comfort of the gloomy man, and discomfort of the world. The truest heroism is often concealed under a smiling face; and all the very best men in the world have been of a light spirit. But then they kept "within the limits of becoming mirth;" and a perversion of the truth lies out of that sacred boundary. The other excuse is, that truth is not always agreeable, and that it is as well "to make things pleasant." Those who say this should remember that truth, pleasant or unpleasant, will turn up at last. It may be at the bottom of the well; but it will be drawn up with the last bucket, perhaps with the first. Surrounded by his million of armed men, and with his trebly-trebled ranks of flatterers round him, believing that all the world trembled at his nod, ready to credit any flattering lie, Xerxes yet came to know what truth was; and since his

time great kings and potentates have been taught the bitter lesson. If things are unpleasant it is best to know them at once. No sailor would think of concealing from the captain that the ship had sprung a leak. No officer would hesitate to tell a general that his outposts had been driven in, and that the foe were pouring on him.

Curiously the greatest artists in humorous exaggeration are also the greatest adepts at making things pleasant. In America, we believe, arose the practice of filling the newspapers with an enormous exaggeration—a sort of sensation lie—which editors mistook for wit. The characteristics of the two peoples, the English and their descendants, are curiously preserved even to this day. When our newspaper press was in its infancy there was a publisher—for as yet the editor did not exist—who, when he found that the news ran short, filled up his columns by reprinting the Bible. Thus the readers might read of the judgment of Solomon, and the trial of Charles the First; of the war in Scotland, and the exploits of the Maccabees; of the battles of Worcester or Dunbar, and the Jewish fighting in the 1st or 2nd Book of Kings. The method was by no means a bad one, and no doubt carried good into many people's houses; but our American cousins did not care for such matters, and drew on their own resources. The "big gooseberries" and the "showers of frogs" paragraphs grew into those attempts—curious enough in the descendants of the Puritans—at exaggerated wit which at first tickled us all. The man who was so tall that he shaved himself at his first-floor window, grew to be the one who was obliged to get up a ladder to do so, and so forth. The man who could run faster than a racehorse grew to him who could race

with a flash of "greased lightning," and outrun his own shadow. Some people laughed, and others were puzzled, but the paper was filled. Now any one who knows what true wit is will at once see that this is not wit, and besides being useless, it is in effect vicious. It produces a general decay of truth and a boastful habit of exaggeration, for which the nation has grown famous, and at which its best friends are truly grieved. Perhaps no Englishman who has not lived amongst the Americans can know the truth about them. They have asserted so long that they are the finest and best nation in the world, and they have come out so poorly under trial, that, what with a remembrance of the old story and the presence of the new, the English thinker is completely puzzled. But even their own newspaper writers—an ignorant and very mischievous class—began to find out the beauty of truth in the midst of their trials and defeats; but the habit of years is not to be overcome in a day, and it returns immediately when success peeps up. Nay, with them, who peppered the highest was surest to please, and the two generals who showed that they were soldiers and gentlemen, by fighting soberly and well, and not falsifying their reports after an action or a repulse, were looked upon with but small favour, whilst braggarts were preferred and promoted. So general was the falsification, that the best men in the Northern States no longer credited a Government despatch or a general's "order," and the very means which the North took to give it strength has been, like mistaken medicine, the chief source of its weakness.

All this has arisen from the continued indulgence in mental dram-drinking exaggeration. How true nowadays is the

character which Dickens gave of the people when he visited them, and mourned over the follies of their mob! "I would paint the American eagle as a bat for its blindness, as a bantam for its brag, as an ostrich from the fact that it sticks its head in the mud, and fancies that nobody sees it;" and, he adds, his English good-nature and fairness coming into play, "as a Phœnix for the power which it has of rising from its own ashes." Let us hope that the latter part of the sentence will be true. The first certainly is; and the sad state into which the great nation has fallen has arisen from the spread of that vile disease, a love of exaggeration.

We should remember that every lapse from, and abandonment of truth is a crime. We may add, as men of the world, quoting Napoleon's paradox, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder." "Truth," wrote Chaucer, in the infancy of our literature—

"Trouthe is the hiest thing that man may kepe."

And Sam Slick, our colonial son, says very truly, "Above all things speak the truth; it must be your bond through life." Such advice is of universal application. The little struggling tradesman who tries to sell his wares by a lie will, in the end, be found out. He may make a fortune. It would be absurd to say that lies are not sometimes very potent and very successful; but, lucky or not, he will be the worse man for his lies, less able to appreciate that which is good, noble, and pure. He will be essentially a poor man, a poor creature, a wriggling worm, found out and despised by all that are true. It is to English truth and English honour that England owes her present position. It was English character, and strict

truth, without exaggeration, that made the rebels in India tremble at threats which they knew would be kept, and fall down before a mere handful of true men who kept their troth and did not brag. But the exaggerative, dishonest tradesman, who, in every one of his numerous advertisements which daily circulate, puts forth a lie, will, as he accumulates a dirty fortune, bring distrust and discredit on the English name. There is no excuse for a lie. Let us put an instance. A jeweller exhibits a coarse jewel, worth, let us say, £1000, and attracts attention by placing a ticket on it for £10,000! He may have a perfect right to do so; but he is a fool for his pains. He imputes dishonesty to himself, for no one would presume that if, by some chance, an ignorant man were to offer him the £10,000, he would not take it, and therefore rob the buyer. And, moreover, though he takes in the foolish, the judicious laugh and avoid his shop, because, judging from one example, they have a right to suppose that every article is as wickedly exaggerated in price as the big jewel. Moralists would do much good if they would try to show the folly, as well as the wickedness, of a vice, or perhaps to prove that folly and vice are identical. It may perhaps be impossible, as it would be unwise, to show that vice is always unsuccessful: it attains its object, certainly: but its curse lies in its success. Every vice in the world has commenced in the dereliction of truth; and the highest pinnacle of vice is that which renders us most untrue to ourselves. When once this ball is set rolling, its accumulations are intensely rapid. The man who is careless of truth, who loves exaggeration, empty boasting, self-praise, and the thousand foolish colours in which lies are dressed, will, sooner or later, forget the very form of

the beautiful and true, and will let his notion of right and wrong form dim and hazy outlines, forgetting altogether that truth alone is beautiful, and the highest form of beauty is that of truth itself. One little hair's-breadth above or below that direct aim, and a man has begun his downward course.

GOOD HUMOUR AND BAD TEMPER.

FOR a very long time by this world's verdict the good-natured man and the good-natured woman have been held at a discount. Thus, the good-natured man in a comedy always comes off second best. Some stern, cogging, selfish, cunning fellow bears away the prize. Nor is the hero of a novel often a by any means good-natured man, especially if the character be drawn by a woman. Her ideal generally is a commanding, stern, unbending person; one with dark whiskers and flashing eyes, who gives his commands peremptorily and will be obeyed. He is a small Agamemnon, a king of men. The secret here is, that women love power, and their hero must always be exhibited as possessing what they admire. The quick, energetic man of action, he who is dreaded and feared, the man who impresses other people—such a man is the ideal of woman, and is too often the successful man in this world. Women worship success! It is their grand desideratum, and they are very nearly, if not quite, right in so acting. At any rate, they have the wisdom of this world about them when they do so. A woman, it is very plain, cannot, being the weaker vessel, and owning it in her heart of hearts, afford to be allied to a man

of weak, vacillating disposition. When two young people marry, want of determination in the husband often points to a quiet, unobtrusive, and unsuccessful career, a struggle through life, and at the end of life the trouble, not always borne philosophically, of seeing the children struggle again. Hence the bold and energetic man, not only on account of his energy, is more successful in love matters, but he is more loved of woman. When the tyrant in one of Dryden's wild plays used to shout out in reference to a disobedient princess—

"I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride,"

all the women applauded; with them force embodied and foreshadowed grandeur and success. We may remember, too, that whether the early history of Rome be a fable or not, the Sabine women soon forgave the husbands who tore them away from their fathers and brothers, and themselves interceded and made peace between the contending nations. Force, decision, sternness—these are worshipped by the world, especially by the female half of it; these are the elements of Success, and these are often very contrary to Good Nature.

The man with a temper, that is, simply, the man with a *bad* temper—for we never apply the noun by itself to the man with a good one—generally manages to get his way both in the world and at home. This is merely saying, in other words, that the world is urged on and governed more by fear than by love; and we really think this to be the case. Let a good-natured man and a man with an ill-temper order a pair of boots of a shoemaker to whom they are equally good customers, and it is ten to one that the ill-tempered man gets the better pair of boots (if there be any difference) and is also

first served. If there be any question with a butcher, as to whether the good-natured customer or the man with a temper has the left leg of mutton, or the finer sirloin of beef, we may depend that the ill-tempered fellow will carry off the better joint; this is not because the butcher does not fully appreciate the good-natured man, but he is fully aware also that the lean and hungry Cassius with a bad temper is much more likely to notice any little failing.

Thus the man with a temper makes his way in the world. He is not disturbed by his children, he is feared by his wife; he has the best place in a party; he is never slighted or passed over; never asked to sit bodkin in a carriage, nor to make himself useful with the children, simply because people know very well that he will not do it, and he therefore reaps the reward of his selfishness, or of what he very likely terms a proper pride. The calmness with which the man with a temper will look upon all his successes is remarkable. He at last demands everything as a matter of course. He pleads, nay, people even plead for him, his own ungovernable weakness, as a reason that it should be indulged. Custom has allowed it; you must not disturb Mr. Blank or Mrs. Dash, because they have "such a temper." The waiters at clubs, the riders in the omnibus, the shopmen in the shops, all yield to the vigorous, cross-grained, selfish man or woman. They take the best places in this world, and they never seem to meet with the master of the feast who puts them down that the more honourable man may take their place. Custom, too, is kindly to them; it blinds them to their own habits and defects as it does all of us, so that they frequently accuse others of ill-temper. Walking with a person of this sort at an

Exhibition, we were not a little amused to see him push everybody rudely enough away so as to get the best places, and at the same time continually call the attention of his friends to ill-grained people who did the same as he. "If I had the management of the police," said he, with the greatest coolness, "I'd have all such fellows turned out." Where, then, would he have been?

Some authors of note have not only satirically, but in good, sound earnest, dilated upon the benefits of a bad temper; but in doing so they are really very mischievous. No one needs to have bad temper instilled into his nature—we have all quite enough of that; and temper causes so many sufferings both to its possessor and to its victims, that it had much better be written down than up, even when condemned in so soft a satire that people mistake the application.

It is a mistake to suppose that its exhibition is a proof of strength of character. A man of the gentlest disposition in the world may be also of the strongest character. A giant does not prove his strength by constantly hitting out, nor does a huge horse, which can pull any weight, prove its value by continually kicking and curveting. To suppose that a morose fellow is a man of strong character, is to follow the error of Lord Byron, who has taught that the exhibition of passion proves strength; whereas it is the continual repression of all passion that proves it. A good rider holds in his horse, checks him, and guides him; a bad rider lets him have his own way. The heathen knew better than we do about this. The example of Alexander, who, in his rage, killed his friend, and who cried for a larger share of conquest, was to them a common theme for boys to practise on, to laugh at, and avoid;

and we ought to be wiser than they. Many centuries of the most cheerful religion that the world has ever known, many biddings to do our duty, to cast away fear, to rejoice always, and sing and make melody in our hearts, should have made us understand the value of good-humour and the folly of bad temper.

"Too many," said John Angell James, "have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper be not? If a man be as passionate, malicious, sullen, resentful, moody, or morose after his conversion, as before it, what is he converted from or to?" What indeed? Certainly a good deal of bad temper may be the result of disease; but if so, let us treat it as disease. We should remember, too, that we may stroke and pet, and feed, and foster a malignant temper till it assumes gigantic proportions, and a sensitive tenderness which is wonderful.

"Some fretful tempers wince at every touch.
You always do too little or too much:
He shakes with cold; you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze; that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole, that's just the sort he would not wish.
E'en his own efforts double his distress;
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus, always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be—displeased."

Let us first consider its origin. Bad temper we may suppose to be the effect of habitual indulgence in a mild kind of anger; and, as we all know, anger is one of the deadly sins. A man who indulges in it, or a woman either, is no

more a good or a virtuous being than a common drunkard or glutton. One takes a pleasure in eating or drinking, another in keeping up a sore place, and irritating himself, and wounding others. If accompanied, as it may often be and is, with a moderately good heart and conscience, the sufferings and reproaches of the person with a temper are dreadful. No amount of apology, no self-reproaches will, however, make up for an insulting word or a vulgar rude action, and men and women with tempers often are victims their whole lives through to these little words. If they are very selfish, after a time they look upon themselves as victims; they excuse their frantic folly merely as a foible. Mr. Leech, in *Punch*, has satirized this pretty smartly. A young married couple have had a tiff; the drawing-room is thoroughly upset, and looks like the saloon of the *Great Eastern* after the storm; tables are overset, chairs and looking-glasses broken—the whole place is a wreck. But the storm is over; the wife sits in indignant tears, and the husband is repentant. "Forgive me, Maria," he gasps, "I confess that I am a *little warm*." The figure he cuts is contemptible enough, and, of course, the caricature is a caricature: it is exaggerated; but, in everyday life, men will make fools of themselves for the merest trifle; a button off a shirt, a bed ill-made, a dinner not very well cooked, a guest not arrived, a plate broken—upon these trifles, for which, perhaps, no one is strictly to blame, how many pleasant days and hours are lost, how many words spoken which are never forgiven, how many an angry, sullen look and secret stab are dealt, and how many a wound is given which rankles for years afterwards! The good-natured man is free from this; he may be a fool, but he escapes such

condign and severe punishment. He, too, is a hero in his quiet way; and a woman who preserves her temper is a heroine. Pope's great ideal was one who could keep her temper—who was

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

And the self-possession such a woman must possess will be indeed its own great reward, and a rare gift.

Temper is also a most hurtful indulgence. Hippocrates says that the most dangerous of maladies are those which disfigure the countenance, and this temper always does. It is often indulged in at dinner-time, and then or at any other meal checks the digestion. A man with a temper can no more enjoy his life than he can his dinner. He may get the best place, but he does not make the best meal. To a good-natured man, life, and dinner, and tea, and supper, even an ugly wife and troublesome children, sharp fortune, checks and troubles, are all coloured over with a gorgeous colour, a prime glory, which results from an humble and a grateful heart. It is from these enthusiastic fellows that you hear what they fully believe, bless them!—that all countries are beautiful, all dinners grand, all pictures superb, all mountains high, all women beautiful. When such a one has come back from his country trip, after a hard year's work, he has always found the cosiest of nooks, the cheapest houses, the best of landladies, the finest views, and the best of dinners. But with the other the case is indeed altered. He has always been robbed; he has positively seen nothing; his landlady was a harpy, his bed-room was unhealthy, and the mutton was so tough that he could not get his teeth through it.

Perhaps neither view is quite true ; we shall be safest in the middle course ; the view was passable, the landlady an ordinary landlady, and the mutton good English mutton, that is all. But oh, for the glorious spectacles worn by the good-natured man !—oh, for those wondrous glasses, finer than the Claude Lorraine glass, which throw a sunlit view over everything, and make the heart glad with little things, and thankful for small mercies ! Such glasses had honest Izaak Walton, who, coming in from a fishing expedition on the river Lea, bursts out into such grateful talk as this :—" Let us, as we walk home under the cool shade of this honeysuckle hedge, mention some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met. And that our present happiness may appear the greater, and we more thankful for it, I beg you to consider with me, how many do at this very time lie under the torment of the gout or the toothache, and this we have been free from ; and let me tell you, that every misery I miss is a new blessing." He goes on to talk of the sun in his glory, the fields, the meadows, the streams which they have seen, the birds which they have heard ; he asks what would the blind and deaf give to see and hear what they have seen. He tells his "honest scholar," that though all these be so common, yet they are blessings, and that a humble, cheerful man is happy, and possesses himself with a quietness which " makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and to himself," and he winds up this sweet little prose hymn of praise, sweeter than ever yet was a nightingale's song, or the finest air in the finest opera in the world, by bidding his scholar not be unthankful, because such cheerfulness and thanks were " a sacrifice so pleasing to Him who made the

sun and us, and still protects us and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomach (appetite), and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing."*

Now what kind of sermon would the man with a temper preach on a fishing party? "Umph!" he would say, "no fish—too hot—blazing sun—line in a knot—wretchedly slow—a worm at one end, a fool at the other." But who would have been the wiser man, who would have enjoyed life more, who would have lived most pleasantly, who would have been the fool, who the philosopher? Such as the latter—the ill-tempered man—was that poor hypochondriac who, in his declining, and in ill-health, poor fellow! hence his excuse—went the grand tour. Sterne met him at Rome. Of course he had seen nothing; from Dan to Beersheba all was barren. He was especially disappointed with the Vatican and the Venus de Medicis. "He abused her ladyship," writes Sterne, "worse than a common fish-fag." "I will tell it," cried Smell-fungus, as Sterne ludicrously calls him, "I will tell it to the world." "You had better," said Sterne, with epigrammatic good sense, "tell it to your physician."

The only real excuse for the man with a temper, who is by no means the hero some folks wish him to be, is bad health; and if temper, as we once knew it to be by a judicious mother, were healed in childhood with small doses of jalap, perhaps we should see less of it. But it is certain that, if sickness be an excuse, bad temper increases it. If there be one advice more constantly given than another, and one in which all doctors, who agree in nothing else, do agree in,

* Walton's Angler, p. 248, Major's Edition.

it is in this—"Keep up you spirits." The effect of moroseness and temper upon health is fearful. When a man with a temper is ill, he looks upon himself as a martyr; he has been personally insulted and injured; why should he be poorly, of all men in the world? Why should not Jones, Brown, and Robinson have the gout instead of Smith? The poor wretch who, in his sick-room, is "a caution," and who tyrannizes over his nurse and wife with fourfold vigour, who worries the doctor and won't take his physic, and who gasps like a sick monkey—only the monkey is more wise than a sick man—punishes himself dreadfully. "Most Frenchmen," said Buffon, "might live to be older, but they die of conceit and chagrin." Many unquiet spirits unquietly kill themselves. Like an ill-bred vicious horse—and low natures in animals are often the most cross-grained—the person with a temper knocks himself up before his work is half done, and when he leaves the world he has outraged and not half enjoyed, his death is felt as a relief; whilst good-natured relations forgive all his failings, and that "head, and front of his offendings"—his fierce, vigorous, selfish temper.

ON HIGH LIFE.

ONE of the common mistakes of mankind is, that happiness depends upon position; or, to put it in plainer words, that a person in high life is happier than one in a lower station; that riches, place, honour, observance, and high station convey happiness; whereas these are in good truth so many lets and hinderances, and, when looked at wisely, are hardly to be desired, and certainly only to be enjoyed by a few. From the above-stated mistaken view of matters, there is amongst the middle classes a perpetual desire to know some of the secrets of high life; and certain authors and authoresses, taking advantage of this feeling, are very ready to foist rubbishing books, with catch titles, upon the public, which imply that they know all the secrets of the exalted in station, that they can sketch the manners of the Upper Ten Thousand, or tell us all about the morals of May Fair. When there is a grand party, the illustrated newspapers make capital out of this passion by giving sketches, all more or less false and untrue, of the ball-room and the company; and photographers daily issue portraits of great people, princes and princesses, dukes, countesses, and earls; so that if we cannot get into

the boudoirs of these ladies of fashion, and see them as they are, we are at least gratified by pictures of their dresses, their furniture, and the manner in which they stand or sit. These portraits, by the way, too often smirking or insignificant, and sometimes positively ugly and vulgar, should at least teach us something. We may be contented, we of the middle and working classes, with our own features ; for lords and ladies, with grand possessions and territorial titles, are at least no better looking than we are, and do not seem to be generally gifted with noble foreheads and poetic-looking faces. Some good people are disappointed with the looks of those whom they admire at a distance, and feel rather unhappy that their great ideals are no bigger nor handsomer than they. They are ready to call out, like the man in Peter Pindar's song—

> "What's that, the King? What, that man there!
> Why, I see'd a man at Bartlemy fair
> More like a king than that man there!"

And human nature generally demands that in the aspect of the great man there should be something great. Hence we have ideals and idealism ; heroes and hero-worship. As we get farther away from the fine old times, they loom still vaster and larger in the fog of time, and at last common men grow into demi-gods. "Ah," sighs the young poet, "ah, for those glorious times when every man was loyal and true-hearted! ah, for the times when the baron had open hall, and the cottager feasted with him!" The Frenchman has an ideal time like this, somewhere, perhaps, about the days of the Chevalier Bayard ; and the German looks back to his dear old Fatherland in a dawn of poetic glory and universal brotherhood. The

Roman does the same, and Macaulay, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, has with wonderful spirit versified the popular belief—

> "Then none was for a party;
> Then all were for the State;
> Then the great man helped the poor,
> And the poor man loved the great;
> Then lands were fairly portioned;
> Then spoils were fairly sold:
> The Romans were like brothers,
> In the brave days of old."

Nay, even in valour and bravery, people think that each degenerate age waxes weaker. "We wax hot in faction, but in battle we wax cold," says the same author, "wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old." We wonder what those praisers of times past would have said to the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and to the heroic and obstinate fighting of the Federals and Confederates, the obstinacy and bravery (not to say the brutality) of which have never been surpassed.

In the "brave days of old," however, high life was high life, and the nobles, separated from and truly distinguished from the people, often gave a glory and a colour to their assumption of superiority. The satire of Mr. Dickens upon the knights is wonderfully true, but it has excellent exceptions. "After having led his leather-jerkined followers to the death, being himself clothed in steel of proof," says that author, "the knight returned pleasantly to breakfast;" but it is plain that the spirit of knighthood was very different. No one can doubt the true, gentle breeding of Sir Philip Sydney, of Bayard, (Du Terail,) of that Lord Audley who opened the battle of

Crecy, walking to the van, and giving the first blow with his two-handed sword, after courageously saluting his opponents; and who, when exhausted, torn, and bleeding, and rescued from the *mêlée* to be rewarded by the king with an estate, gave it with open hand, and at once, to the squires who had fought with him, and had lifted him up when he fell. There are hundreds of instances like this to be picked out of history. Many young lieutenants in the Crimean war, when they saw wounded men lying under the enemy's fire, rushed out and saved them at the peril of their lives; they showed that heroism is not yet extinct in high life.

But the common curiosity to inquire after the behaviour of people in the ranks above us, is based upon a supposition which we believe erroneous. People fancy that high station, and place, and riches give a higher tone to the thought, behaviour, and the morals, or at least the minor morals of life. Hence they eagerly read anything which tells about lords and ladies, because they believe that lords and ladies are better than they are. When a certain society of wits and gentlemen were debating about "the true nobleman's look," Pope, who had every opportunity of frequenting cultivated society, and who knew and consorted with great people, said, "The nobleman's look? Yes, I know what you mean very well: that look which a nobleman should have, rather than what they have now. The Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield or Villiers) was a genteel man, and had a great deal the look you speak of. But Wycherley was a genteel man, and had the nobleman-look quite as much as the Duke of Buckingham." "He instanced it too," says Spence, in his *Anecdotes of Books and Men*, in "Lord Peterborough, Lord

Bolingbroke, Lord Hinchinbroke, the Duke of Bolton, and two or three more." But the few instances which Pope gave show that few men in his time, and in that cultivated and Augustan age, in which breeding was cultivated more than it is now, had the true look. It was, "what they should have rather than what they have now." Hence, when Fielding and other great artists drew pictures of lords and ladies, the public were dissatisfied. The great people did not reach the ideal. Sir Walter Scott, whose ideas were essentially romantic and dramatic, painted his high-born heroes up to his own standard. His noblemen are all noblemen in the true sense, his ladies highly ideal and great. Yet we may be sure that he was not very true to Nature any more than were Sir Anthony Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, in the portraits of all those who sat to them, put a grace, a dignity, and a grandeur, which were too frequently absent in the sitter, and which makes us think that our present race of nobility must have degenerated. The "high life," after all, lay in the pencils of the artists, and that flattering power was perhaps the great secret of their success; for all the Court rushed to have their portraits painted by artists who could transmit their features to posterity in so noble a manner. The very hands which Vandyke paints, and which he is fond of exhibiting in a peculiar turn, are the hands of well-bred great people, and not those of ordinary folk. So the Court painter of Louis XIV. had caught a knack of representing that monarch as if he were something higher than a mortal; something almost too great and majestic to tread upon this earth. There was also in those times (although, as we have seen, Pope speaks of them as

not being a very large crop of true noblemen), a certain careful air and deportment, which rendered the noblemen somewhat grander persons than the common men. They showed an habitual attention to the nice conduct of their person. "A hump-backed or deformed man," says Hazlitt, "does not necessarily look like a clown or a mechanic; on the contrary, from his care in the adjustment of his appearance, and his desire to remedy his defects, he, for the most part, acquires something of the look of a gentleman. The common nickname of 'My Lord,' applied to such persons, has allusion to this—to their circumspect deportment and tacit resistance to vulgar prejudice."

But, luckily, to enable those who are not admitted into the charmed circle to judge for themselves, we have many painters of men and manners whose pencils are as faithful as a photograph; just as faithful, indeed, since they sometimes increase the dark shadows, and magnify, if almost imperceptibly, the prominent features of those they portray. Thus we may judge pretty accurately that in high life there are people innately vulgar, and overbearing and proud, when we read the Hon. Mrs. Norton's *Lost and Saved*, and are called upon to study the character of the Marchioness of Updown. Throughout the novel this portrait, while it creates amusement, causes disgust. The woman is tyrannical, foolish, and imperious; she renders herself ridiculous to her family, and hateful to herself; she is encroaching and proud, one of those persons who take all the good things in life as if they fell naturally to their share, and would leave the dross to others. Mrs. Norton, who has seen high life in all its varieties, if indeed there be any, paints with an unsparingly vigorous pencil its vices

and its follies. That was to be expected ; but that which annoys and irritates us is, that she gives us such an insight into its vulgarisms. Of course those who are philosophic enough to study life, know that the *n*obility have their vulgarisms as well as the *m*obility; but many of the middle classes were very much hurt at the author's bold portrayal of a marchioness who behaved not a whit better than the inflated wife of a costermonger ; who would push, and struggle, and squeeze to get the first plaee, and who would elbow any one else down stairs if she could. But this is actually done in high life. At an entertainment given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, to which, of course, only the very cream of the cream of society was admitted, there was such a pushing and struggling to see the Princess, who was then but lately married, that, as she passed through the reception-rooms, a bust of the Princess Royal was thrown from its pedestal and damaged, and the pedestal upset;—the ladies, in their eagerness to view the Princess, coolly took advantage of the overthrown pillar by standing on it. This was perhaps very indicative of an impatient loyalty, but was more so of a vulgar curiosity, and certainly was damaging to the furniture.

It is possible that such an anecdote may displease many who believe in the great virtues and innate breeding of the Upper Ten Thousand. We can only assert that we heard it from the very best authority. When Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*, he drew a baronet of an ancient line as drinking with a charwoman in his own house, carrying the boxes of his governess and taking sixpence for the job, and as otherwise behaving as a low miserly hunks. The sharp vices of the

little governess, the characters of the struggling *demi monde* of the book, were all admitted ; but the critics and the public found much fault with the baronet. It will be always so. People were delighted with his puppets, wrote Thackeray ; the famous little Becky Puppet has been pronounced uncommonly lively on the wires ; and pleased to remark the richly dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end of the performance. But he does not speak of the baronet as a puppet. It was a portrait from real life, and therefore gave offence, it being a rule amongst readers and critics that an author may draw a nobleman as wicked as he pleases, but he must not draw a baronet vulgar.

The moral of all this is, that all life is much alike. A club of gentlemen gossipping at the bow window of a St. James's Street club, and a club of tradesmen in a public-house, will talk very much alike. They will refer to the current topics of the day, repeat the scandal of the town, and sometimes, very good-naturedly, slander their companions. Indeed, the tradesmen's club will have sometimes the higher talk ; they will endeavour to manage the nation, and run into politics, censuring the behaviour of the ministry, and taking cognizance of the state of Poland and the designs of France, whilst politics would be reckoned trite, and tabooed at a west-end coterie. So the glimpses we get of high life from the books which are more truthful than novels, the memoirs of great persons, published from time to time, show us that humanity is everywhere the same, and that Jack is very little, if any, worse than his betters. In the *Memoirs of the Duke of Buckingham*, and in other family records recently made public, what

pictures of dirty pride and true vulgarity we get! Such books are very humiliating, because we all want a much higher ideal than we have; we all look for something better than we are; but, if we are wise, this humiliation will not last long, and will give place to the reflection that poor living and high thinking can go very well together, and that it does not need a thousand a-year, or even absence from trade, to make a gentleman. We need not all imitate the grand manner of some high people, but we can adopt the polish, suavity, and politeness, one towards another, which, with few exceptions, they all have. Beyond that, in seeking to do our duty, and to hold ourselves uprightly, we shall do all that is necessary; and we need not crane our necks after great people, but reflect that the middle station is the best and the happiest, and that, after all—

> "Worth makes the man; the want of it the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather and prunella!"

that is, external dress, hangings and lendings, and not the true man himself.

ON THAT VERY COMMON SIN CALLED INDOLENCE OR LAZINESS.

PUTTING a very pertinent question to his correspondent, Zimmerman asks, "Which is the real hereditary sin of humanity? Do you imagine that I shall say pride, or luxury, or ambition? No! I shall say indolence. He who conquers that, can conquer all." How perfectly true this is we are not all ready to acknowledge; and, with due respect to a man who was a strange but a deep thinker, we doubt whether the sin attaches to Nature. She is surely, in this respect, far above suspicion. "Nature," writes Goethe, "knows no pause, and attaches a curse upon all inaction." The botanist, the geologist, the chemist, alike attest this great truth. Sitting down upon the sea-shore, and watching the rise and fall, and the ebb and flow of the waves; marking the little ripples left in the sand to be moved and washed away at the next tide; deeply regarding the water-worn rocks or the chalk cliffs, which have been driven, as it were, inland by the ceaseless work of the sea; looking at the ever-springing grass, the scirrous and cumulative clouds which pass away and "leave not a rack

behind ;" listening to the continual chirp of the cricket, the "thin, high-elbowed things" which thread the grass, or watching the sea-gull lifting itself above the breaking waves, and then darting on its prey—we may well say that Nature knows no pause. She builds up or she destroys, but she moves ever forward ; it is with her as with her little trickling servant, the brook, of which our greatest living poet has written, that—

> " Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on for ever."

But when here, man does come and go ; and although, in the aggregate, he is a busy creature, working for ever with brain and hand, still in the individual he is much given to indolence. Civilization, which has placed everything in the hands of certain people, has freed them from the necessity of working, and they have become do-nothing classes in the worst sense. Nowadays many people are proud of doing nothing, and inflate themselves with the wicked vanity, holding a prescriptive right of being indolent. There has grown up amongst us—the strange efflorescence of our grand endeavours and our ceaseless workers—a party which brags and vaunts that it does not earn its own living—that it does nothing, lives at the expense of others, and is yet superior to others. This class is certainly not the highest in the truest sense, for amongst the highest we find ceaseless workers ; and of them are they which best know the true value of time. That of which we speak is a rich and, so to name it, an ignorant class, which alike despises the trader, the merchant, the poor professor, and the poor thinker or writer, through whose united efforts they are kept in well-being. Peace, safety,

and good government have produced these men; a sort of people who are like the fat and lazy grub, living comfortably inside the hazel-nut which it preys upon and destroys. But of all pride—and all of it is more or less without foundation and foolish altogether—that which builds itself upon a right to be idle and to do nothing is the most foolish and the most baseless. A man may be proud of a handsome face or of a very clever head, with some reason; for, although he did not make the one, and God gave him the other, still he is the fortunate recipient of that which almost all men and women admire. It has, too, grown into a custom to be proud of being the descendant of an old family, and of possessing a name and estate which have descended from a remote ancestry. There is not much sense in this kind of pride; but custom excuses it; and although the wise man will very properly disdain to exercise it, yet it may lead to an honourable and not useless life. People admire high birth and noble lineage; and although nothing

> "Can ennoble slaves, or fools, or cowards,
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards,"

the reverence men pay to old families has something good and wise in it. We are paying back to their posterity the gratitude we owe to great men; and this posterity may indulge in a venial pride in their own ancestors. If the nation has cause to be proud of a Marlborough, a Wellington, or a Nelson, we may excuse their descendants in sharing that feeling, even in a greater degree. But the man who is merely rich and lazy, and who has inherited sufficient money to keep him from the necessity of labour, has surely no good and

sufficient reason to be proud. His position, if wisely looked at, is not a happy one. It is true that he may be said to be independent, so far as a man can be. His progenitors have worked for him, and their accumulated labours, when invested in the funds or in an estate, put him out of the rank of those to whom glorious necessity forms the impetus of work. But, at the best, this state is without honour, and is somewhat contemptible. The indolent man is of little use in a state. He is born to consume, and not to produce. The poorest haymaker, hedger and ditcher, or cobbler, whose labour pays for his daily existence, is a more useful, and therefore a more noble man with regard to the commonwealth. Indolence is, after all, a mental rest. Leisure, which is very good when indulged in after hard work, is poison to the soul and body too. "I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide," said Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son; "for by it the man is efficiently destroyed, although the appetite of the brute may survive." Too often, if not always, the brute appetite does survive. A man who has no immediate necessity for work sinks from one state of quiescence into another. From the mere custom of inactivity, all labour becomes at first distasteful, and afterwards hateful. The muscles, being unused, grow weak and flabby; the body after some struggles relinquishes the desire to work, and the mind shares the laziness of its lower companion. "At the very best," said Steele, in the *Spectator*, "indolence is an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are once out of our nurse's arms."

But indolence certainly does not become us, even when in our nurse's arms. Nor does it when we grow up to be great,

lazy, hulking boys—perhaps the most ungraceful and distasteful of all animals, as they themselves feel, poor fellows—and yet all boys are lazy, and schoolboys encourage each other in this love of stupid indulgence and ease. That astute prelate, the Bishop of Oxford, speaking at a local examination, said, "Every one of us has in his constitution, more or less, a love of ease, a love of idleness and of laziness. This works differently with different people, but it comes to the same point at last. It is a kind of attempt to draw the shoulder from the collar, when the collar pinches, and it becomes uphill work. Some boys draw the shoulder back, just when it comes to the point that will make their characters better and brighter. They are fond of doing what they can do easily, but they are thrown back if any difficulty arises."

If nature abhors a vacuum, to adopt the axiom of the natural philosopher, so surely does she also abhor anything like indolence. A healthy child is of course often at rest, but never indolent. It is always at work in its own way; it will be ever ready to do something, to work at one thing or another. The very mischief of a young child is merely misdirected industry. A child is never so happy as when it is busy. The embryo soul puts out feelers into the strange world in which it is placed, and tries, step by step, and moment after moment, to fit itself to work. It is for ever imitative: its very voice, and the motion of its tongue, are to be learnt; and gradually, and by much practice, are these mysteries to be acquired and understood. Continual motion and activity, when in health, are necessary to keep its body and growing muscles in health. A child is seldom a heavy sleeper; it will awake with the sun; and the chief thing which

it dislikes is to go to bed. It shuns sleep as grown people endeavour to avoid Sleep's image and elder brother, Death. It will still be acting, still playing, still bargaining at mimic life, until it gets wearisome to its nurses, and the bad habits of the world and society constrain it to become a slug-a-bed. Waking with the sun in the morning, ready to be out and about, to commence the day with refreshed strength and a re-invigorated appetite, it is too often chid into indolence, and taught to be lazy, until from repeated lessons it gains a bad habit, and "custom lies upon it with a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

Yet, if there be one thing which can conquer the ills of life, which will make all things pleasant and all difficulties easy, it is Industry, the great opponent and conqueror of that rust of the mind of which we have been speaking. "There is no art or science which is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the very gift of tongues," said Lord Clarendon, "and makes a man understood and valued in all countries." It is the philosopher's stone, and turns all metals and even stones into gold, and suffers no want to break into his dwelling. As indolence makes all things difficult, and gives a man pain even to walk to his door and loll in his carriage, so industry makes all things easy. "He who rises late," writes old Fuller, as wisely as quaintly, "must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night." Laziness, on the other hand, travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes her. This law is universal. It may seem very pleasant to be enabled to indulge in idle whim-whams, to fold the arms, to loll and to do nothing; but the man who does so does it at his own cost and peril, and soon sorely rues it. His body cannot be so

healthy, his mind must stagnate, his soul become corrupt. Idleness, as the old French epitaph on a vicious great man noted, is nothing but the mother of all the Vices, and a very prolific mother too. The rough Abernethy's advice to a lazy rich man, full of gout and idle humours, unhappy and without appetite, troubled with over-indulgence, and pampered with soft beds and rich food, was to "live upon sixpence a day and earn it;" a golden sentence, a Spartan maxim which would save half the ill-temper, the quarrels, the bickerings and wranglings of the poor rich people, and would rub the rust off many a fine mind, which is now ugly and disfigured from want of use.

Of course there have been many great men who were very indolent, and who were lazy in body, however active they may have been in mind; but this is certain—their greatness was born with them, not achieved; whereas a man may have a very mediocre talent, and by continued industry may so improve it that it will become more conspicuous than the over-rusted but great brain. But more than this, very many great men have been the most devoted opposers of sloth and indolence. Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, represents the inhabitants of his model island as attending lectures before breakfast. More himself rose at four; Bishop Burnet at five, or in winter at six. Bishop Horne got up early and wrote his *Commentaries on the Psalms*, and his other learned and critical works, fresh as the morning to his task. The theory of Napoleon, although his practice deviated and varied from it—alas! where does it not?—was early rising; and every one knows the habits of Wellington, his simple, hard bed, his frugal meals, and his early hours. Sir Walter Scott used to

write, not only his novels, which were the business of his life, but letters, and would attend to other matters, before his clients came, so that people wondered where he could find time to do so much. John Wesley, as is often quoted, considered that five hours' sleep was enough for him or any man. This is somewhat scant measure ; the old English proverb, so often in the mouth of George III., was "six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." It is not at all improbable but that the wear and tear, the constant activity and worry of modern life, make most of us inclined to take the fool's share ; but certainly for more than that there can be no excuse. A volume might be filled with the stories of deeds achieved by men who were early risers, or those who eschewed indolence, and achieved greatness thereby ; of Turner the painter, journeying to Hampstead Heath to catch the first glorious rays of a summer morning, and to transfer them to undying pictures ; Milton, recommending "the field in summer, and in winter the study, as oft as the first bird rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors—preserving the body's health with hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, to our country's liberty."

These are grand motives for early rising and an enmity to indolence ; and the truth is, that the sober, energetic, and industrious man is he who feels grand motives, and can raise his soul to a celestial height. We shall not have learned Priestleys, Franklins, Hales, or men with the learning of a Bacon or a Selden, if our young men are allowed to lapse into that elegant indolence which is one of the worst affectations of this age, and which may become the reality of the

next. It is a very nice thing to become an elegant do-nothing, a modern "swell," after the picture of *Mr. Punch*, or the artists in the books of fashion; but the elegant, careless, insouciant dandy of twenty-five too often grows into a very useless, vicious, do-nothing man at thirty or thirty-five. There is no time to be lost; he who would make his mark in the world must be up and doing. Our young men should look to this; luxury has produced indolence, and that in its turn has bred doubt and unhappiness. "Too many of our young men," said Channing of America, "grow up in a school of despair." Of despair, because of idleness and folly; they believe nothing, because they do nothing; whereas the great worker, who has achieved what the world wonders at, has a credulous brain, and believes in miracles. A Divine benediction attends on true work; its spirit is indeed the little fairy which turns everything into gold; and that man or woman who instils into his or her children habits of industry, who teaches them self-dependence, "to scorn delights, and live laborious days," does much better than they who, after working painfully themselves, leave to their children a fortune which will corrupt by inducing an indolence that will surely prove a curse.

ON "WANTING TO BE SOMEBODY."

ROBERT DODSLEY, once a footman (the Muse being in livery), and afterwards a very successful bookseller and publisher, made a collection of sayings in "proverbial philosophy," which antedated Mr. Farquhar Tupper by at least a century, and which is as certainly equal in poetic fervour and merit to the ejaculations of that author. When, therefore, any one wishes to find what common-place minds think upon any matter, it will be well to consult Dodsley's *Economy of Human Life*, or Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. These authors will be sure to give one that which is very obvious, and which upon the first blush may, to many persons, seem actually true and genuine; moreover, as they both write with one element of grandeur very prominently put forward, they seem to some grand. That element is simplicity, without which grandeur can hardly exist; and no one will doubt the simplicity of Dodsley on such a subject as ambition, which he calls emulation. He tells every one, in fact, to indulge in the passion. "If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof

thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praiseworthy." "Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thy own talents."

The mixture of Scripture phrases with his own homely words has proved too much for the "Muse in livery." How can a man raise himself from the dust of which he is made, and to which he shall return? And yet such a glitter of Scripture words makes the book seem good to some simple people; and when he tells us, with a curious compound of Eastern and sporting imagery, that an ambitious man "panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course," one cannot but smile at the honest footman. Ambition is not so simple a thing as he makes it, and men who "pant" after fame are neither very wise nor very happy men. Nor is it so very necessary for us all to endeavour to be the first in our calling, whatever that may be. Such a behest is too general and wide. We may, in the first place, hate our calling, and have a vicious one, and it will be better then to change it; and as to being first, we know that in a long road some needs must follow, and that, if we push others out of the way to get first ourselves, we shall not be doing a good thing, and certainly one very perilous to our souls. Ambition is really of so complicated a nature, it is so common to man, so beneficent in some results, and so disastrous in others, that it is not to be treated with a few broken sentences or lame verses, but requires deep thought and consideration. Shakspeare considers ambition as so nearly approaching a vice that it needs at least extenuating circumstances to make it a virtue; and

the knightly Hotspur, who is so in love with the passion that he thinks it were an easy leap—

> "To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,"

or to attempt the wildest and most impossible things, in order to be known to posterity and to live in history, is but a hot-brained enthusiast, a good knight, a fire-eater, too fond of glory and too full of fight to be wise or calm. Wolsey, after his fall, is made to repeat that historic saying, which we all remember, "Had I served my God as I served my king, He would not now have deserted me," and to warn his secretary against ambition :—

> "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition :
> By that sin fell the angels. How can man, then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

The greatest poet whom the world has ever produced certainly flung it away himself. He threw his works upon the public, careless even of their being printed, retired to his country house, having left the copies of his best plays kicking about at the theatre, or to be burnt as waste paper, after his death at Stratford, by a careless son-in-law. Yet a nobler ambition than to achieve the place of the first dramatic poet could fill no man's breast. Shakspeare has been the teacher, guide, philosopher, and friend of all men for three hundred years ; and men have shown their gratitude by just now beginning to take measures for setting up a statue to him.

The wisest of men have taken care to uproot this feeling, this selfish passion of ambition, this love of distinction, from their breasts. Swift, always wise and trenchant in his

satire, ridicules our "stars and garters," by showing the Lilliputians jumping over red and blue silk thread for the purpose of being decorated. Yet what a tumult and a struggle must the possession of the decoration of a ribbon cause to certain noblemen! What intrigues and counter-intrigues—what mining and counter-mining amongst many, till at last two are picked out, and after that, *one* only gets the vacant garter, and the other retires disgusted and sulky to his princely park, eaten up with the canker-worm of disappointed ambition! Lucky will he be if he has not soiled his own purity in the struggle. They who run races often get thrown down in the hurry, and rolled in the dust, and, says Swift, "Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so *climbing* is performed in the same posture as *creeping*."

Moderation and contentment have been from time out of mind recommended and descanted upon as antidotes to ambition; and we all of us need these antidotes, because, with very few exceptions, we are all of us extremely subject to the passion. The man who carries letters would choose to be post-office clerk; the man before the mast, a coxswain; the coxswain, a first lieutenant. In the army there is the same feeling, and with equal strength, and in statecraft everybody knows that there are so many applicants for certain places that the minister is puzzled how to bestow his favours. When Richelieu gave away a place, he said that he had made "one man ungrateful and had offended fifty." The fifty were the needy and ambitious nobodies who wanted to be somebody, and went away disappointed. "Fain would they climb," and without any fear of falling. What was true then is equally so now. Abraham Lincoln, a man of much

quaint word-wisdom, if unfortunate in his actions, being applied to by a dozen generals wanting commands, and a hundred captains asking for companies, "Truly," said the puzzled President, "I have more pegs than I have holes to put them in." And we may be sure that no minister or king ever found a want of such pegs readily shaped and rounded. Rochefoucauld, who always put an ill-natured construction upon all human feelings and actions, and so despised man that he certainly could see no good in him, finds no virtue in moderation. "It cannot have the credit," he says, "of conquering and subduing ambition, because they (the two motive powers) are never found together. Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardour." This is not wholly true, or at any rate it is so far false as this, that any soul, however moderate in its desires, can be whipped, pricked, and stirred up into being ambitious; and when once the fiend is raised, there will always be a great trouble to lay it again, for ambition is one of those passions that swell and grow with success; it commences with the lowest rung of the ladder, and is never satisfied till it reaches the highest. Had Alexander found out another world to conquer, he would have looked up to the stars after winning it, and have prayed to be allowed to mount, merely for the insane purpose of worrying the quiet, and perhaps gelid, inhabitants.

If moderation and ambition do not dwell together in the same breast at the first, they cannot do so afterwards; for, unless curbed with the strongest will, and held down with the most determined restraint, ambition will not let any other passion dwell with it. A young cuckoo, hatched in the nest of a

hedge-sparrow, by mere force of nature, grows bigger and bigger, till, by its increased size, and by being the most forward and the most hungry, it obtains most of the food brought by its anxious and deceived stepmother, and gradually elbows the smaller and weaker birds out of the nest. One can see the starved and callow fledglings lying on the ground beneath their parent's nest. So it is with ambition. It will make a bad and lazy man industrious and virtuous. It will transform a spendthrift into a miser; it will inspire men with supernatural activity and quickness, and at the same time it will make a generous good man a grasping and hard-hearted tyrant. "It is," writes Jeremy Taylor, "the most troublesome and vexatious passion that can afflict the sons of men. It is full of distractions; it teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as a wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of his heart-strings crack. It makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome, and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honour which nothing can secure; and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead all the world sees who was the fool!"

All the world sees who was the fool!—that's a shrewd remark. Thackeray has applied the thought in a different way; and although there is little comparison between the author of *Vanity Fair* and the finest pulpit orator that England has produced, it will be well to trace the thought which in both is parallel. When the bones of Napoleon the Great were brought to Paris, Thackeray was there, and the

pageant of the removal of the remains of one of the most ambitious men whom the world has seen inspired the English satirist to write one of the best of his ballads. He draws a picture of ambition, and says of the soldier, "Go to! I hate him and his trade," and relates that to pluck Napoleon down, and to keep him up, "died many million human souls" (that is, men); that he conquered many cities and captured many guns; and—

> "Though more than half the world was his,
> He died without a rood his own,
> And borrow'd from his enemies
> Six feet of ground to lie upon.
>
> "He fought a thousand glorious wars,
> And more than half the world was his;
> And somewhere now in yonder stars
> Can tell, mayhap, what glory is."

"All the world sees who was the fool!"—it is the old story. Restless ambition, vaulting over obstacle after obstacle, overleaps itself and falls on the other side. We need not draw lessons from kings and conquerors: every one of us has his little ambitious aim, his desire to distinguish himself and to make himself the chief man. It matters not much whether we endeavour to be Pitt in Parliament, or an orator in a public-house, the same love of praise, the unquiet wish to be talked about, to be first, inflates the breast of both. Yet ambition is generally thought to be a high and glorious passion; it is one which all women love, because all women share it; but its gorgeous trappings merely disguise it. "If we strip it," says Burton, "we shall find that it consists of

the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness." The desire of fame may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is an infirmity nevertheless.

Lord Bacon, in an essay on ambition, seems to have written only for kings, advising them when to use ambitious men; for such men, he says, "will be good servants," active, ardent, full of work, and stirring. But when they have arrived at a certain point, then they are dangerous, and should be put away. "A soldier without ambition," he adds, "is like one without spurs." In fact, the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" are the very food this selfish passion is most fond of. What woman cares for the hundreds who have been smitten down by camp fever, who have been bent double by ague, cramped with cold, broken and diminished in war; who are legless, armless, handless, lying in the bloody trench, or trodden into the crimson mud, when she reads her son's name in the *Gazette?* What man, except a few piteous souls, thinks of the misery which shall descend like an inheritance after a glorious battle? The heart stirs, the eye flashes, the pulse quickens, and a thousand men are broken and scattered, and a thousand others are exulting victims, and the ambition of some one or some dozen has a sweet incense burnt upon its altar!

Or, in a lower case, a man may have an ambition to be rich, great, and much talked of, and by the sacrifice of his own peace of mind he gains the empty decoration of a name, or adds field to field, to look back with regret upon the hot and weary path he trod, and the sweet home-pleasures, refreshing both to body and soul, from which he turned away in his hurry, or passed by with contempt. After all, a man had better be content with his position, acknowledging that a

greater than he is has placed him there, and such content will give a man a great deal of wisdom. It is indeed only he who is happy in his own condition that the wise and politic Montaigne, that Polonius of literature, would have to speak with sovereigns. Such a man to whom the poet need hardly say—

> "Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis,
> Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes." *

Such a man "would on the one hand not scruple to touch his sovereign's heart to the quick for fear of losing his preferment,"† and on the other would have no base craving for elevation above his fellows, or for rank and riches, which so surely corrupts the heart and hinders us from living the Gentle Life.

Of all ambition perhaps that of the author or of the painter is the most harmless; but even that, when achieved, is but dust and ashes in the mouth of him who has won it. "Ah, young man," said an author, whose works are great as well as good, and who should be satisfied and happy, "they tell me that I have achieved a great name, and that my books are known wherever the English tongue is spoken; so be it. I would give all the fame to be young again, and to have

* *Mart.* Ep. lib. x., Ep. 47, v. 12. "De iis quæ necessaria sunt ad vitam beatam." Ed. 1720. Montaigne, to suit his purpose, quotes the first line only, with verbs in the third person.

† "D'autant que, d'une parte, il n'auroit point de crainte de toucher vifvement et profondement le cœur du maistre, pour ne perdre par le cours de son advancement."—*Essais de Montaigne*, liv. iii. chap. 13, *Firmin Didot's Edition of the year Ten* (1802).

sound health." Perhaps this weakness and nervous restlessness were only the effects of the very hard work which produced the great name, and with it the restlessness, the saddened eye, the weary look, and the distaste for life. The peasant, who earns enough to eat and drink, and to bring up his family safely, whose mind is too dull to be tortured by envy, is by some quoted as the happy man; but even in his breast ambition burns, and he alone, who, feeling the desire, can yet repress it, is worthy of the name.

There is one variety of this passion which Dr. Young calls "the universal passion, love of fame," which is alone excusable. Bacon well defines what this is. "Honour," he writes, "has three things in it: the vantage-ground to do good, the approach to kings and principal persons, and the raising of a man's own fortune. He that hath the best of these intentions when he aspireth is an honest man."

Honest, indeed! but a rare one. The second and third are the chief springs in the hearts of most of us. Even the first is not to be lightly entertained; for, in endeavouring to gain the vantage-ground of doing good, men often bend from the straight path and do evil. We should be content to do good where we find ourselves called to do it, in our homes and at our way-sides. We may depend that, did we listen to these calls upon us, we should find opportunities enough of doing good and serving God; and it is wiser to follow these quiet and hidden impulses, than to look for any grand and prominent exhibition of our benevolence. Public benefactors reap too often their own poor reward of a still wider publicity; a newspaper advertisement is sounded before them instead of a trumpet.

To be known widely as a doer of good is an honest ambition, but it is a dangerous one; perhaps the most dangerous of all. How many a poor man's head has been turned by flatterers, who are ready to tell him that he has the virtues of a saint! And how many a pure impulse to do good by stealth, and which at "first blushed to find it fame," has degenerated into the hungry craving of being talked about, which too often fills the hearts of the professed philanthropists!

CONCERNING CERTAIN ILLUSIONS.

THEREFORE "trust to thy heart, and what the world calls illusions." That is a curious sentence of Longfellow's, and deserves reading again. He is an earnest man, and he does not mean to cheat us; he has done good work in the world by his poems and writings; he has backed up many, and lifted the hearts of many, by pure thought; he means what he says. Yet, what is altogether lighter than vanity?—The human heart, answers the religionist. What is altogether deceitful upon the scales?—The human heart. What is a Vanity Fair, a mob, a hubbub and babel of noises, to be avoided, shunned, hated?—The world. And, lastly, what are our thoughts and struggles, vain ideas, and wishes?—Vain, empty illusions, shadows, and lies. And yet this man, with the inspiration which God gives every true poet—yet he, who is rarely gifted amongst a young and impulsive people—tells us to trust to our *hearts*, and what the world calls *illusions*. And he is right.

Now there are of course various sorts of illusions. The world is itself illusive. None of us are exactly what we seem; and many of those things that we have the firmest faith in really do not exist. When the first philosopher declared that the

world was round, and not a plane as flat and circular as a dinner-plate or a halfpenny, people laughed at him, and would have shut him up in a lunatic asylum. They said he had an "illusion;" but it was they who had it. He was so bold as to start the idea that we had people under us, and that the sun went to light them, and that they walked with their feet to our feet. So they do, we know well now; but the Pope and cardinals would not have it, and so they met in solemn conclave, and ordered the philosopher's book to be burnt; and they would have burnt him, too, in their hardly logical way of saving souls, only he recanted, and, sorely against his will, said that it was all an "illusion." But the Pope and his advisers had an illusion too, which was, that dressing up men, who did not believe in their faith, in garments on which flames and devils were represented—such a garment they called a *san benito*—and then burning them, was really something done for the glory of God. They called it with admirable satire an *auto da fé* (an "act of faith"), and they really did believe—for many of the inquisitors were mistaken but tender men—that they did good by this; but surely now they have outgrown this illusion. How many of these have we yet to outgrow; how far are we off the true and liberal Christianity which is the ideal of the saint and sage; how ready are we still to persecute those who happen, by mere circumstances attending their birth and education, to differ from us!

The inner world of man, no less than the external world, is full of illusions. They arise from distorted vision, from a disorder of the senses, or from an error of judgment upon data correctly derived from their evidence. Under the influence

of a predominant train of thought, an absorbing emotion, a person ready charged with an uncontrolled imagination will see, as Shakspeare has it—

"More devils than vast Hell can hold."

Half, if not all, of the ghost stories, which are equally dangerous and absorbing to youth, arise from illusion—there they have their foundation; but believers in them obstinately refuse to believe anything but that which their over-charged and predisposed imagination leads them to. Some of us walk about this world of ours—as if it were not of itself full enough of mystery—as ready to swallow anything wonderful or horrible, as the country clown whom a conjurer will get upon his stage to play tricks with. Fooled by a redundant imagination, delighted to be tricked by her potency, we dream away, flattered by the idea that a supernatural messenger is sent to us, and to us alone. We all have our family ghosts in whom we more than half believe; each one of us has a mother or a wise aunt, or some female relation, who, at one period of her life, had a dream, difficult to be interpreted, and foreboding good or evil to a child of the house.

We are so grand, we men, "noble animals, great in our deaths and splendid even in our ashes," that we cannot yield to a common fate without some overstrained and bombast conceit that the elements themselves give warning. Casca, in "Julius Cæsar," rehearses some few of the prodigies which predicted Cæsar's death:—

"A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched. * * *
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'*These are their reasons—they are natural;*
For, I believe, they are portentous things."

A great many others besides our good Casca believe in these portents and signs, and their dignity would be much hurt if they were persuaded that the world would go on just the same if they and their family were utterly extinct, and that no eclipse would happen to portend that calamity. In Ireland, in certain great families, a Banshee, or a *Ben-shee*, for they differ who spell it, sits and wails all night when the head of the family is about to stretch his feet towards the dim portals of the dead ; and in England we have many families who, by some unknown means, retain a ghost which walks up and down a terrace, as it did in that fanciful habitation of Sir Leicester Dedlock. Our northern friends, not to be behind us, have amongst them prophetic shepherds, who, on the cold, misty mountain top, at eventide, shade their shaggy eyebrows with their hands, and, peering into the twilight, see funerals pass by, and the decease of some neighbour portended by all the paraphernalia of death.

With us all these portents "live no longer in the faith of Reason;" we assert, in Casca's words, that "they are natural;" but we offend the credulous when we do so. "Illusions of the senses," says an acute writer, "are common in our appreciation of form, distance, colour, and motion ; and also from a lack of comprehension of the physical powers of

Nature, in the production of images of distinct objects. A stick in the water appears bent or broken ; the square tower at the distance looks round ; distant objects appear to move when we are in motion ; the heavenly bodies appear to revolve round the earth." And yet we know that all these appearances are mere illusions. At the top of a mountain in Ireland, with our back to the sun, we, two travellers, were looking at the smiling landscape gilded by the sunshine ; suddenly a white cloud descended between us and the valley, and there upon it were our two shadows, distorted, gigantic, threatening or supplicatory, as we chose to move and make them. Here was an exactly similar apparition to the Spectre of the Brocken. The untaught German taxed his wits to make the thing a ghost ; but the philosopher took off his hat and bowed to it, and the shadow returned the salute ; and so with the Fata Morgana, and the Mirage. We now know that these things had no supernatural origin, but are simply due to the ordinary laws of atmospheric influence and light ; so all our modern illusions are easily rectified by the judgment, and are fleeting and transitory in the minds of the sane.

But, beyond these, there are the illusions of which we first spoke, from which we would not willingly be awakened. The sick man in Horace, who fancied that he was always sitting at a play, and laughed and joked, or was amazed and wept as they do in a theatre, rightly complained to his friends that they had killed him, not cured him, when they roused him from his state of hallucination. There are some illusions so beautiful, so healthful, and so pleasant, that we would that no harshness of this world's ways, no bitter experience, no sad

reality, could awaken us from them. It is these, we fancy, that the poet tells us to trust to ; such are the illusions—so called by the world—to which we are always to give our faith. It will be well if we do so. Faith in man or woman is a comfortable creed ; but you will scarcely find a man of thirty, or a woman either, who retains it. They will tell you bitterly "they have been so deceived!" One old gentleman we know, deceived, and ever again to be deceived, who is a prey to false friends, who lends his money without surety and gets robbed, who fell in love and was jilted, who has done much good and has been repaid with much evil. This man is much to be envied. He can, indeed, "trust in his heart and what the world calls illusions." To him the earth is yet green and fresh, the world smiling and good-humoured, friends are fast and loving, woman a very well-spring of innocent and unbought love. The world thinks him an old simpleton ; but he is wiser than the world. He is not to be scared by sad proverbs, nor frightened by dark sayings. An enviable man, he sits, in the evening of life, loving and trusting his fellowmen, and, from the mere freshness of his character, having many gathered round him whom he can still love and trust.

With another sort of philosophers all around is mere illusion, and the mind of man shall in no way be separated from it ; from the beginning to the end it is all the same. Our organization, they would have us believe, creates most of our pleasure and our pain. Life is in itself an ecstasy. "Life is as sweet as nitrous oxide ; and the fisherman, dripping all day over a cold pond, the switchman at the railway intersection, the farmer in the field, the negro in the rice-swamp, the fop in the street, the hunter in the woods, the barrister with

the jury, the belle at the ball—all ascribe a certain pleasure to their employment which they themselves give to it. Health and appetite impart the sweetness to sugar, bread, and meat." So Fancy plays with us; but, while she tricks us, she blesses us. The mere prosaic man, who strips the tinsel from everything, who sneers at a bridal and gladdens at a funeral; who tests every coin and every pleasure, and tells you that it has not the true ring; who checks capering Fancy and stops her caracoling by the whip of reality, is not to be envied. "In the life of the dreariest alderman, Fancy enters into all details, and colours them with a rosy hue," says Emerson. "He imitates the air and action of people whom he admires, and is raised in his own eyes. . . In London, in Paris, in Boston, in San Francisco, the masquerade is at its height. Nobody drops his domino. The chapter of fascinations is very long. Great is paint; nay, God is the painter; and we rightly accuse the critic who destroys too many illusions."

Happy are they with whom this domino is never completely dropped! Happy, thrice happy, they who believe, and still maintain that belief, like champion knights, against all comers, in honour, chastity, friendship, goodness, virtue, gratitude. It is a long odds that the men who do not believe in these virtues have none themselves; for we speak from our hearts, and we tell of others that which we think of ourselves. The French, a mournful, sad, and unhappy nation—even at the bottom of all their external grin and gaiety—have a sad word, a participle, *désillusionné*, disillusioned; and by it they mean one who has worn out all his youthful ideals, who has been behind the scenes, and has seen the bare walls of the theatre, without the light and the paint,

and has watched the ugly actors and gaunt actresses by daylight. The taste of life is very bitter in the mouth of such a man; his joys are Dead Sea apples—dust and ashes in the mouths of those who bite them. No flowers spring up about his path; he is very melancholy and suspicious, very hard and incredulous; he has faith neither in the honesty of man nor in the purity of woman. He is *désillusionné*—by far too wise to be taken in with painted toys. Every one acts with self-interest! his doctor, his friend, or his valet, will be sorry for his death, merely from the amount of money interest that they have in his life. Bare and grim unto tears, even if he had any, is the life of such a man. With him, sadder than Lethe or the Styx, the river of time runs between stony banks, and, often a calm suicide, it bears him to the Morgue. Happier by far is he who, with whitened hair and wrinkled brow, sits crowned with the flowers of illusion; and who, with the ear of age, still remains a charmed listener to the songs which pleased his youth, trusting "his heart and what the world calls illusions."

ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

IT becomes a man, "who is a man," to have his own opinions. Perhaps he had better entertain crotchety and crooked opinions than none at all. He must not be swayed about by everybody's word. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," was the verdict of the patriarch of old; and its truth and wisdom are as certain and as applicable now as when it was pronounced five thousand years ago. We still have the melancholy spectacle of talents wasted, opportunities of rising in the world thrown away, and the fairest prospects blighted, from this one fatal defect, this vulnerable point, which, like the heel of Achilles, renders the perfection of the rest of the organization of no avail. Again and again do we see persons, whose characters seem adapted for posts of eminence, whose talents and energy, and attractive qualities, are alike fitted to win confidence and love, fail in the hour of trial, and sink into obscurity or disgrace, from the weak vacillation of purpose which spoils the best conceived plans, and disappoints the sanguine expectations which their known capabilities have justly excited. It needs few words to prove the danger and ruinous consequences of a defect which the most common observation

or the slightest reflection will show to be as fatal to self-respect as to the position held towards others; since the man who cannot depend on his own stability of purpose loses at once confidence in himself and the deference and reliance of those who are naturally dependent upon him.

In what, then, does true decision of character consist? It is a power of deliberately planning a course of action, or of forming an unbiassed opinion, and then consistently and firmly carrying out such purposes and taking an unflinching stand on the side adopted, unless some new and unexpected combination of circumstances renders the one inexpedient, or a previously unknown argument makes the other unwise and untenable. It is therefore a union of calm judgment with moral courage when found in perfection, though it is perfectly possible to be decided and unshaken in actions, or opinions, adopted without due consideration and impartiality. But in such cases there can hardly be the calm satisfaction and repose which the consciousness of an honest exercise of judgment will ever give amidst the changing aspect and varying tide of human affairs. That satisfaction is entirely and completely denied, and in its place appears a dogged determination to hold out against every kind of reason, whether legitimate or otherwise, for change.

This brings us to one of the most plausible and common imitations of real decision; namely, obstinacy. "It is no use; what I have said I will keep to," is the self-satisfied remark of an obstinate man; feeling comfortably convinced that he is proving himself to be a most decided personage. Now it may be remarked, first, that the very fear of being induced to alter, and hence resisting all argument, is a

tacit acknowledgment of weakness. It is not decision, but simple stupidity, to persist when any new or hitherto unconsidered reason for changing presents itself. There may be a confession of rashness, or hasty and superficial judgment, in such an alteration of conduct or ideas on any particular subject; but there is not necessarily any proof of indecision. Take a judge, a barrister, or a physician, by way of example. They have each formed a decision on the premises submitted to them; and, so far as their means of judging go, we will take for granted it is a wise and correct one. But suppose fresh facts, or hitherto concealed or half-developed symptoms, are placed before them, and they adhere to the verdict, or opinion, or treatment first given, it is obstinacy and conceit, not firmness and decision of temperament. Apply the same rule to ordinary cases, which common sense will at once lay down for these professional men, and it will serve at once to distinguish the true from the false. Again, a hasty and rash-tempered man will often cover his errors to himself, and as far as possible to his friends, in flattering them by the courtesy title of decision; the real truth being that he has not decided at all, but has been carried on by impulse or by the force of circumstances, till it is, or he thinks it is, too late to retreat, and then he complacently remarks, "I don't take long to make up my mind; I am not given to much hesitation."

A very large class of self-deceivers is that of the indolent, easy-going portion of mankind. These shape their course, or take up their opinions, in the way which is the most obvious, and gives the least trouble; and, having once done so, they do not care to use the mental or moral exertion necessary to make a change in either thinking or acting. "It is far better to go

on in the same course," say they, "to do as they or their parents have always been accustomed to do; they see no good in changing; they like taking up a thing, and keeping to it." Now we freely admit there may be less danger, as there is certainly less offence, in their doctrine and practice than the other classes', who sail under false colours; but we do contend that these persons should not lay claim to any decision of character, any more than the mule who follows in the beaten track deserves the praise of acute discernment of the right road. They may certainly be innocent of any sins of commission against this quality, but most certainly they have at best only the very negative praise that their peculiar temperament, and not any exertion or deliberate conviction of their own, has kept them from falling into actual error, while it prevents their possessing the positive virtue we are considering. Should temptation at any time assail them, they will be unprepared to resist it; and, at the best, they do not possess that real firmness and consistency which, as we set out by saying, true decision exhibits, and which obtains and justifies the confidence and respect of all with whom they are brought in contact.

We will now turn to openly and confessedly undecided people, of whom it may truly be said there is more hope than of the self-satisfied ones of whom we have been speaking. These people may be divided into two or three classes. The first and most hopeless are those who appear totally unable to form any opinions of their own, and are therefore dependent upon those of others. They have consequently no fixed line of conduct, nor consistent and clear ideas on the various points which, whether trivial or important, come into each

day's experience. Such individuals will refer each trifling difficulty, each doubtful question, to every fresh person with whom they come in contact, and are influenced in turn by each. No sooner have they heard and approved of one opinion, and, apparently, determine to act upon it, than they turn to the next person they happen to meet for their advice, and, as very naturally may happen, a different counsel being given, they are thrown on a precisely different track till a third adviser may again alter their course. Now, if "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," it must certainly imply these counsellors in full conclave, not singly and in succession. There is nothing more dangerous than this dependence on every fresh opinion, and receiving the impression of each, just as water reflects every successive object which passes over its clear surface, and retains no lasting form from any. Or, to use a yet more correct image, they resemble dissolving views, each of which, in turn, appears clear and vivid, as if really and indelibly painted on the canvas, and then gradually loses its identity, and gives place to a scene entirely opposite. The natural results of this dangerous practice are complete destruction of self-dependence and respect, and a fatal inconsistency and changeableness of purpose and conduct. "I fully intended to have done so and so," such persons say, "as you advised; but I met Mr. or Mrs. Such a One, and they thought I had decidedly better take other steps in the matter." Now it is quite possible to be open to just argument and retain proper decision of character; but, to accomplish this, there should be great care and discrimination in choosing those who have the privilege of giving advice. In small and comparatively unimportant matters it is better, as a rule, to act upon indi-

vidual judgment, without reference to others, always keeping the ears open for any suggestions which may accidentally be thrown out, which may wisely direct general conduct ; and, in more serious and weighty affairs, to consult only some one or two friends, who, from known good judgment or especial experience, are capable of giving sound and trustworthy counsel ; and, when their opinion has been heard and fairly discussed, then the affair should be finally settled, and the course of conduct decided on should be perseveringly and unwaveringly carried out.

There is also another class, chiefly among the fair sex, who are incapable of making up their minds, even with the help of others ; who change and change, and repent again, and return to their first resolution, and then regret that they have done so, when too late. They hesitate between a walk or a drive, between going in one direction or another, and fifty other things equally immaterial ; and always end the matter by doing what they fancy, at any rate, is the least agreeable and eligible of the two. Of course this disposition, shown in these trifles, will be shown in more important matters ; and a most distressing and unfortunate disposition it is, both for themselves and those around them. Now, the only remedy for such a turn of mind is resolutely to keep to the first decision, whatever it may be, without dwelling on its advantages and disadvantages, and allowing any useless regrets after the thing is done ; and, even if a mistake is often made at the outset, from want of the habit of ready and unwavering judgment, it will be far less mischievous than weak and wretched indecision ; and in time the faculty of knowing the real tastes or inclinations, without hesitations and regrets, will be culti-

vated in the mind. A strong effort, with some self-denial, is necessary to conquer this prevalent and besetting sin ; but the comfort and peace of mind it will produce is well worth the exertion it requires.

One class more remains for our notice—those whose strong, yet varying impulses give the same results, and produce the same mischief, as more strictly called indecision of character. Such persons are generally excitable, and easily acted on by present inducements and the actual circumstances of the moment. They feel for the time an eager and intense desire to act in some particular way, or accomplish some especial object, and take measures accordingly, perhaps commit themselves to some course of action ; the circumstances in which they find themselves change, the excitement passes, the inclination vanishes, and, if possible, they throw themselves into a precisely contrary line of proceeding, ending in the same result. Thus they are never to be relied on, nor consistent in what they do, whether bad or good, wise or imprudent ; and the difficulties in which they find themselves, and the miserable expedients necessary to get out of them, are endless and discreditable. Such persons can only find safety in so far controlling themselves as to delay acting while the impulse and the inducement for it lasts. We know how difficult this is, how strong are the feelings, how impatient of control are the desires of such temperaments ; but it is absolutely essential to their well-being and safety. Let them habitually recall the many instances when they have completely changed their wishes, and bitterly repented the measures taken to accomplish them, the mortifications incident on the confession of change, the injustice to others

which their thoughtless impetuosity has too often inflicted, and so fix the past in their minds as to read a lesson for the present and future. Even the strict principles of right and wrong will not always avail in such cases; at the best they can but induce such persons to bear the consequences of their impetuous proceedings when the motive and desire for them have entirely altered. Nothing but a strict abstinence from decided action during the period of feverish excitement can save them from the worst results which can befall the most wavering and undecided in character, or avail to attain the contrary virtue, in what we have defined as its real purity and excellence—a calm judgment, carried out in a consistent and firm course of action.

CONCERNING THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

ALTHOUGH the Registrar-General's returns prove beyond a doubt that the British is yet a marrying nation, still, we presume, there is no doubt that, amongst our upper ten thousand, and the next twenty thousand layers of society, marriage is becoming "unpopular," and is gradually growing to be regarded as an institution to be avoided rather than encouraged. Many causes are alleged for this result. Some blame the young women, some the young men; many scold the "mammas," and more put down the fault to that general scapegoat, "Society." But, whatever be the immediate cause, one complaint runs as a corollary to all assigned causes, and that is the uncertainty of married happiness, the repeated assertion that no one can predict "what a woman will turn out;" or, to quote a proverb, "Marriage is a lottery."

How the proverb arose we can hardly tell; but it is a singular one to be prevalent with an acute, a far-seeing, and painstaking people. It might have grown up during those times in which severe fathers ordered their sons to marry

this woman, and their daughters that man; when individual choice was never consulted, but the extension of estates and the establishing of families were. It may be a lottery amongst the wife-eating Fans, and those tribes of Africa and Asia where the king is obliged to marry half a hundred women to strengthen his position, and to surround himself with an army of male relations who will defend his throne. It would be odd, indeed, if the fifty chances were to turn up all prizes. But where, as in England and her offshoots, and some few other European countries, men and women are free to choose, and have time, caution, and opportunity to do so, the proverb is a scandal. It is, of course, utterly untrue. Men would be ashamed to say that buying a farm, a horse, a ship, a knife, or hiring a servant, was all a "lottery." Our merchants would not be as rich nor our people as powerful as they are if they made trade a lottery. The truth is, they have made it a certainty. So far as human means will allow, what they undertake to do, they do. They plant a firm foot, and keep their word; they compass sea and land; like Antonio with the Jew, they stake their very life and reputation, and they win the stake. Who breaks, pays. There is no such thing as mere chance about English trade. Having abolished all kinds of lottery in money matters and declared it illegal, it will be as well if we try to uproot the old vulgar error about luck and ill-luck in marriage. The truth is, there is little of either about it. Any man and woman can be happy enough, if they determine so to be; but they must do so with a will. There must always be two parties to a quarrel; and if man and wife set themselves to be calm, quiet, and patient under trouble, they will find their lives glide away without

those bitter quarrels, which never do good, and which always rankle.

The same determination should make all men look upon marriage as a necessity. It is a Divine institution ; and the wish that St. Paul expressed that other Christians were like him, unmarried, was intended only for the apostolic missionaries of his time, not for the laity, nor priesthood of more peaceful times. A married life is the only one possible, if we look to the requirements of health and virtue. There is no mincing the matter ; a single life means, with nine-tenths of the men, a life of sin and selfish indulgence, hurtful to themselves, and noxious to the State. With the women it means one of hope deferred, disappointed love, or single misery, bitterly and satirically termed "blessedness." The universality of the passion of love proves its legitimacy—it should be legitimately indulged. Common nature and common sense alike require it ; and, as all women should be wives, and all men husbands, it follows that it would be true philosophy for the State to endeavour to form good wives and good husbands.

It is a question whether either sex sets about this properly. Love is regarded too much as a matter of chance ; and it is more than probable that few men think of marrying until they fall in love. Hence it depends very much on uncertainties. It is rare for a boy of nineteen or twenty to seriously educate himself for a married life, and to separate himself from the indulgences of single men ; and it is unfortunately not rare for both single and married men to indulge in a stupid kind of joking as to the expenses and inconveniences of married life and the cost of children. The best answer to

these men would be to ask them to prove their postulates. Marriage is not an expensive condition of life; on the contrary, presuming a man to be fitted for it, he will be astonished at the economy which may be practised. Besides this, as every married man knows, the saving, care, caution, foresight, and determination which are consequent upon the wedded state, far more than counterbalance the duplication of dress, board, and lodging, which all must look for.

The men who make fortunes, found families, direct great matters, and are chief in the city and council, are married men. It is a common confession amongst such that they never saved a penny while they were single. This is not only the case with the poor, but with the rich as well; with the low as well as the high. The great minister Pitt, it is well known, was a single man. He had fallen in love, but he could not marry because he was too poor. At that time he owed £30,000. The lady of his choice was the Honourable Eleanor Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland; but, although the pair were in love, Pitt deeply so, and he "the leader of the wealthiest aristocracy in the world," at the height of his power and glory, the match was broken off. But how did he owe so much? He was a single man, living alone, with a ministerial salary, and wardenship of the Cinque Ports, amounting to £10,000 a year. How could he have been so deeply in debt? Simply through being single, and the roguery of his servants. The quantity of butcher's meat charged in the bill, when his affairs were examined, was nine hundredweight per week! The consumption of poultry, fish, and tea was in proportion. The charge for servants in board-wages, wages, liveries, and bills at Holwood and in London, exceeded

£2300 a year. Had Pitt been a married man, he would probably not have had to pay one-fifth of the sum; nor would the nation have had to pay £40,000 of his debts, after he had been more than once assisted by his friends.

Women differ from men in this respect. They all, very properly, look forward to marriage; nay, the great majority, even in our factitious state of society, are utterly dependent upon it. To them a fine face is as good as a fortune. Women cannot afford to be ugly—men can; but there is this great fault with women, that they do not educate themselves for the future position one whit more assiduously than the men do. A thoroughly accomplished wife is a very hard matter to obtain, although the majority of girls are looking forward to be married at an early age, and are in despair of being left old maids when they are twenty-one. One would therefore think that they would prepare for the state.

We have schools for cooks and for housemaids (and much wanted too), but we have no school for wives. "I chose mine," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "as she chose her wedding gown, not on account of the fineness of the stuff, but because it would last the longest." It would seem that men and women nowadays are not so wise either as to gowns or wives as the Vicar. Many young women enter into the holy state without being at all fitted for it. Marriage is no lottery with them if they tear up the only chance of a prize. A woman who marries a poor man, without being fit for a wife, without knowing cookery and perfectly understanding domestic economy, perpetrates a gross swindle, and accelerates, nay, causes, her own unhappiness. "Marriage is the best state for man in general," says Dr. Johnson, "and

every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

If this be, and it is, true of man, what shall we say of a woman who is unfit? There can be no question about it. Woman was created to be a wife and a mother; but she was not created to be a compositor, or an author, or anything else in the exclusively male "line," where endurance and heavier brain and muscles must be brought into play. The nonsense talked nowadays about the amelioration of women is prodigious. Woman can ameliorate and emancipate herself; she was never better off; but at the same time she cannot stand alone. With man she is all-powerful; without him she is nothing. She should fit herself for the duties of union, not of disunion. Professional women are generally very unhappy. As a class—though this admits of some very brilliant exceptions, such as Angelica Kauffman, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Countess of Blessington, &c.—as authoresses, artists, lecturers, writers, or what not, they are ungainly and ungraceful; and, if unmarried in middle life, look about as unhappy as the dog in the fable might have looked after snapping at the shadow and dropping the substance. When married, their knowledge of fine art, and ignorance of home duties, render the poor husband extremely unhappy; and if by a rare chance they do unite external talent to internal management, they find the task too much for their strength, and die early. The accomplished woman in these days of general education is, however, a grand mistake. Trying to know all things, she knows nothing, and is generally as helpless as that poor little English *fraulein* in Hood's *Up the Rhine*, who, when her father lay ill, rehearsed

the articles of her capacity, and found they were of no use. She could make purses, pen-wipers, work in beads, coloured worsted, and silks; smatter Italian, French, and a little German; play a fantasia, or embroider a waistcoat; make cherry-stone chains, and egg-shell baskets; nay, at a pinch, being good at rock ornament, she might have plastered her father with red wafers; but she could not make a bed, mix a caudle, prepare a poultice, nor nurse a sick man. Swift was not far wrong when he said that the reason so many marriages were unhappy was, that so many young ladies spent their time before marriage "in making nets, and not in making cages."

Another source of unhappiness is folly in choice. This should never be a mere matter of chance. The time for exercising prudence is not so much when in love, as before one falls in love. We should choose with whom we shall so associate, as to risk the engendering of a passion. If we do not use our judgment at the beginning, we can seldom do so at the end. The future husband should cultivate the habit of self-reliance and command. He should first conquer himself, and then he will be able to govern his wife. Women are formed to obey; and wise women look up to a man whom they can respect and obey. Marriage is the firmest, the most lasting, the most trying and tried friendship. It cannot be intact without mutual esteem; and this esteem must be based on respect. "He must prepare to be wretched," writes Johnson, "who pays to beauty, wealth, and politeness (external manner) that respect which is only due to piety and virtue." A woman should be careful to choose a character at once stable and strong. It is astonishing how like husband

and wife grow after years of association, either for good or for evil. A good woman is no match for a careless, designing man, without fixed principles; she is like a ship under bad pilotage—she will surely run upon the rocks.

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.
As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

But, even when all chances are taken, when the ordinary man and woman, with all faults and shortcomings, all incompleteness and ignorance, come together, there is yet time to disprove the saying about marriage being a lottery. The very ceremony should improve them. The man is elevated by being made the protector and head of the woman, the woman by her new and responsible situation. Then comes the time of small sacrifices to be made with cheerfulness and readiness. The celibate may dream of being great heroes: the men of being knights errant, of rescuing ladies and saving cities; the women of growing into queens of beauty, and of nursing wounded knights; or, like Miss Nightingale, founding hospitals. But the married know that ours is a day of small things; small sacrifices daily performed without a murmur; small cheerfulnesses, good-temper, a smile when another is pleased, a tear of charity when another is in pain. If these only be performed, if we also keep up a constant war against small selfishnesses, against taking the prime cut of the leg of mutton, the biggest egg at breakfast, or the nicest rising crust in the loaf, we shall soon find that we have forced fortune to give us a prize, not a blank, and that therefore our

marriage is no lottery. Then may we delight, like Ramsay in his *Gentle Shepherd*, in the good-humour and white caps of the wife, who wears them as "guards to her face, to keep her husband's love;" and, like the husband in Middleton's play, exclaim with rhapsody—

> "What a delicious breath marriage gives forth,—
> The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
> Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
> On which the sweet spring flowers take delight
> To cast their modest odours."

Or more calmly, but not less truly, rehearse with the golden preacher, Jeremy Taylor, the blessings of marriage: "It hath more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and peoples heaven itself."

IS KNOWLEDGE WORTH HAVING?

A PICTURE-DEALER was one day describing a customer; and after several praises bestowed upon his demeanour and "gentlemanly manner," his promptness to pay being deservedly reckoned as a high quality, the man finished by a "There now, he is not a bad judge of pictures either; he has a pretty taste, a very pretty taste; and he knows just as much as a gentleman ought to do."

It was plain, then, that in our friend's opinion a gentleman ought not to know too much; and, as regards pictures and many other luxuries, if we look to a man's own happiness, I think he was right. We do not like, we English, to see a man too knowing, too much up to the tricks of the world, like a dirty attorney. A man who knows every little "dodge" is invariably a man with a soiled mind. "I don't like to meet with a man who knows as much as a dealer," continued our interlocutor, "and he never gets the best either; many a time I've run 'm up at sales, although we've had to share the picture in the knock-out." There is a great feeling against these too knowing men; "a gentleman should be a gentleman," is an old saying with tradesmen, and a liberal one

is often treated much better than a knowing one, besides having the continual dew of that felicity which a generous mind always gives.

Is knowledge worth having? Solomon asserts that it is not. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit;" "much study is a weariness of the flesh." He says this upon good authority, for he had chosen wisdom rather than anything, and above everything. There is another question. What knowledge is most worth? But this may be simply answered. The knowledge of how to live well, so as to keep a sound healthy conscience in a sound good body; to go well and quietly to the grave; to live innocently and honourably: to attain this is the height of wisdom, seldom attained, though sought after by all the Wisely Good. The Mosaic account of the Tree of Knowledge standing in the midst of the Garden; of the temptation of the Woman, and then by the Woman; the promise of the Serpent, that, after eating, they should be like gods—is puzzling. What does it all mean? Truly, as said the disciples, in reply to a sacred parable, "We cannot tell." Knowledge, the source of good, becomes the very origin and fountain of all evil. It is not so afterwards. Man, through centuries of evil and sadness, through wars and pestilences, through a Cimmerian bog of error, a swamp of folly, and an Egyptian darkness of ignorance, struggles again into the light, and becomes what he is through the very agency of that knowledge which is so accursed; so that, like the opposite poles of the magnet, knowledge attracts and repels. Thunder and mephitic vapour, noxious disease and death, serpents and slimy hissing things, lie at the base of the mountain; but these once passed, the air gets purer and better, the vapours fall to

the lower regions ; beautiful verdure clothes the middle ; all the flowers of beauty and virtue bloom yet higher, while the summit is bathed in a glorious and continued light ; so that, like a tropical mountain, poisonous mists may lie at its foot, darkness may envelop its lower regions, but—

"Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

There are, then, two kinds of knowledge, the evil knowledge and the good knowledge—one which leads to death, and the other to light and life. Is it possible that in our present state of life we can mistake the paths which branch to these? It is so ; although if there be one thing upon which we moderns pride ourselves more than upon another, it is our knowledge. Like Paracelsus, our "desire is to know ;" but we are by no means, like him, desirous of placing our bounds within the limits of the knowable. Of all things else we feel the emptiness. A man may be too rich, too glorified, too exalted. His position may be too high ; and the people who come to ask his advice, or his aid, or his help, may worry him to death.

If great offices require great talents, they also demand a perpetual activity. We all pay for our elevation, in knowledge as well as in everything else. It is the trouble of riches —riches of the mind as well as the body. Think what work a clever statesman, a leader of the House of Commons, a popular clergyman, or the editor of an influential journal, must have, if he chooses to do it with a conscience. Here waits one man to ask his advice, another to find fault, a third to praise, a fourth to sneer, a fifth, sixth, and seventh to ask solutions of abstruse points.

A man may have very little knowledge, but a great deal of wisdom; and the reverse equally holds good. There are more people in this world than King James, who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." Doctors, clergymen, and solicitors, see too much of humanity, know too much of its folly, its weakness, and its sin, to be very happy men or to love it very much. Police magistrates and others are in the same case. We get at last, unless very strong-minded indeed, a kind of colour-blindness, and fancy all people the same. Here, from day to day, the current of folly and weakness flows on, the spectacle of righteousness falling, respectability being disreputable, goodness being concealed badness, every fruit being touched, every potato specked, every bud with the canker at its core, and—what shall we say? Shall we believe still in virtue? Shall we credit humanity with holiness, goodness, beauty, and strength? Alas! we patch and paint, decorate and revarnish the structure. The building is large. We have grained it to look like the finest marble; we have painted a granite base; but the paint begins to chip, the varnish to peel, the rotten wood peeps through; maybe the edifice will fall. We cry then, "Bring us back our ignorance!" We grow melancholy, and stretch forth our fettered hands. We are sad and tired with the knowledge we have gained. We wish again that we were young, and had faith in all. We feel like Tom Hood, who yearned to be again back in his little white bed, watching, as he lay there, the pure stars; and he sobs out that—

"'Tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy."

There is the same mournful cadence in the songs of all teachers : " the vanity of vanities " of Solomon ; the tender regrets of Plato ; the bitter sneers of Socrates ; the philosophic mourning of Lucretius ; the half-drunken sadness of fashionable, clever, worldly Horace ; the pretty sorrow of Anacreon, echoed by Tom Moore ; the wise resignation of Lord Bacon ; and the almost sacred disappointment of John Milton. Is it, therefore, worth while to pursue knowledge ? Let us be content with knowing our own ignorance, and retain what happiness we can :—

> " That far off touch of greatness,
> To know that we are not great."

But, although man is empty and vain, although he cannot sow a truth without discovering that an enemy hath mixed the seed, yet he is a glorious animal, of royal lineage, and of wondrous mind. The encouragements given to those who seek knowledge merely for the progress of mankind, is wonderful. Not only has the body been better cared for, not only has the brain grown to be better formed, the very shape and limbs to be more noble, the look to be bolder, and the walk more like unto that of a god ; but the very mind has been more developed, pushed forward, almost re-created. The mind of a cunning Caffre or even of an Earthman is not the normal mind of man. Through what stages of teaching must he not have passed in successive generations, to have produced a Moses or a Socrates ! Man's future is full of hope. Undoubtedly in individual instances he has attained the highest intellectual summit : like Moses, from the highest peak of Horeb, he has taken a Pisgah view of the promised land,

and has looked over into the glorious regions which he shall hereafter inhabit. But he has still to drag his tail after him. He needs, therefore, more determination and fresh exertions.

> " Deeper, deeper let us toil
> In the mines of knowledge,
> Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
> Win from school and college.
> Delve we there for richer gems
> Than the stars of diadems."

How, therefore, are we to attain this wonderful knowledge—this that is so rich and beautiful? The first step is to own, says Cecil, that we are ignorant, and can be taught. The second, if we credit the Persian sage, is to adopt his method: " I was never prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." That is, he was a continual seeker. Beyond these two foundations mankind seems to advance in knowledge by two methods; both of them very slow, but very sure, by a process of abstract thought, and by that of inductive observation (Bacon's great method, his " new organ ") and deductive reasonings. By abstract thought it is very evident that the Greeks and Romans attained the platform of elevation they so long occupied. By inductive observation, and then deducing facts from these, our modern philosophers have made the wonderful strides they have done, and have placed us so forward in the world. It is observation, as we have before said, which teaches us all things; or, rather, it is the after-reasoning which is based on observation: by it we may abstract knowledge from a layer of earth, a bed of chalk, or a stone. We do so, in fact; we call our observation of earth geology; and we tell which way the wind blew before the

Deluge by marking the ripple and cupping of the rain in the petrified sand now preserved for ever. We tell the very path by which gigantic creatures, whom man never saw, walked to the river's edge to find their food. We look upon a leaf or a moss; we mark the difference, arrange in classes; and, lo! from these simple facts grows up every day a knowledge which testifies of the plan, the order, the disposition, the kindness and goodness, the very mind and intention of the great and good Creator, and which shall "confound the Atheist's sophistries." So we learn to think with Lord Bacon, "God never wrought a miracle to convert an Atheist, because His ordinary works ought to convince him." The old thinker is true: knowledge is one of the wings by which we fly to heaven.

But, while lifting us above mean ideas and grovelling passions, while making us so much better—alas! some of us very little—than the grovelling North American Indian, who will gorge himself till he swells out a bloated beast, and then will sleep till digestion takes place; while making us almost a separate creation, true knowledge blesses all mankind. Nor can man know much without benefiting his fellows. "I make not my head a grave," says an old English philosopher, "but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community of knowledge. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more, but pity them that know less than I do." And the same good old physician had only one sorrow—that when he died his acquired parts would die with him, and could not be legacied to his honoured friends; that is, that he could not put his own brains into the heads

of other people. But yet he has left the world a rich legacy. Talk about the Peabody charity! what is even that noble dowry to the knowledge which Newton or Bacon or Shakspeare has left the world!

But it is not only wealth, and the source of wealth; we are made by it far less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites; we, by its aid, despise the grosser pleasures of the senses; the mind retires within itself, and is enabled to contemplate higher things. When we at last know ourselves, and our own strength and weakness, we rise yet higher:—

> "'Tis the sublime in man,
> Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves."

We are not frightened by bugbears of ignorance and superstition; we repose calmly where we have arrived. We are still seekers for the far off and the better; but we do so quietly and without fret or turmoil. We know that we now see as through a glass, darkly; but that the time will come when the veil will be lifted off. We rest within the limits of the knowable—not with a fretful impatience, but with a faithful reliance that He who has aided us much will one day aid us more. We remain still workers, knowing our ignorance, groping our way, and feeling, with Bishop Berkeley, that "he who would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as his youth—the latter growth as well as the first-fruits—at the altar of Truth."

UPON GROWING OLD.

JOHN FOSTER, he who sprung into celebrity from one essay, *Popular Ignorance*, had a diseased feeling against growing old, which seems to us to be very prevalent. He was sorry to lose every parting hour. "I have seen a fearful sight to-day," he would say—"I have seen a buttercup." To others the sight would only give visions of the coming spring and future summer; to him it told of the past year, the last Christmas, the days which would never come again—the so many days nearer the grave. Thackeray continually expressed the same feeling. He reverts to the merry old time when George the Third was king. He looks back with a regretful mind to his own youth. The black Care constantly rides behind his chariot. "Ah, my friends," he says, "how beautiful was youth! We are growing old. Spring-time and summer are past. We near the winter of our days. We shall never feel as we have felt. We approach the inevitable grave." Few men, indeed, know how to grow old gracefully, as Madame de Staël very truly observed. There is an unmanly sadness at leaving off the old follies and the old games. We all hate fogeyism. Dr. Johnson, great and good as he was, had a touch of this regret, and we may pardon him for the feeling.

A youth spent in poverty and neglect, a manhood consumed in unceasing struggle, are not preparatives to growing old in peace. We fancy that, after a stormy morning and a lowering day, the evening should have a sunset glow, and, when the night sets in, look back with regret at the "gusty, babbling, and remorseless day;" but if we do so, we miss the supporting faith of the Christian and the manly cheerfulness of the heathen. To grow old is quite natural; being natural, it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.

Half of our life is spent in vain regrets. When we are boys we ardently wish to be men; when men we wish as ardently to be boys. We sing sad songs of the lapse of time. We talk of "auld lang syne," of the days when we were young, of gathering shells on the sea-shore and throwing them carelessly away. We never cease to be sentimental upon past youth and lost manhood and beauty. Yet there are no regrets so false, and few half so silly. Perhaps the saddest sight in the world is to see an old lady, wrinkled and withered, dressing, talking, and acting like a very young one, and forgetting all the time, as she clings to the feeble remnant of the past, that there is no sham so transparent as her own, and that people, instead of feeling with her, are laughing at her. Old boys disguise their foibles a little better; but they are equally ridiculous. The feeble protests which they make against the flying chariot of Time are equally futile. The great Mower enters the field, and all must come down. To stay him would be impossible. We might as well try with a finger to stop Ixion's wheel, or to dam up the current of the Thames with a child's foot.

Since the matter is inevitable, we may as well sit down and reason it out. Is it so dreadful to grow old? Does old age need its apologies and its defenders? Is it a benefit or a calamity? Why should it be odious and ridiculous? An old tree is picturesque, an old castle venerable, an old cathedral inspires awe—why should man be worse than his works?

Let us, in the first place, see what youth is. Is it so blessed and happy and flourishing as it seems to us? Schoolboys do not think so. They always wish to be older. You cannot insult one of them more than by telling him that he is a year or two younger than he is. He fires up at once: "Twelve, did you say, sir? No, I'm fourteen." But men and women who have reached twenty-eight do not thus add to their years. Amongst schoolboys, notwithstanding the general tenour of those romancists who see that everything young bears a rose-coloured blush, misery is prevalent enough. Emerson, Coleridge, Wordsworth, were each and all unhappy boys. They all had their rebuffs, and bitter, bitter troubles; all the more bitter because their sensitiveness was so acute. Suicide is not unknown amongst the young; fears prey upon them and terrify them; ignorances and follies surround them. Arriving at manhood, we are little better off. If we are poor, we mark the difference between the rich and us; we see position gains all the day. If we are as clever as Hamlet, we grow just as philosophically disappointed. If we love, we can only be sure of a brief pleasure—an April day. Love has its bitterness. "It is," says Ovid, an adept in the matter, "full of anxious fear." We fret and fume at the authority of the wise heads; we have an intense idea of our own talent. We believe calves of our own age to be as big and as valuable as full-grown

bulls ; we envy whilst we jest at the old. We cry, with the puffed-up hero of the *Patrician's Daughter*—

> "It may be by the calendar of years
> You are the elder man ; but 'tis the sun
> Of knowledge on the mind's dial shining bright,
> And chronicling deeds and thoughts, that makes true time."

And yet life is withal very unhappy, whether we live amongst the grumbling captains of the clubs, who are ever seeking and not finding promotion ; amongst the struggling authors and rising artists who never rise ; or among the young men who are full of riches, titles, places, and honour, who have every wish fulfilled, and are miserable because they have nothing to wish for. Thus the young Romans killed themselves after the death of their emperor, not for grief, not for affection, not even for the fashion of suicide, which grew afterwards prevalent enough, but from the simple weariness of doing everything over and over again. Old age has passed such stages as these, landed on a safer shore, and matriculated in a higher college, in a purer air. We do not sigh for impossibilities ; we cry not—

> 'Bring these anew, and set me once again
> In the delusion of life's infancy ;
> I was not happy, but I knew not then
> That happy I was never doom'd to be."

We know that we are not happy. We know that life perhaps was not given us to be continuously comfortable and happy. We have been behind the scenes, and know all the illusions ; but when we are old we are far too wise to throw life away for mere *ennui*. With Dandolo, refusing a crown

at ninety-six, winning battles at ninety-four; with Wellington, planning and superintending fortifications at eighty; with Bacon and Humboldt, students to the last gasp; with wise old Montaigne, shrewd in his grey-beard wisdom and loving life, even in the midst of his fits of gout and colic—Age knows far too much to act like a sulky child. It knows too well the results and the value of things to care about them; that the ache will subside, the pain be lulled, the estate we coveted be worth little; the titles, ribbons, gewgaws, honours, be all more or less worthless. "Who has honour? He that died o' Wednesday!" Such a one passed us in the race, and gained it but to fall. We are still up and doing; we may be frosty and shrewd, but kindly. We can wish all men well; like them, too, so far as they may be liked, and smile at the fuss, bother, hurry, and turmoil, which they make about matters which to us are worthless dross. The greatest prize in the whole market—in any and in every market—success, is to the old man nothing. He little cares who is up and who is down; the present he lives in and delights in. Thus, in one of those admirable comedies in which Robson acted, we find the son a wanderer, the mother's heart nearly broken, the father torn and broken by a suspicion of his son's dishonesty, but the grandfather all the while concerned only about his gruel and his handkerchief. Even the pains and troubles incident to his state visit the old man lightly. Because Southey sat for months in his library, unable to read or touch the books he loved, we are not to infer that he was unhappy. If the stage darkens as the curtain falls, certain it also is that the senses grow duller and more blunted. "Don't cry for me, my dear," said an old lady undergoing an operation; "I do not feel it."

It seems to us, therefore, that a great deal of unnecessary pity has been thrown away upon old age. We begin at school reading Cicero's treatise, hearing him talk with Scipio and Lælius ; we hear much about poor old men ; we are taught to admire the vigour, quickness, and capacity of youth and manhood. We lose sight of the wisdom which age brings even to the most foolish. We think that a circumscribed sphere must necessarily be an unhappy one. It is not always so. What one abandons in growing old is perhaps after all not worth having. The chief part of youth is but excitement; often both unwise and unhealthy. The same pen which has written, with a morbid feeling, that "there is a class of beings who do grow old in their youth and die ere middle age," tells us also that "the best of life is but intoxication." That passes away. The man who has grown old does not care about it. The author at that period has no feverish excitement about seeing himself in print ; he does not hunt newspapers for reviews and notices. He is content to wait; he knows what fame is worth. The obscure man of science, who has been wishing to make the world better and wiser ; the struggling curate, the poor and hard-tried man of God ; the enthusiastic reformer, who has watched the sadly slow dawning of progress and liberty ; the artist, whose dream of beauty slowly fades before his dim eyes—all lay down their feverish wishes as they advance in life, forget the bright ideal which they cannot reach, and embrace the more imperfect real. We speak not here of the assured Christian. He, from the noblest pinnacle of faith, beholds a promised land, and is eager to reach it ; he prays "to be delivered from the body of this death ;" but we write of those humbler, perhaps more human souls, with

whom increasing age each day treads down an illusion. All feverish wishes, raw and inconclusive desires, have died down, and a calm beauty and peace survive; passions are dead, temptations weakened or conquered; experience has been won; selfish interests are widened into universal ones; vain, idle hopes, have merged into a firmer faith or a complete knowledge; and more light has broken in upon the soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed, "through chinks which Time has made."

Again, old men are valuable, not only as relics of the past, but as guides and prophets for the future. They know the pattern of every turn of life's kaleidoscope. The colours merely fall into new shapes; the ground-work is just the same. The good which a calm, kind, and cheerful old man can do is incalculable. And whilst he does good to others, he enjoys himself. He looks not unnaturally to that which should accompany old age—honour, love, obedience, troops of friends; and he plays his part in the comedy or tragedy of life with as much gusto as any one else. Old Montague or Capulet, and old Polonius, that wise maxim-man, enjoy themselves quite as well as the moody Hamlet, the perturbed Laertes, or even gallant Mercutio or love-sick Romeo. Friar Lawrence, who is a good old man, is perhaps the happiest of all in the *dramatis personæ*—unless we take the gossiping, garrulous old nurse, with her sunny recollections of maturity and youth. The great thing is to have the mind well employed, to work whilst it is yet day. The precise Duke of Wellington, answering every letter with "F. M. presents his compliments;" the wondrous worker Humboldt, with his orders of knighthood, stars, and ribbons, lying dusty

in his drawer, still contemplating *Cosmos*, and answering his thirty letters a day—were both men in exceedingly enviable, happy positions; they had reached the top of the hill, and could look back quietly over the rough road which they had travelled. We are not all Humboldts or Wellingtons; but we can all be busy and good. Experience must teach us all a great deal; and if it only teaches us not to fear the future, not to cast a maundering regret over the past, we can be as happy in old age—ay, and far more so—than we were in youth. We are no longer the fools of time and error. We are leaving by slow degrees the old world; we stand upon the threshold of the new; not without hope, but without fear, in an exceedingly natural position, with nothing strange or dreadful about it; with our domain drawn within a narrow circle, but equal to our power. Muscular strength, organic instincts, are all gone; but what then? We do not want them; we are getting ready for the great change, one which is just as necessary as it was to be born; and to a little child perhaps one is not a whit more painful—perhaps not so painful as the other. The wheels of Time have brought us to the goal; we are about to rest while others labour, to stay at home while others wander. We touch at last the mysterious door—are we to be pitied or to be envied?

London: William Stevens, Printer, 37 Bell Yard, Temple Bar.

H. 132 82.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MAY 82
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 899 055 1